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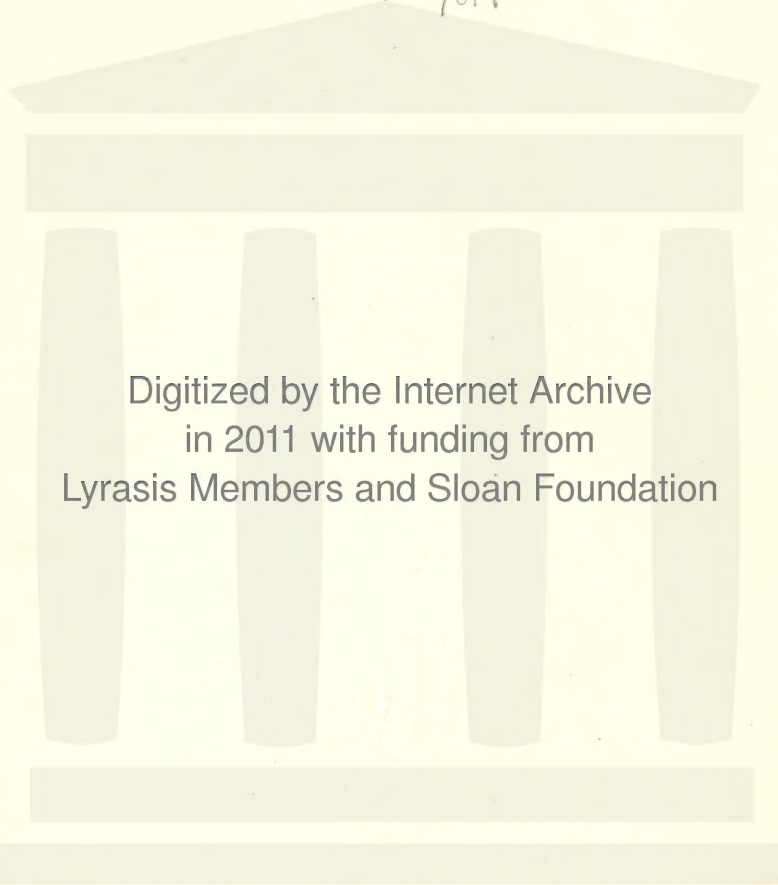


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# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXI.

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## DEPARTED.

FAREWELL, fond face, that down the years  
Looked smilingly on joy and tears :

You saw those hundreds, rushing throngs,  
You heard the chords of College songs;

You witnessed every deed, and then  
Recorded with unerring pen;

You stretched thin hands to welcome all  
That ever trod the crowded hall;

Your face was known to every eye,  
And greeted every passer by;

We watched those hands in motion slow,  
That beckoned us to come and go.

Old age, 'tis said has crept apace,  
And on your life has left its trace;

No longer fit the weight to bear,  
To stand your guard before the stair.

Now, one more up-to-date than you—  
Yet, not more loyal, scarce more true—

Your years doth scorn, your service mock;  
So, fare you well, *poor aged clock*.

*Michael F. Coleman.*



42825

## The Church and Culture.\*

**B**ENEATH the shadow of Mt. Olivet where the apostles heard these words of consoling assurance, "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"—Matthew xxviii. 20, the disciples with Mary the mother of Jesus were persevering in prayer waiting for the promised hour of mercy and grace. Suddenly "a great noise, as of a mighty wind was heard and they saw at the time, as it were tongues of fire which parted and rested over above each of them," more suddenly than these flaming orbs the Holy Spirit filled all present and transformed them.

It was indeed what St. John the Baptist had foretold "a baptism of fire" consuming in them all that was impure, enkindling their hearts with zeal to do all things for Him who thus invested them with His rays.

Thus was established the Church which Christ promised to institute when He chose one to whom He gave the symbolic name of Peter, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." What the Church was in the morning of creation she shall continue to be during all eternity. In all that goes to make up her very essence and nature, she stands aloof from the mere accidents of earth and the changes of time.

What the teachings of the Church were in the long ago, they shall be in the farthest time to come. With the evolution of human thought the doctrine of the Church may be more clearly defined, but it is still the same doctrine that was in the deposit of faith when the Holy Ghost first breathed into the Church the breath of her supernatural life and constituted her the greatest living organism by which man is raised to the supernatural sphere of grace.

An unbeliever might inquire, "Why was the Church instituted and what is her mission?" In no better words could we answer him than in those of our little Catechism, Christ established the Church in order that He might lead all men to salvation.

Such then is the mission of the Church, to lead all men to God, but as no *leading* can be accomplished without *reasoning*, no *reasoning* without *learning*, and as *learning* is the *outgrowth*, the *excrecence* of *culture*, *God's Church* and *culture* must be *synonymous*.

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\* Excerpt from dissertation presented for Master's Degree.



Yes, and they not only must be, but are; then how or why is our loved Church, which is not only the inspirer, developer and helper, but even the *Alma Mater* of all the culture the world has ever known, so condemned? Whether this question can be answered is now our province to prove, and in no better manner can we do this than by taking a cursory glance of the world from the zenith's glory of the Roman Empire until the present time.

The word culture used in connection with the Church, possesses almost as extended a domain as does the Church itself, in every phase of its meaning in regard to nature, art and religion, the heart, intellect and soul is it synonymous with her, has it woven its fibers through her soil.

'Tis said and truly that "appreciation comes by contrast." That which is ever before us, however beautiful or sublime, loses somewhat by constant association. This is precisely so with the work of the Church; it has been with us from the beginning and in order to fully appreciate it, we must give it special attention, contrast it with what has gone before, or picture the world without it.

Marvelous indeed was the progress of the ancient world, but more surprising strange, more wonderful than Egyptian knowledge, more astonishing than eastern wisdom, more overpowering than the power of Rome, is the horrible fact that in all the ancient world there was no such thing as benevolence or pity.

Man had no pity for man; society made no provision for the poor, benevolence was unknown. It was not to be found in the wisdom of Plato nor in the art of Greece; it was not in the laws of Lycurgus nor in the legislation of Solon. Thus in the midst of so much grandeur and splendor there was no culture of the heart or soul which is the only true culture for man thought of everything but man. This fact proves then how the highest degree of civilization can exist with the greatest degradation and misery.

Pagan civilization like a Greek statue was cold and lifeless, and such was the state of the world when Christ came and taught men what true culture was. Yes, in Him is Christianity's ideal, every approach nearer to which is an onward and upward step in the march of humanity.

Lecky who has lost all hold upon Christianity in his own person is too keen sighted a historian not to perceive this truth and he says, "The great characteristic of Christianity and the



great moral proof of its divinity, is that it has been the main source and development of Europe, and that it has discharged this office, not so much by the inculcation of a system of ethics, however pure, as by the assimilating and attractive influence of a perfect ideal." 'Tis this ideal has exercised so beneficial an influence in every sphere of thought and action, this ideal which for centuries aided the Church in her culture of the world. During all these years while she was busy laying her foundation and propagating her religion, she was also energetic in the culture of men's minds and finer natures by encouraging and building her magnificent works of art destined so soon to perish.

Rome epitomized the world and whatever it knew of painting, sculpture, architecture and music, was found in Rome where it had been brought to perfection during all these years by the Church.

But the Empire had hardly bowed her haughty head before God's Spouse than the storm cloud burst. From the fastnesses of the North came forth dreadful hordes of barbarians—men without civilization, without religion, without mercy. Down they came, Goths and Visigoths, Huns and Vandals; and with their almost countless thousands of warriors carrying slavery and destruction in their hands, they swept over the Western world.

Every art, every science, every most splendid monument of the ancient world was destroyed, and at the close of the fifth century, the work of the Church had to be begun over again. But did she retaliate for these cruelties? Ah, no, for "in the lexicon of Calvary there is no such word as Revenge."

After her beautiful fruits of centuries had been razed to the ground, she took these destroyers, rough and barbarous as they were, to her bosom and began to culture them.

She embraced and absorbed in herself nation after nation, and while doing this, she carefully gathered in her cloisters, all that remained of the traditions of ancient science and art, and where to-day would they have been, had she not done so? All that the world has of science and of art; all that the world has of tradition, of music, of painting, of architecture; all that the world has of the arts of Greece and Rome, was treasured up for a thousand years in the cloisters of the Catholic Church.

If to-day our ear is charmed with the sound of music—our eye delighted with the contemplation of painting—our hearts lifted up at the sight of some noble monument of architecture, 'tis to the Church we owe it.

The greatest painters that have lived have come forth from her bosom animated by her spirit. The greatest churches that were ever built, were built and designed by her consecrated children. The grand strains of ecclesiastical music, expressing the highest ideal resounded in her cathedrals.

Society was formed under her eyes and care, and her work seemed almost completed, when God let fall a calamity upon the world, and this was the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century. Since then all the results of modern progress—all the scientific success and researches that have been made—in a word all the great things that have been done, are laid down quietly at the feet of Protestantism as the effect of this change of Religion.

It claims the electric telegraph. The Atlantic cable does not lie so much in a bed of sand as on a holy bed of Protestantism which stretches from shore to shore. The philosophic axiom "one thing may come after another and yet it may not be caused by the thing that went before it" is forgotten.

Why have these results and effects occurred? 'Tis surely not because as is erroneously stated the Church has kept her children in ignorance; for the culture of the Church is not limited only to material well being, but it also supplies intellectual food and distributes the bread of moral and spiritual life.

Education has been at all times in the history of the Church a vital matter upon which she has never made compromise; a paramount matter to which many things are subservient and for which her children are prepared to make many sacrifices.

The decrees of council and synod in every land are untiring in urging upon the children, the faith and morals of their teachers. Wherever a church was erected there was a school established; within the walls of every monastery were children of the neighborhood daily instructed. She alone realizes that "the child is father to the man," that the future of the world depends upon the sanctity of education.

Many contest the method of the public schools of to-day over our Catholic schools. Now it is evident that the Catholic schools are not perfectly understood, and the Church would have them so. She would have them examined in their application and results; in a word, she would have all men become familiar with her work. She does not fear contest with the State, is not afraid of her results or methods, and does not shrink from competition.

Again, the Church is not opposed to human progress by any means. And it ought to be understood that all movement is not



progress. Movement may retrograde as well as advance. Never has the Church objected to progress in the arts or science, except when they over-stepped their bounds. She leads man deeply into the studies of nature and penetrates with him into those caverns where nature penetrates with him into those caverns where nature perfects her chemistry in secret.

But above all, the Church expends more labor in the culture of that science which survives when the body is powerless; when age sweeps away the hoarded gem of learning and the emblem of fame; the culture of religion. She realizes that this is the only culture which prolongs enjoyment after memory has departed and when those affections which are the first to quicken and the last to decay become as cold clay about the heart.

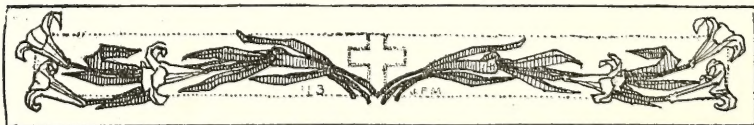
And why is this culture so valuable at the close of life? Ah because it has promoted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its tendencies beyond the grave, Religious Culture transcends all other culture for its influence does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion.

Many indeed are the ways in which the Church of God has operated upon society. How gloriously she stands out before the world to-day as the mother and inspirer of all the beauty and loveliness the world knows.

Even beside the useful and necessary arts which occupy men in their daily life—the arts that result in soothing away all the difficulties that meet us in our life's path—there are others not necessary perhaps for our comfort, but they are necessary to meet the spiritual cravings and aspirations of the human soul.

These are the arts and sciences that elevate the mind, soothe the heart and captivate the understanding and imagination. Though man may reject and deny her teaching, all men are compelled to acknowledge these two grave truths. First, the Catholic Church is the Mother of all culture and arts; and secondly, that her glory is that She ever has been and is their highest inspiration.

*Sr. M. Angela Crawford.*





## The Wellesboro Cup Race.

FOR two whole days Colonel Fawcett went about in a very ugly mood. Florence, his beautiful daughter and only child had not been able to find a reason for her father's bad humor, nor had old Mose Jackson, faithful colored servant and right hand man to the Colonel. That something was wrong was evident, for the Colonel was usually a very pleasant gentleman, jovial and kind. Florence, who was the acknowledged fiancée of Eddie Keefer, the Colonel's crack jockey, told her beloved of the Colonel's gloomy conduct, and asked the jockey if anything had gone wrong at the stables or at the track. Eddie assured her that as far as he knew, there was nothing wrong in either quarter.

"Of course, Florrie, we can't expect dad to be in good humor all the time; though I must say I have noticed that he has not been down to the stables either yesterday or the day before. That is strange as he generally comes down two or three times to see the horses."

Keefer had scarcely finished speaking when old Mose came down to where the two lovers stood. The colored man was visibly perturbed and somewhat out of breath, but he managed to convey to Eddie the information that the Colonel wanted his jockey at once.

"Why the excitement, Mose?" queried Keefer, as the two moved toward the house.

"Lawd bless yuh, child," gasped Mose. "Ah dunno what it's all 'bout, but the Cunnel is suah mad at yuh. He almost threw de ink well at me when Ah took youah part. Hurry 'long, Eddie, an' you-all will find out what's on the Cunnel's mind."

Florence moved towards the house with the other two and she spoke not a word. She merely took Eddie by the hand and squeezed it, as if to assure him that she would stand by him as usual in the present situation. Eddie returned the confidential hand clasp, and all three hastened to the mansion.

They found the Colonel in his study. Florence made as though she would go to her room, but as her hand touched the balustrade of the stair case, her father called her into the study as Eddie entered. She stood with her back to the closed door. Eddie, cap in hand, stood near the large window which gave entrance to the porch. The Colonel glanced furtively at both and bidding them be seated, turned to Florence, saying:

"Flo, I want you to hear what I have to say to Eddie. It may have something to do with your future. Now, Eddie, here's

a letter I would like to have you read. Read it out loud. Possibly I have not properly understood it. The letter came two days ago, and I must say it has made me almost sick."

Eddie took the proffered letter, glanced over it quickly, and then read :

Colonel Robert Fawcett,

Dear Sir,

The writer is confidentially informed that your jockey, Keefer, has agreed to upset the dope in the coming Wellesboro. A party of gamblers, through their agents, have approached him with an offer of five thousand dollars to throw the race in favor of Fairie Queene. Apparently he has accepted the bribe for he has given his word that Black Diamond, your entry, will not run; and, as Black Diamond is the favorite and the only horse that can beat Fairie Queene, it is clear that you will lose the race. Look to it in time.

Well-wishing Friends.

As Eddie finished reading this letter, Florence was the picture of astonishment. She dared not look in the direction of her lover, and nervously clasped and unclasped her hands. Eddie, on the contrary, was as calm as she was excited. He had read the letter with not the slightest trace of excitement or surprise. As he handed it back to the Colonel the latter asked quietly :

"Well, my boy, what have you to say?"

Florence found her tongue sufficiently to gulp :

"Dad, it's utter nonsense. For shame you should believe such rot."

"Flo, I neither asked your opinion nor did I tell you to speak. Eddie may speak for himself."

"Colonel, what do you make of it yourself?" was Eddie's counter-question.

"Were I to believe old Mose, I should consider it a frame-up, for he is sure you can do no evil. Till I got this letter, I thought as much, for I like Mose, have known you since you were knee-high to a grasshopper. But you have read that letter and the charge is made against you. I am fair enough to hear what you've got to say in your own defense. Speak up!"

"I have been riding for you ever since dad died. That is about five years. If you can tell me of one occasion when I even

gave the slightest hint of crookedness in running your horses, do it. You can't and you know you can't. Don't it seem rather late for me to be starting? Don't you feel that there would be too much at stake for me to even hesitate about refusing a fortune to throw a race. Why, Colonel, I am sure you know already, that I value a smile from Florence more than all the money in the treasury of Croesus."

This little speech of Keefer brought a smile of satisfaction to the hitherto worried face of his beloved, and the Colonel was evidently greatly relieved. However, he was not quite convinced that there was no nigger in the wood-pile and accordingly he asked:

So then, there is no truth in this letter at all. You deny it quite."

"Now that's a horse of another color. It is true that I have been offered five thousand to throw the race. It is equally true that I have given my word that Black Diamond shall not run in the Wellesboro. But I do not think I shall collect the five thousand, and I just know you will be the big winner in the coming race."

All his alarms returned to the Colonel when he had heard what Eddie had just said. There was something very perplexing about the young man's entire attitude, and the Colonel was too impatient and too wrought up over the business to give his better nature a chance to iron out the various wrinkles of the situation.

"For Heaven's sake, Eddie, what in thunder do you mean? Black Diamond not to run—I to be the best winner—Bah, nonsense!

"Colonel, I want to know if you still have confidence in me or not. If you have, I am going to put your confidence to a test. Please do not ask me questions. I ask that you leave the entire business of our entry in the Wellesboro in my hands. I shall explain all after we have won."

"My boy, you are certainly putting me to a test. No mistake about it, and one of us, in my humble opinion, is crazy, either you for making such a demand, or I, if I should allow you to have your way."

Florence, knowing that her father would yield to her persuasions, and feeling great confidence in Eddie, now took up the discussion in the latter's favor.

"Daddy, it is just as Eddie says. He has been loyal to you



always, and though I do not understand this present business any more than you do, I think he would not ask this favor without some very good reason. So please Daddy, let him have his way, and blame me if we do not win the Cup Race." So saying, she arose from her seat, and did what the lady generally does, put her arm around her father's neck, and sat on the arm of his chair.

"But, Flo, there is no horse that can beat Black Diamond, and if he is withdrawn, Fairie Queene will surely win. What horse have we in our stables that can beat Fairie Queene if Black Diamond is left out of the consideration?"

"Eddie must know, Daddy. Leave it to him. Perhaps he will tell you that much of his secret. Even if he does not, at least that part of the secret will come out in due season."

Keefer did not desire to tell the name of the substitute horse just yet, but the earnest pleading of Florence made it possible for him to escape the task of refusing to divulge the name of the horse.

Needless to say the Colonel capitulated to Florence and at the same time made up his mind to do a little sleuthing on his own account in order to find out about this famous horse which was better than Black Diamond. Eddie managed to keep the identity of his favorite secret by trying out several of the best in the stables against Black Diamond. So the Colonel was still in doubt, though he saw with his own eyes that "Scalawag", with Eddie up, repeatedly nosed out Black Diamond on the Fawcett Farms' private track. It was, therefore, with considerable relief, that the Colonel learned, a week before the famous race, that his entry would be Scalawag.

There was no such relief amongst the racing fraternity. They were thrown into a small panic by the news that Black Diamond would not run and forthwith switched over to the Fairie Queene side of the betting. A few of the Colonel's friends remained loyal to the Fawcett stables and accepted the heavy odds against Scalawag. Old Mose, had such a kind regard for Keefer that, at the latter's suggestion, the colored man placed his savings of fifteen years on Scalawag. Florence never did any betting, though she was certain that Scalawag would win, because she was sure of Eddie's judgment on horse flesh.

On the day of the famous race, the stands about the track were thronged. The cup race was the fourth on the day's card. The interest in the chief race of the day was at fever heat. The

crowd was impatient for it to commence. There was little Scalawag money in evidence and what little did appear was eagerly gobbled up by the men who were certain that Fairie Queene was a "sure thing".

At length, came the time for the Cup Race. The horses were paraded into the field. Considerable jockeying for position followed. They were lined up at last. Eddie sat his horse as cool as a cucumber. Now and then he would whisper something into the animal's ear. The barrier was lifted and they were off.

Fairie Queene took the lead and for a time was unchallenged. The field straggled along. Scalawag, under the trained guidance of Keefer was gradually forging ahead of all the other horses save Fairie Queene. It soon became evident to the excited throng that there were but two horses in the race. Scalawag was shortening the distance between himself and the fast flying Fairie Queene.

"Come on Fairie, old girl." "Speed her up, Johnson." "Give her the whip, Scalawag is at your heels." "O Lord, why don't that fellow give Fairie the whip." These and a thousand other hoarse cries arose from the throats of the throng that had not come to see Fairie Queene beaten. The fevered booming of such shouts was drowned in the pandemonium which followed. Now Scalawag was neck and neck with the Fairie. Now the distance showed between him and the favorite. Gradually the distance increased. He was twenty-five yards ahead. Fairie spurted and was on even terms. Then the Fawcett entry got ahead again. Fairie had shot her bolt. As he gently whispered in his horse's ears, Keefer knew that the race was his. So did the throng, now almost beyond control with mixed feelings of chagrin and of admiration for the wonderful race Scalawag was running. They were coming down the home stretch. Johnson, Fairie's jockey, was wielding his whip mercilessly. The fast tiring beast spurted onward, but as they neared the wire, Scalawag was given his head by Keefer, and he breezed across the finish a full five lengths ahead of Fairie Queene, to win the Wellesboro Cup.

It had been a wonderful race indeed. Even those, who in backing Fairie Queene, had lost money, now joined the throng who jostled each other about, in the endeavor to get a glimpse at the great horse which had won, and to shake the hand of the victorious jockey. The Colonel was in that pushing crowd and so was Florence. The latter was so wild with joy that, forgetting both time and place, she ran forward, threw her arms around Keefer's neck and kissed him twice. She even hugged Scalawag's sweat soaked neck.

"O, it was wonderful; you're both wonderful," she cried.

"I second the motion," said the Colonel, as enthusiastic as his daughter, to be sure, but not quite so demonstrative. He seized the hand of his jockey, and there was quite a squeeze of confidence in the handshake.

"You're a wonder, Eddie. I am glad I let you have your way. It was the best race I've seen in many a day. But hurry out of your colors and get over to the house for dinner. I want to know all about that dread secret of yours."

Eddie lost no time obeying the Colonel. Leaving the horse in the care of a stable boy, Keefer went to his quarters and fifteen minutes later appeared attired in evening dress, which strangely enough became him well, so well in fact, that none of the late crowd of race fans would have recognized in the dapper young man, the same who had won the Wellesboro Cup.

Arrived at the Fawcett mansion, he found the guests of the Colonel seated on the porch. In the party were Judge Crawford, Art Kelly, the racing steward, Phil Neers the official starter, and several others. Florence was there, of course, and bowing to the others, Eddie took a chair next to the girl. In that moment of triumph, those two would have liked to have the porch all to themselves, but, of course, etiquette decreed otherwise. The whole ceremony of congratulation was gone over again, and then on the motion of the Colonel Eddie told his secret.

"It was a very simple thing. My dad had always taught me to be absolutely on the level in the horse racing business. Like him, I came to conceive a great hatred for those who are not straight. When the gamblers approached me with that tempting offer of five thousand, for the job of throwing this race, I did some tall thinking. I struck on a little plan. I could seem to be accepting their offer, and at the same time teach them a lesson they would not soon forget. My plan was to withdraw Black Diamond and substitute Scalawag, about whom no one seemed to know a thing. Scalawag would be a Dark Horse, as it were, since Black Diamond was supposed to be the only horse that could beat Fairie Queene. Thus the betting would swing immediately in favor of Fairie, as the gamblers wanted it to do. Fairie would now be a sure thing. But, and but again, Eddie Keefer was wise to the fact that Black Diamond could be beaten and to the fact that the horse which could beat him was right here in the Colonel's stables. The horse he thought of was Scalawag. You all know how justified I was in my choice of a



successor or substitute for Black Diamond. Now I am wondering if my gambling friends are coming to pay me the five thousand.

"More than likely they would be coming to shoot you, if they were fool-hardy enough to show their faces around here," quoth Judge Crawford.

Just then, old Mose, all wreathed in smiles, happy in the knowledge that he was a heavy winner that day, announced dinner and the folks on the porch moved towards the dining hall. Keefer, Florence and the Colonel brought up the rear. At the doorway, Keefer plucked the Colonel's coat sleeve.

"Colonel, may we announce something at this dinner?" he whispered, as he held fast to Florence's hand. The Colonel smiled a smile of comprehension and then nodded assent. Florence and her intended were thereby transported to Paradise so to speak.

*J. F. D.*



## UT VIDEAM!

THE world is a gift divine,  
If I could just but see,  
Her gifts which now I want as mine  
Were never meant for me.

To-day I seek my soul's content  
Of pleasure, all to gain;  
My hopes, my life on pleasure bent,  
Will sob and sigh in vain.

The world is a gift divine,  
Oh! could I only see,  
The things I think that should be mine,  
Were never meant for me.

*J. J. Garrity, '24.*

## America's Nemesis.

FROM the profound make-up of humanity there seems to have been gelded that "once upon a time spirit of self-content." Its moral entity was no better reflected than in the primitive days of America's magnetic development. The vast immigration of the ingenious Europeans fused well into such a nonpareil progress. Every influx meant the greater consolidation of her genius and subsequently all the material innovations that have tended so greatly to the betterment of living conditions. Then, the dynamic effort of young America was apparently directed to the primary object of national betterment. Such an ideal made the America of the 19th century a national utopia. The redolence of its promises even pervaded the far Orient, but all too quickly did its excessive growth converge to the dawn of the industrial age, the era of commerce and finance. Increasing facilities for natural exploitation soon monetized America beyond the reach of the entire world. Its results became bodied in the myriads of individual enterprise so greatly concerned with the depredation of public currency. The situation soon began to reflect itself in the terms of our descriptive shibboleth: "To have money is to have power."

Perhaps this sudden revival from the former cosmic lethargy involving material progress has influenced the psychical attitude of the present day American. Though material advancement is descriptive of the subjective development of its progenitors, nevertheless it is sad to note its reactionary powers over them. The zest of modern life seems embodied in the very physical comforts we derive from its mechanical facilities. That this situation is inherently morally depreciative to the people is irrefutably demonstrated by that prevalent spirit of unrest gnawing at the very moorings of America's stability. Bigotry, racial prejudice, monetarily-influenced legislation plus the numberless other phases of our modern social and political cult give existence to a fatal storm which must finally maroon us on the shoals of anarchy.

But, has not the history of the ages delimited the ultimate kismet of democracy. From the dawn of political government what has been the significance of "national liberty"? Depressed people have always visualized it as a sure panacea which alone might materialize with an utopian disposition. Such a vision oft became the stimulus of their effort, which in turn engulfed them into a monomania. As the mirage of liberty finally loomed they

fell and adored. In ignorance, the people lived the part of the liberated. Such a government was labeled "democracy".

Remember, I am wholly aware of the category in which I have placed the meaning of "human liberty". Is it not a mirage and thus a metaphysical problem? It indeed has a meaning which is couched in theory. Yet no single cue in the play of human existence has indicated a practical and logical meaning. In theory we perceive "human liberty" as an ideal; something given off by the fusion of man's intellectual and spiritual nature; something of purely subjective entity. Yet we attempt an objective application.

The ideal of political liberty in a theoretical way has had certain expression in the democratic form of government. However, its practical worth which is synonymous of its real meaning has always been eclipsed by an infallible disposition to a quick chaotic transformation which we term anarchy. Undoubtedly, a theoretical liberty has brought America its gaudy panorama of mechanical affluence, so seminal, of our physical comforts. Even so, democracy throughout the ages has always provided for the material satiety of its components. This fact alone coincides with the primary defect of "human liberty". That eventual moral depreciation is altogether causative of the political bathos, idiomatic to every democracy.

The American democracy has indeed outlasted the most liberal predilections of its adherents. Macaulay, one who knew the heart of man from the depths of strategy to the surface of affectation, foretold of its speedy disintegration. He was mistaken much to the gusto of his captious readers. Being sufficiently English to be biased and self-sollicitious in his views, we are despidely inclined to an appreciation of the inherent truth of his many theories, anent democracy. They correspond to the experience of the ages, and that same experience is a barometer of truth. Hence the political longevity of our government often serves as the nucleus of our optimistic attitude.

Again a so-called highly organized civilization may be thought recalcitrant to an anarchistic evolution. We however are somewhat sceptical. Its native influences are by no means morally reactionary to the soul of man. Why? The answer is rendered by the very nature of our civilization. It is too artificial and therefore hopelessly vincible. It is not a morally evolved union among men which has for its purpose mutual self-sancti



fication and a future spiritual need. It seems rather the object of mankind's desire in terms of indemnity against material harm. Wars are a criterion by which we can measure the value of the theory. They have always been an outcome of material infringement upon each other. Furthermore the present status of the cosmic civilization simply reflects a perennial predisposition to war. All material plans anent the preservation of Catholic peace avail us not. The situation comes to this, namely; Christianity and true civilization are coexistent. So long as we remain beyond Christianization we have no true civilization. It is either both or neither.

Where shall that barbarous strain between capital and labor, artificial food manipulation, and in general present political, social and international controversy, plus the innumerable other by-products of a materially civilized democracy lead us? Certainly not to a peaceful existence. These conditions always have their expressiveness in warfare, which in turn ceaselessly bedizens that verdant quagmire of anarchy, which conceals so well its fatal suction to debauchery, with its consequent aspects of a picturesque inferno.

*B. Appel, '25.*



## OCTOBER.

Old books, old friends, an Autumn wind  
 Combine to-day in union kind  
 To bid the Summer fond adieu,  
 Or tell of class-room work anew.  
 Befriend, O month, of sun and rain  
 Each lonely heart, each weary brain;  
 Repel dread Winter's chill refrain.

*Michael F. Coleman.*

## Smoky Pittsburgh.

**I**F it were possible, on a clear day, to view the whole of the United States as a big painting, the beauty of the picture would be marred by a large smudge of smoke. This seems to be the conception which people from other cities have of Pittsburgh. The title "Smoky City" by which it is known in history, has given the wrong idea; to them it is the city of eternal smoke. They can see nothing but the smoke.

The thought never occurs to them that there might be something under all these clouds. They can hardly believe that the smoke of Pittsburgh is a veil which hides one of the busiest and most extensive workshops in the world to-day. Other cities are clean and the view is clear. This could be said of Pittsburgh too, if it were not for her mammoth iron and steel mills, wherein the ore is made into products which are shipped to all parts of the world. Pittsburgh showed what kind of a city she was during the late World War. It was this city that supplied the bulk of the steel for rails and guns. Besides the mills railroads contribute their share of the smoke. Pittsburgh is a great railroad center, being located in the center of four large roads. Another place of interest in Pittsburgh is the "Heinz 57 Co.", famous the world over for its pure foods. With regards to water transportation, the "Smoky City" is as favorably located as any other city. It is located at the juncture of three rather good-sized rivers, viz., the Ohio, the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. Pittsburgh also has her share of department stores and office buildings. For educational facilities no other city is favored any more than the city of eternal smoke. It is the home of three great colleges, viz., Duquesne, Carnegie Tech and Pitt.

So much for the industrial, commercial and educational advantages of Pittsburgh. Let us now review the natural and architectural beauties of our city. A mile out from the heart of the city, in any direction, one would see as beautiful scenery as can be seen in this country. Dwellings, churches, schools and hotels are massive as well as picturesque. Pittsburgh also can boast of beautiful libraries, theaters, and one of the finest ball parks in the country.

It is true that just at present things are rather at a standstill, but wait until business gets back to normal, and Pittsburgh begins to get back its original stride. Then we will advise the critics,—to use a slang expression—to watch our smoke.

*Paul R. Butler, '25.*

## Duquesne University Club.

ON the anniversary of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1911, a group of young men, the Senior Class of Duquesne University, met at the home of Clarence Sanderbeck. Their purpose was to effect an organization, whose members were to be recruited from the graduates of succeeding years in the College Department of the University. Officers were elected, constitution and by-laws adopted, and the purpose of the club declared to be the fostering of interest in literature and general culture among the undergraduates, and the promotion of fraternal sympathy and truer friendship among the graduates.

The Class of 1911 was the first group to graduate from "Duquesne University", and the name chosen for the club was eminently fitting. It was called, "Pioneer Club of Duquesne University". Two years later, the present name was adopted, Duquesne University Club.

The twelve years that have elapsed since the formation of the club have been years of progress. Social events conducted by the club, banquets, smokers, dances, picnics, have brought the members into closer contact, and tied securely the bonds of friendship. An active interest has been manifested in affairs at the University, and the membership has steadily increased. There are now ninety members. The president, for the ensuing two years, is Father Sanderbeck, at whose home, in 1911, the first meeting was held; Thomas P. Nee, 1916, is vice-president; J. V. O'Connor, 1912, is secretary and treasurer.

The Duquesne University Club has planned to take, during the present year, even a more active interest in affairs on the "Hill". An announcement of special interest to students of the College Department, future members of the club, will be made in a short time. Arrangements have been completed to give the students an opportunity of hearing a number of the old "grads" club members, speak at student mass meetings.

Father McDermott and Father Dodwell were guests of the club at the annual banquet, September 11. At that time, the whole-hearted support of the membership was pledged to Father Dodwell, to aid him in maintaining a high standard of Athletics at the University.

The student body will, in the near future, meet the members of the Duquesne University Club. A committee of energetic workers is formulating plans for a smoker on the occasion of the opening of the new gymnasium.

Moreover, in order to demonstrate fully and completely that the Duquesne University Club is not made up of old "has



beens", a handball tournament has been arranged. By means of elimination rounds Father McDermott, Father Dodwell, and Mr. Stroebel will select three representative teams from the entire student body. These three will meet an equal number from the club. It should be stated, for the benefit of any budding handball experts on the Hill, that there is a feeling of serene, nay supreme, confidence on the part of the members of Duquesne University Club.

It is the desire of the officers and members of the club that the purpose, ideals, and activities of the organization be brought forcefully to the notice of the student body of the University, that a feeling of friendship, coöperation, and sympathy be established between the graduates and those who are still in the class rooms. It is the constant endeavor of the members to coöperate with the faculty, to aid and assist, in any way possible, the prospective graduate, and to bring to pass a pleasant liason, a mutual understanding, a thorough good fellowship, among all the graduates of the College Department of Duquesne University.

*J. V. O'Connor,*

*President D. U. Alumni Association.*



## The Freedom of Streets.

**S**TREETS, as we know from the definition of the word, are public roads intended for the use of both pedestrians and vehicles. They have ever been one of the outstanding features of all civilizations. We are already acquainted with the fact that the ancients exercised special care towards the betterment of conditions for the use of the public thoroughfares and streets. Their systems of streets provided, besides space for traffic, space where many of the questions of the day were bitterly contested and decided. Many a time, indeed, did a Demosthenes or a Cicero, climb up a platform in a public square and utter a masterpiece of declamation. In those days, then, streets were utilized, not only as highways of traffic, but also as meeting places. And, truly, those were the days, when absolute freedom of the street reigned supreme—but, alas! what a change we see to-day!

We chance to meet individuals every day, who are inclined to maintain that, with all our modern inventions, devices, and plans for anything and everything under the sun, we have more freedom as regards things in general than have had the ancients.

This may be true with reference to the number of pleasures that are within our grasp. We cannot deny that more freedom is allowed us for experiencing all kinds of pleasurable things, than was permitted the people of olden days. But, let us consider our modern street, and we shall easily see that freedom in its use is the last thing we may expect. How, so?

In the midst of all our pleasures, we are at present tied down to many forms of law and rule. Consequently, also, has the space given over for the use of pedestrians been curtailed in many ways. Pedestrains to-day are favored with the use of the sidewalk portion of the street, while vehicles are tendered the space between the curbstones—which is as it should be. Suppose, however, that a person were to wish to cross from one side to another. What happens? He must only wait until a lengthy procession of automobiles, street cars and other vehicles pass by. It seems as though one were in a reviewing stand for the purpose of inspecting the different conveyances. Then as he crosses one street, the same thing awaits him at another. Many endeavor to save time by dodging automobiles and street cars. Some may save a few minutes' time now and then, but more than one person has already lost his life in such attempts of foolhardiness. How many more have been injured! The hospitals daily claim their lot of such individuals. Thus, although the modern street is well-nigh perfect in construction, its use is much abridged. Still, we can make very little protest about such a state of affairs.

We moderns have our magnificent boulevards and avenues, much superior to anything that the ancients ever had, but what of all these when we have no freedom to use them as we wish. In older days a person could have made a bed for himself in the middle of a street, and his chances for being disturbed were very slim. But to-day, we should be thankful for the pavement that is provided for our use, where automobiles sometimes refrain from molesting us. Yes, such are the ways of civilization! There are, however, some optimistically inclined persons who render us a world of advice, as only they themselves seem to think, when they exhort us to put aside such a trifle as personal liberty, as long as the world in general goes onward towards the goal of progress. "Progress, or no progress," we foot-sore pedestrains are forced to cry out, "give us back those days when people knew safety of the street, when progress gave pedestrians as much right of way as she gave to faster-moving bodies." Those were the happy days—but, alas! too soon, gone forever!

*Joseph M. Rozenas, '24.*



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Father McGuigan.*

**S**ELDOM has the opening of school been accompanied with such profound regret and sincere sorrow as this year. For on the eventful day, one of Duquesne's most loyal sons, staunch supporters, able professors, one of its students' faithful friends, one of its Athletic directors, than whom there was no whomer, answered to the call of obedience and left us to our regrets and our tears—Father McGuigan.

Summoned to take up other duties and to bear other burdens, he has left a void that will gape open for many a moon.

Father Mack, as he was universally known, had been connected with the school, in one capacity or another since 1901, and was absent only for six years, which he spent in Connecticut and France. Heart and soul in his work, as priest and professor, he has thrilled many an audience, led many victorious teams afield, imparted to hundreds of students stores of knowledge and bound himself with unbreakable ties to a host of friends. But now he is gone; and his spirit still hovers round: his name is still on every lip and his loss, in this period of scholastic and athletic development, is still mourned.

He was a man of untiring energy and unfading courage, an optimist in reverses, a victor in defeat. His heart is still where his memory is green, and whilst we are waiting for his speedy return we, teachers and students, could profit much by emulating his zeal, his enthusiasm and his undying love for his *Alma Mater*.



### *Opening Day.*

I N life every normal person usually wonders into some rumination about some future work. During those occasional moments of isolation, such as we all experience, its reaction generally initiates the powers of thought into an uncanny speculation. In these precious minutes, every element of our environment seems to us a fictitious expression of a formative destiny. All converges into a pompous photograph of a panorama of our future achievement, which naturally has for its basis, a vignettèd success. Our every effort seems to loom in the beauty of the rose, which bedizens an infallible path to the bowers of a speedy conquest.

We have a secret zest from such thought that makes occasional solitude quite attractive. Its pleasure is altogether real but at the same time individual. In confiding our empyreal visualizations to others, we become unconsciously disagreeable. Everyone concerns himself with those pertinent to his own future, and cares little to absorb the ideals of others. Thus it is that we find those of a neighbor indefeasible and irrelevant to the laws of natural occurrence. Our own, however, we essay to foster as things of the practical and realistic world. Though occasionally discomposed at the nonchalance or jocoseness of confidants, but small mitigation over our exuberance is effected.

An orgasm of anxiety marks the last few hours precedent to our incumbency. Time then is a cancer to our feelings. Yet the dawn finally comes, which sees us occupied with the initial duties of the chosen work. The long cherished theories and inflated hopes of the past are then brought into conflict with the corrosive forces of that one practical and unfailing reagent, namely "work itself." Under its influences our every vista anent simple and speedy achievement will slowly dissolve. The situation usually matures a certain respect for the age old apothegm: "All is not gold that glitters;" which in turn is experience of the fact that success is but attainable in proportion to our powers of sustainment. Such is the one great principle of life which is inculcated by many a first or "Opening Day".

*B. J. Appel, '25.*

***Bravo, Walton!***

**T**HE Klu Klux Klan has grown steadily within the last year, and is now well established in every part of the country. They have held initiations, parades, have burned their fiery crosses, have taken the law into their own hands, and have terrorized the country in many different ways. All their deeds are done under the guise of Americanism. They are "one hundred per cent. American," and hold for their main principle, "law and order."

But there is one section of our country in which they are meeting the resistance which they should have met long ago.

Governor Walton, of Oklahoma, has defied the Klan and has placed Oklahoma under martial law. He has issued a warning to the Klan, prohibiting them from parading and from appearing in their full-hooded regalia. He has rightly said that the hood of the Klan is reason enough to incite a riot among good loyal citizens of our country. He has promised a pardon to anyone convicted of shooting a Klansman, if the Klansman is dressed in the regalia of the Klan. He has defied the legislature to call a special session, warning them that they will all be arrested if they do so. There has been talk of impeachment, but, can a governor be impeached for declaring martial law and calling the State militia to put a quietus on what he considers a national menace?

Let us hope that the action of Governor Walton will be duplicated by every other governor, if it becomes necessary, for he has shown his loyalty both to his State and to his Country.

*J. J. Garrity, '24.*

***The Japanese Upheaval.***

**S**TAGGERED by the severe blow caused by the reaction of the elements in the Far East, bringing death to hundreds of thousands, together with a materialistic devastation which at present is inestimable, the world is but now coming to a fuller realization of the great catastrophe that has befallen humanity, of the havoc in the form of death, famine, quake and fire that has visited the Orient, leaving its victims dead beneath the smoldering ruins of great cities.

Towns, buildings, ships, art, finance, commerce and industry, to say nothing of a toll of human life which in itself is appalling, have been offered as a holocaust in the wake of destruction. Rich and poor have been the prey of destiny and without exception the recipients of untold sorrows, for in the chronology of time there are but few events with which this dreadful occurrence can be compared either in magnitude or severity.

To take cognizance of such a pathetic situation regardless of color, creed or disposition of the people, and at the same time not be moved to pity nor possessed with a desire to render material assistance is to be inconsiderate, selfish and devoid of all feeling for the sufferings of our fellow man. This, however, was not the response of the more fortunate nations of the world, for no sooner was the news of the disaster made known than various means were adopted whereby immediate aid could be rendered.

The splendid manifestation of fraternal spirit by the nations of the world to, the doleful appeal of Japan is indeed worthy of the highest praise and consideration, for sympathy is null and void unless it is accompanied by a determination to render assistance where such is possible.

In so far as the people of the stricken country are concerned, they have not become so sullen or depressed as to spurn future progress and achievement, but on the contrary realizing the importance of their country as a unit of industrial activity have already begun preparations for reconstruction, much of which must be accomplished in as brief a time as possible. In this respect the stoic composure of a shrewd people manifests itself; for neither hath sadness discouraged them nor the chagrin which they experience upon viewing the destruction of their great country engulfed them with despair.

The fate of Japan stands out as a moral example to the rest of the world, proving that the planet on which we live is subject to the hidden laws of God, and who can tell when we are likely to meet a similar fate from physical causes unseen by us at the present time.

*John E. Monaghan, '25.*



## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

SEPTEMBER 4—I came to-day to begin preparations for my year's work in this department and fear no serious opposition; although a number of my class-mates are trying for my berth. So, old grads and alumni, renew your acquaintance with the *Chronicler*.

SEPT. 5—The old students had some difficulty in recognizing the place, all bedecked and surrounded with its new buildings. Those who visited the second floor missed the old hall clock that ticked their College and Academic hours so truthfully and *slowly*. The usual sights and sounds greeted all on this the opening day. Bells rang, prefects ordered; the new were anxious, "and the old surveyed."

SEPT. 6—I was reckoning on the profit and loss column to-day and the calculations are astounding. Just think of Duquesne University opening, and Father McGuigan absent! 'Tis many a day since he has missed it. But, "*nam instat fatum mihi triste*," as Horace says. The fates have decreed and our irrepressible leader has been taken from us. St. Joachim's Church, Detroit, is now the gainer, and we alone are the losers.

Father Michael Retka, another of Duquesne's loyal sons and teachers has been called to fill other important posts. The Faculty and student body greatly regret these losses, and extend grateful sentiments to them, as well as sincerest wishes for their future success.

Rev. P. A. Lipinski, C. S. Sp., one of Pittsburgh's very own, with a wise head, a young heart, and a scholar's mind, is in our midst. It is his third and we predict not his *last* appearance at Duquesne. As student and prefect he displayed the qualities of a sterling teacher and able disciplinarian. Few faces in recent years have brought more sunshine to the Bluff than that of Father Lipinski.

The Rev. T. McCarty, C. S. Sp., one of the recently ordained priests, of Ferndale, has joined the staff. In addition to his intellectual acquirements, his ability as a pulpit orator, he comes laden with athletic skill as varied as it is keen. His exploits in the short field are beyond comparison.

SEPT. 7—The first public ceremony for the five Holy Ghost Missionaries, who will sail for Africa in the near future, was held in the University Chapel to-day. They are Fathers Hasson, P. McCarthy, Harris, Todorowski and Tessing. The Very Reverend President addressed the students of the High School and College departments in a brief introduction. Father Hasson spoke in behalf of the missionaries. His words, few and chosen, made a profound impression on the assembly. The testimonial of the student body was the largest of its kind ever given to any cause.

SEPT. 8, 9—Gave the Boarders the once over to-day. Though not as numerous as in former years, and though new faces are the rule they form an amiable group. The variety is great and their hilarity is invigorating at all times. You'd look in vain amongst the Juniors for McBride, Welsh and McDonnell. One new prefect has been added to their trousseau. He hails from the land of poetry, being a New Englander. He is Mr. James Marron, C. S. Sp.

Mr. John Aikens, C. S. Sp., is now pursuing his theological studies at Ferndale. His versatility will add color to the student body.

SEPT. 10—Father Dodwell, vice-treasurer and manager extraordinary of the far-famed Juniors, appeared to-day in the rôle of 'Varsity manager. He has been able to hand over a squad of forty-six men to Coach Ballin for review.

SEPT. 11—We of the College classes are now permanently (?) fixed in Canevin Hall. The rooms, spacious, airy, lightsome are wonderfully inspiring. The various facilities, the marble walls, large corridors, ventilated cloak-rooms, make us think it the finest school building in the State. The disciplinary rules governing it make it almost impossible to come late. A feature not to be overlooked is the up-to-date Cafeteria in the basement.

The dedication ceremony is announced for October 28th.

SEPT. 12—Great excitement has been manifested over the handball tournament, so warmly advocated in these columns before. The elimination series are going on now, and the games are bitterly contested. The onus of referee has fallen on good shoulders. Father Bryan, the hero of many a hard fought victory, officiates to the great satisfaction of all.

SEPT. 13—'Tisn't often I have occasion to visit the Commercial Course. I did it to-day, and made acquaintance with the new dean, Father Shiffgens, who fills the post with remarkable grace and ability. He tells me he is aided by the best professors in the house, and reports general satisfaction and progress.

SEPT. 14—I might be stealing "dope" from the Alumni column, but I find an item entered in my diary marked: "Father Fandraj". Yes, he is another familiar face that greeted us at close intervals. He happened in to-day *en route* for vaster fields of labor. He was graduated here in 1903, and before crowned with that diadem, wore many laurels on the diamond and in track events. He was the ablest of an able trio of prefects in 1905 and 1906. He studied later in Paris, and completed his theological studies at the University of Fribourg. Since his return in 1911, he has been engaged as professor of philosophy and theology at the Holy Ghost Seminary, Connecticut. His latest appointment is to the pastorate of Holy Ghost Church, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

SEPT. 15, 16—I found out from the registrar during these lovely week-end days that the registration in the departments open so far is 800, of whom almost half occupy Canevin Hall. It is useless to attempt a description of this new addition to the University group. Just come up and see for yourself. The traffic managers have no difficulty at the noon hours, as the College men, with the privilege of leaving the grounds during recess, use a different exit from the students of the High School department.

SEPT. 17—The Seniors and Juniors announce their intentions to make the debates come back to their own at Duquesne. They are preparing one of these classics for October 7th.

They have also formed an entertainment committee that will arrange the programme and see to its being carried out. It includes Messrs. T. Sullivan, G. Doran, P. Butler, L. Quinn, J. Monaghan. We know what high class to expect from this array of artists.

SEPT. 18—I have not heard, to date the results of the class elections, save in the two highest classes. C. V. O'Connor was chosen by the Senior Class. Whilst Paul Sullivan and C. Cherdini had a close contest, the latter winning out on a second ballot.



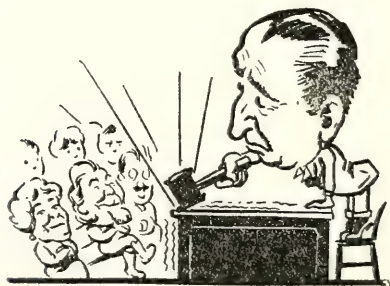
SEPT. 19—Several of the old "grads" came around to pay their respects before entraining for the seminary at Beatty. We surely wish them success. One undergraduate, Howard Carroll, who made an enviable record at St. Vincent Seminary last year announced that he has been chosen by diocesan authorities to pursue his theological studies at the Dominican University, Fribourg, Switzerland. May the historic city nestling 'neath the shadow of the lower Alps be a fit place to develop his talents.

The lay teachers added to our staff are not all known to the chronicler as yet. Most of the familiar faces are here now. I have the pleasure, however, of introducing three, who are known to all the school: Messrs. Strobel, Boggs and Reilly, to whom we bid welcome!

SEPT. 20—Rev. E. Malloy has begun active work with his Boys' Choir, and the future world artists are responding in a gratifying manner. They may be heard every Wednesday morning. He promised me a write-up for the C. S. M. C. column, but it has not materialized.

SEPT. 21—The new gym, the dream of every loyal Duke, is now complete, and we are only waiting for our popular Captain Cherdini to lead his warriors on the floor. The official announcement of the opening night will soon be forthcoming. Who is going to miss it?

SEPT. 24—The editor is calling for copy to-day, and I must answer the call. The last item of my note-book is of *September 25*, on which day an enthusiastic mass meeting was held, as an introduction to the football season. The features were addresses by Father Dodwell, Sammy Weiss and Paul Sullivan.





**Duke Gridders Rounding Into Shape.**

INTEREST in 'Varsity football at the Bluff school this year is at fever heat. Both the authorities there and the student body as well are resolved that the disastrous campaigns of the past two years shall not be repeated. The squad is larger than ever before and the players themselves have entered wholeheartedly into the business of getting fit for the eight-game season. Coaches Ballin and Shortley have expressed themselves as well pleased with the work of most of the candidates. In the scrimmages held to date, there have been no serious injuries, due to the fact that all the players have been in perfect physical condition. Some glaring mistakes in defense and offense have been revealed and as promptly corrected. Some of the backfield candidates show a disposition to be rather slow in learning their signals, and new and old linemen still have much to learn regarding their positions and how to play them. Still, all are eager to be corrected and to learn, and this makes the work of the coaches pleasant.

Of last year's 'Varsity, nearly the whole of the regular line is back in school. Cingolani, Packard, Edmunds (Captain), Schneider, Papapanu and Duffy, have all reported and taken part in the practices. McNamara, last year's poppery fighting captain and centre is still eligible to play, and reports have it that when the School of Accounts opens on October 1st, Mac will be back. He has been working all summer. This would give last year's line-up intact as far as the line is concerned.

The backfield of the regular 'Varsity of last year has only Good, Weiss and Hodgkins left in school this year. However, the new men out for backfield positions are numerous and of excellent quality. Klein, Caslin, Trainor, Hartman, Coll, Nathan, Cohen, Nassar, Kunsak, Bair, Collier and Clary have all shown that they can fill the bill behind the line. The outstanding men amongst those enumerated are easily, Klein, Bair, Cohen and Caslin, though much is expected of the rest.

Of the new linemen, the following look very good: O'Neill, Hogan, Viragh, Murphy, Kennedy, Coyne, Nolan, Gallagher and Bittinger; ends, Levaur, Kontul, Schreiber, Vinski, Durkin, Carasola, Malone and Hoffacher; tackles, Kaye and McMahon; guards, Gush, Keil and Curran, centres.

Negotiations were finally completed, whereby the team representing St. Francis College will appear on the Bluff on October 12th, Columbus Day. This gives the Dukes eight games in all, four at home and four abroad. Teams to be met at home are, Broadus, St. Francis College, St. Vincent's, and Mount St. Mary's College. The games away will be played against Dayton University, Marietta College, Westminster and Geneva.

The Alumni of the University have shown a disposition to be more loyal to the teams this year than ever before, and it was for their benefit at the St. Francis game was arranged for a Friday instead of Saturday date, as many of the Alumni cannot be present on Saturdays, and the Pitt-W. Virginia game proves a much stronger attraction, and this game will be played on the Saturday of the same week in which St. Francis College will be met.

#### HIGH SCHOOL.

Prospects for a winning Prep team at Duquesne became a current event, as many applicants registered their name with Father Dodwell the first week of school.

Last year's Prep team made an impressive showing by winning three games, tying two and losing three.

But with the material now present for the coming season, much is expected from them, although they will be handicapped by the presence of only four latter men from last season.

The season will open with the Connellsville Cokers, September 29. To date the Cokers have only one defeat over the Dukes to their credit; this happened two years ago. According to "Hoyle", Sunday should leave them with that same defeat to their credit, as the Preps are determined to win.

Games are being scheduled with the best high schools in the tri-state district.

This year's team consists of Uhrine, Murphy, Malone and Loebig from last year's team, and Leavy, Morgan, Sousa, Hogan, James R. Kelly, Hettinger, Keown, McNally, Ballin, Doelbar, Prince, Jordan, Britt, Burns and Straub. These boys should prove a wonderful opposition for any team placed against them.



### DUKE JUNIORS.

The Duke Juniors have been hard at work for the last three weeks and are gradually rounding into form. Joe Butler, last year's center, has been elected captain. From the 1922 squad only J. Butler, McCullough and Lezik remain. Among the newcomers Soxman, Lagnese, O'Toole, Maxwell, Jennings, Murray and Fabien stand out prominently. The Juniors are playing the best second-class teams in the city. Everyone expects a very successful season. It is a foregone conclusion that under the direct management of "Eddie" Welsh, the Midgets will rise to heights undreamt of before. The eyes of the school are turned on them to uphold honors or best the records made by the Juniors in the days gone by.

### The Handball Tournament.

This year opened with a new feature in the athletic organization of the University—a handball tournament. Of course, the game is not new at the Bluff. A casual visitor could have easily satisfied himself, by a glance at the Campus any time, say from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock, or from 3 to 4 in the afternoon, that handball yields to no game in popularity with the students; but hitherto the element of competition that comes from an organized tournament was lacking. The idea came from the Duquesne University Club, who are pitting three pairs of players against an equal number picked from the College and High School. When details of the tournament were seen on the announcement board about two weeks ago, there was great enthusiasm among the handball stars. Nor was a protracted training period necessary, as all were in the pink of form. The elimination series began at once, and every evening during the two last weeks of September, a crowd of keen spectators might have been seen, critically appraising the rival work of the candidates, who were contending for the honor of representing the students of to-day against their older brothers of the University Club. Twenty-four pairs entered, of whom four were from the College, and at the time of writing nine pairs have been eliminated and eleven remain. As can be seen from the following list, which is a record up to September 26, several of the games were very closely contested:

### FIRST ROUND.

Olko and Sieben, 21—Dyskiewicz and Schilling, 17.

Luba and Niederberger, 21—Trainer and Hoffman, (5).

J. Carroll and Niemiec, 21—Iwanicki and Szczpanski, (1).

F. Carroll and Mooney, 21—B. Gallagher and Whalen, 17.  
 A. Laurent and Hagan, 21—Anuszkiewicz and Huber, 11.  
 Lambert and McGervey, 21—Engle and Loeffler, 7.  
 A. Heyl and Burns, 21—Fleckenstein and O'Connell, 12.  
 E. Heyl and O'Shea, 21—Thompson and Monjello, 18.  
 Dravecky and Fabien, 21—Hamzell and W. Hogan, 8.  
 Hammer and Heidenreich, 31—J. Hogan and Dermott, 29.  
 Kilkeary and L. Shiring, 21—Ganter and Mulligan, 5.  
 E. Kelly and Nee, 21—C. O'Connor and Schramm, 10.

#### SECOND ROUND.

Kilkeary and Shiring, 31—E. Heyl and O'Shea, 30.



### Duquesnicula.

Student—Beg pardon, sir, but what's this that you have written on my theme?

Professor—I told you to write more legibly.

In days gone by the drinks were on the house. Now the're under the house.

Dad (seriously)—My son, it's about time for you to stand alone.

Son (cheerfully)—Sure, dad, I can stand a loan any time.

Friend, to college chap—When do you expect to graduate?

Senior—Every year.

By the Sea.

He—Nature is wonderful. I absolutely worship the waves.

She—I'm glad you like them—I had them done permantly ust before I came away.

Wife—Did you ever make both ends meet?

Hubby—When I was a baby I used to put my toes in my mouth.

Apparently, you can't fuel all the people all the time.

Suggestion to irresponsible Ford drivers: Flivv and let flivv.

Fools rush around when angels go to bed.

She—What is a bootlegger?

He—A bar that walks as a man.

Annie's gay,

Much elated,

She's married now,

Yes, Ani-mated.

*J. E. M. and P. R. E.*

# Duquesne Monthly

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Number 2.

## NOVEMBER.

**N**ight and the trumpets of winter are blowing,  
**O**nward and out to the unceasing sea;  
**V**enus' eye through the blackness is glowing,  
**E**ven the elements echo to me :  
**M**any a sail on the storm-tossed ocean,  
**B**earing a cargo of souls in its womb,  
**E**ager, just trembles in fretful emotion,  
**R**estless, is ploughing to port in the gloom.

Michael F. Coleman.





## A Reminiscence.

TRANSPORTATION is without doubt the foundation of our commercial greatness. Modern life in a material sense is only appreciable in terms of its unity with our industrial organization. The geographical conditions and influences of the world have largely contributed to its formation. More so have the social and political cults of great nations tended to its reality. The man of to-day has a material liberty beyond the experience of the ages. His inclinations now mean an ambition, the pursuit of which, he is able to follow by virtue of his individual liberty. This personal independence is the one great political tenet of the American and European governments. It offers the good citizen a certain stimulus to the expression of his best efforts. To that field whither his natural ambition leads, his powers of sustenance must naturally follow. This fact will lead us to a clearer understanding of our present industrial organization. Yet, the abundance of its fruits are entirely dependent upon that one paramount feature of our commercial world called "transportation".

To-day, we see the significance of this term embodied in the velocity of the street car, the train, the automobile, and lastly, the airplane. Yet from such perceptions of up-to-date transportation we are hardly capable of a just appreciation. An insight as to their origin and development might somewhat conjure up a gratuitous regard. When looking upon a primitive expression of anything that has evolved into a present utility, such experience sometimes begets a certain humor. This feeling, once it has been a bit dissipated, gives way to some serious thought. At least, such experience would find its corroboration in a close study of the development of street car transportation.

The honorable Southsider was often ceded such opportunity in accordance with the long operation of the quaint "Sarah Street" express. Year after year it continued in its long expression of colorful experiences which fuse so well into the joyful reminiscences of many Southsiders. Yet its disproportion to the ways of our dynamic progress has made it the object of much unreasonable humor, the cause of a material fiasco, and subsequently a curio.

Couched in the picturesque valley at the base of the colossal western hills, the street's unique position connives at a certain grotesqueness. An eighth of a mile eastwards ripples the gushing Monongahela, the reservoir of power which gives to its bordering queue of industrial plants their potency of function.

This harnessed power means the commercial life of the important South Side. Its mills and factories belch the clouds of smoke which envisage the street with a perennial haze. At night the glare from the roaring fires tend toward the sky above it, accentuating its bizarre outline. It is an entity of an industrial demand which has compelled its followers to seek contiguous residence. "Haste" became the shibboleth of the time. The houses were quickly built and the street paved. To-day all yet breathes forth that original crudeness which has marked the era and nature of its introduction. Immutable with the progress of time, this great bourgeoisie center has long given an aesthetic and unequaled setting to its famous "express".

Those two shaggy and puissant mules in the van of the crude coach have thus served as a perspective into the origin of the modern street car. Winding to and fro, year after year, along its rocky and uneven bed, the express has well illustrated this origin. The metrical patter of the horses' tramp seemed to prelude the groan of the creaking and swinging car, as it crept its weary way along the rust eaten rails, the senility of the wizened driver, the patronage of an occasional customer, the harsh clang of the rust veneered gong, might tend to adumbrate the melancholy of its closing days. It had a life, one which local sentiment prolonged beyond its material value to the public.

The middle of August was come before it made a permanent exit from the stage of public utility. The mellow evening of August 16th gently silhouetted the dismal scene of its last journey through the old street. The scene of splendor which had marked its innovation was nowhere in evidence. The deserted street, the decrepit aspect of the coach, its stooped driver and exhausted horses all lent to that final trip a saturnine gloom. However, the time was one of action, as the aged-corrupted utility slowly approached nearer and nearer the ultimate goal to which a greater progress had directed it. As it gradually merged into the distance a feeling of content might become interwoven with our subsequent sorrow, making us realize that after all the "Sarah Street Express", as all material creation passes, had merely evolved into the category of things "that used to be."

*B. J. Appel.*



## **"Poets Are Born, Not Made."**

**T**O be called a "crape-hanger" is generally regarded as a stinging indictment of one's social fitness. The function of undertaker is, however, at times indispensable for the common good. Hence I have draped the hoary statement at the head of this essay in the crape of quotation marks, because though it may have been instinct with the vitality of truth as it came from the mind of him who first used it by way of metaphor, it has in the course of time come to be taken so currently as a literal statement of a supposed law of nature that its baneful influence on the human mind at large can be properly compared only to the ravages of a contagious disease. If this be so, the sooner it is put under the ground, the better.

Is it so? It requires but a slight investigation to discover that every man, whatever his occupation may be, must pass through two stages before reaching his goal: first, he must choose his career, consciously or unconsciously; and, secondly, he must develop his ability to perfection.

In choosing one's line of work, every person is greatly influenced by the habits, customs, likes and dislikes, and even opinions, of his relatives and friends. These influences make their deepest impression in childhood. His later inclinations may depend only upon someone's single statement which would stir up the child's fancy and which he takes to heart and seeks to idealize and realize. A youth will turn in the direction of that branch of self-employment which his environment has given him occasion for meeting with most. It is a well-known fact that children of musicians take up music, sons of physicians choose medicine, and the like holds true for the recruitment of other branches of human activity. This is because the mind of the youth has had a large measure of opportunity for observing that profession and for entertaining and revolving ideas about it in his mind until constant reflection and renewed meditation make such an indelible imprint in his whole being that he himself becomes enthusiastic about it and discovers within himself a deep desire to qualify as an adept in that particular field of human endeavor which has captured his intelligence or imagination.

But in order to be a successful poet, successful professional or a skilled mechanic, hard toil may be said to be the only remaining requisite. The degree of excellence in one's work depends upon the effort and the time consumed at it. We may talk about electrical wizards and inventive geniuses, but Steinmetz



and Edison received these titles only as the result of hard persistent drudgery, which brought personal success to themselves and benefit of immeasurable value to the entire world. If they had weakened and lapsed in the painstaking laboratory work and fallen by the wayside into the mass of less successful mortals, we should base our explanation on the ground that they lacked talent or genius. But the fact is that their perseverance and resolute determination which always breaks open, I may say, an endless fountain of energy, is *the* factor which conquered for them that supreme victory—success. Paderewski could not be any master pianist, if at any time in his career he had become impatient in his exercises, for it is said that behind a single performance of his there is sometimes as much as seventeen hours of almost continuous practice. If we run our eye along the course of history we look in vain for a single exception to the rule that human development whether mental, moral or social, is to be the resultant only of work done in wresting the treasures from what for all, but the diligent is a hopelessly refractory environment. The captaincy of the intellect or imagination like the captaincy of the will is rooted in struggle. This holds for all lines of human excellence, poetry included. The very Horace who is authority for the necessity of natural gifts in the prospective poet, tells us of the “labor of the file” and avers that the poet’s school is one of fevers and chills unendurable to all but the stalwarts. The poet is born, not in another’s travail, but in his own.

It is time to cast aside the notion that any particular calling is to be ascribed to natural destiny. Success in any walk of life requires as its chief factor the attainment of a high standard of excellence as a consequence of willing and persistent workmanship. To be really a master of a trade or profession one must choose one’s work after careful reflection and self-examination and, having singled out a vocation or avocation, devote oneself to steady systematic preparation and pursuit. When we cast aside the delusion that greatness and efficiency are only a matter of unavoidable destiny, arranged for every individual by some imaginary goddess of fate, we shall have covered the first stage of that journey of which work constitutes the second, and the joy of accomplishment and success, the third.

*Joseph Bulevicius, '26.*

## The Influence of the Press.

THIS generation has been styled the newspaper generation. The daily paper supplies to-day most of the reading for the people—the educated, the half-educated, and the uneducated alike. All devour with astonishing avidity the columns of the daily press.

The function of the press is to furnish information. Its fundamental law therefore is truth, because the public is entitled to information that is in conformity with facts. Someone has tersely remarked that the press performs for society the function of the movies. It registers facts, communicates them to the centers concerned, and spreads before the whole community the data upon which publication and thought must be based. Consequently the press is a tremendous force, the powerful molder of public opinion.

A power like this can be easily abused unless it is regulated by well-defined ethical law and controlled by a strong sense of responsibility. Unfortunately, however, the journalistic ideals at present are very low, and the press of to-day is dominated by a spirit of partisanship, and very few papers of influence rise to a higher level.

As we said before the duty of the press, is to present the facts, and not to pass judgment on them. That is the individual's right. The authority of the press is entirely fictitious. It has no solid foundation. The reading public must be educated to know that the newspaper is not the place to look for authority on matters of science, religion or ethics. Dogmatism ill becomes the press. It is the newspaper with its calm assumption of unerring knowledge, its sweeping statements on doctrinal, historical and social topics, statements made with an air of assurance that no educated man can think otherwise, and with constant iteration of such statements that help to keep alive old prejudices. This self-assumed authority of the press is one of the greatest frauds ever perpetrated in the course of human history. The "science page" of the Sunday paper is anything but scientific, yet it represents for many the sole source, whence they draw their knowledge of the problems that bear upon the origin of the world and the destiny of man. Information derived from such a source cannot but be inaccurate, misleading and polluted. For the sake of sensational interest the paper gives undue prominence to certain affairs, and relegates others of more intrinsic importance, but of less news value to an undeserved and inconspicuous back-

ground. Thus it produces a false picture of the world and humanity.

The freedom of the press as stated in the constitution did not grant a license to anyone for the purpose of endangering the morals of the people. Yet just such a condition exists to-day. By the most dramatic and exciting methods the enterprising reporter describes suicides, murders, and crimes of all description. Bold face print proclaims to a reading world the faults or sins of some individuals. No crime is too low to find a place in the headlines of our daily newspaper; the most minute descriptions are given, offering a direct provocation to one of weak will, because a downward path is the easiest one to follow, and no influence is more powerful than example. No, the fathers who framed the constitution had no thought of such a license when freedom of the press was guaranteed by them. The duty of government is first and foremost to protect its citizens. It exists simply by the will of the people, and lives for the people alone. Since the press, too, exists wholly by the will of the people, it is therefore the people's right to demand a wholesome paper.

To reform the press may seem a herculean task, but it is not impossible. There are two means which may contribute toward its adequate control without unduly limiting its freedom. One is to disseminate higher standards of public demand and of professional ethics with reference to the character of the press; the other to make sure that both sides of every great issue are treated equally and fairly.

The absolute confidence which some people have in the press must be thoroughly shaken. They do not know that the authority back of the matter rests on no solid foundation. They must be enlightened. Instruction is the serum that will help to neutralize the newspaper infection. And right here is where the thoughtful member of the one true Church rejoices that he can rest on absolute authority. The mind that is possessed of clear and definite convictions cannot be easily swayed. The reason why men in our day are carried away by every new fad or novel theory is because they have lost their intellectual anchorage and are helplessly adrift on the sea of human opinion. But with the well-instructed Catholic it is different. He has a well-defined body of truth to which he clings with absolute loyalty. The talk of the newspaper cannot uproot him as long as his religious knowledge keeps pace with his progress in secular lore.



Here, then, we come to a definite remedy—the most effective way to combat the destructive influence of the modern press, is through the Catholic press, which on account of its periodic and regular appearance can immediately take up the issues and problems raised by the dailies and deal with them before they have lost interest. It can head off an error before it has traveled too far or gained a firm foothold. The Catholic press is a powerful auxiliary of the pulpit and a mighty and loyal ally in the battle for truth and right. Let us, as far as in our power lies, further the interest of this ally of truth. Let us remember that newspaper reading with Americans is a passion which amounts to a national characteristic, and let us not fail to do our part to arouse ourselves and others to the need of reform in our journalistic code, if we would furnish our people with wholesome food for thought.

*Cyril J. Vogel, '27.*



### KIND WORDS.

TO cherish all, and praises sing,  
 To banish what betokens harm,  
 Much happiness will daily bring,  
 For kind words hath a hidden charm.

The lustre of one bounteous deed  
 Black clouds of sorrow soon destroys;  
 For, ever to the soul in need,  
 It brings its unrepenting joys.

Then let it be your daily aim,  
 To cause some wounded heart to smile;  
 And it in turn will do the same  
 To make this world of ours worth while.

*John E. Monaghan, '25.*

## In a Street Car.

A STREET CAR, being a public conveyance, is quite a place for the congregation of all kinds of people. Some only go a short distance, while others remain longer on the car; but no matter which, one always has the chance to study the faces in the street car. After a little observation, it will be found that no two faces are alike.

Now start at one end of the car. There sits an old fellow paying no attention to anyone. His clothes are tattered and torn, and his eyes have a kind of a lifeless stare, his wrinkled forehead bespeaks bygone troubles which have left their marks on the old man. His attitude is a dejected one, neither caring what the past was, nor what the future holds for him.

The person beside him is a man about forty years old and is deeply engrossed perusing the sporting section of the daily paper. He is well groomed and gets up to give a lady his seat; and, even now, while standing, his face can be seen to take on a perplexed look, as though he cannot understand why his favorite team has lost.

Next is a saucy young lady whose posture and personal adornments depict her as belonging to that world-wide congregation—the flapper. And her jaws—! One would think she were competing with someone else in chewing wrinkles out of her chewing-gum.

Beside her is a quite old lady, a typical grandmother, who used to give you a piece of jelly bread when you came home from school. Her eyes are still bright, even at old age, and although her face is wrinkled it bears a smile, that when one looks at her one must smile too.

Across the aisle sits a young man, also a newspaper in hand. A multi-furrowed hat bedecks his head, but kept high enough for everybody to notice that he has side whiskers. A very flashy neck-piece, a diamond stick-pin—Woolworth brand, low-cut vest, bell-bottoms, an' everything. He seems greatly interested in the newspaper he is reading; but, upon closer observation, it seems that he is more greatly interested in the young lady across the way. He is trying by rustling his paper to draw her attention to his newly-raised mustache, six on one side and five on the other. The conductor calls out his stop, he gets up, "Ah, the world is his," as he walks down the aisle to the end of the car, then stumbles, blushes, hurriedly pays his fare, and makes a hasty exit amid snickers.

I was starting on another person when the conductor called my stop; I got off the car, completely satisfied with the day's study.

*R. H. H. Wilhelm, '27.*



## Pittsburgh's Point.

**B**ETWEEN the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers in Pittsburgh lies a wedge-shaped piece of land, the tip of which is called the Point. It is here that these two important waterways merge, lose their respective identities, and form the great Ohio. The exact area of the Point is disputed, but it is generally understood to include all that territory hemmed by the Monongahela and the Allegheny from their confluence back to a little beyond the blockhouse.

It was here that the first hardy settlers constructed their rude stockade, far from any other town of consequence; where access by land was not only difficult but also perilous; where they experienced the dread pangs of hunger and thirst, because they were often surrounded by the enemy and cut off from the source of supplies; where physical conveniences and comforts were very limited; where hardship, toil and danger were the daily portion of their existence. It was here they founded what is now Pennsylvania's second city.

To-day the Point is easily reached by bridges, streets and tracks. It is no longer an isolated settlement, but it is a busy mart, housing several diversified industries. Here is a maze of tracks bear the freight of the nation to and from the city. Here a net-work of streets resound to the thump and clatter of commercial trucks and wagons. Here hurrying throngs of people pass daily. Here the encroaching developments of unsentimental progress have erased nearly all the old landmarks of that former day. Here stands the rusty weather-beaten blockhouse, the last tangible connection we have with those who went before us. This little fortress, which guarded what was then the "Gate-



way to the West", is our most hallowed historical possession. A shrine to which but few ever make a pilgrimage; yet, here it is, a mute testimony to the valor of the intrepid pioneers, who cleared the way for the present great and flourishing city of Pittsburgh, whose streets bear and perpetuate their names.

In the shadows of the bridge, and at the extremity of the Point is a little triangular park not more extensive than a tennis court, and here is to be found the last trace of vegetation in a section once entirely over-grown; a small plot of grass where the dense forest once stood.

Such is the Point of to-day changed to a degree not even dreamed of by those who first settled on it. It is no longer only a strategic position for a fortress; that need has passed, let us hope forever. But just as it served that purpose for the first, and as it met the requirements of the succeeding generations, so does it submit itself to the varying demands of the present.

*G. D. Doran, '25.*



## The New Hall.

THE climb up "University Heights" is to anyone well worth while. Above the noise and grime of the crowded city it lifts its venerable rocky bulk to the azure skies flecked with slowly moving fleecy clouds.

Little can anyone guess of the quiet and beauty that await here. These qualities combined with the stately structures, greet the visitor with a pleasant surprise. The picturesque towering main building and chapel, the old residence halls, the magnificent new "Canevin Hall" and the stately massive gymnasium form a group that is pleasing and interesting.

"Canevin Hall", without a doubt, is the most imposing edifice on "University Heights". A memorial to a great benefactor of the institution, it is by far the finest building in the group. It bears the name of the University's friend, His Grace, Archbishop Canevin.

This fine structure serves as a recitation hall. Within its massive walls are the lecture and assembly rooms and the offices of various deans. The important position it occupies in the university life, justifies such magnificence as exemplified in the Archbishop's memorial.

The building is of the Scholastic Gothic, or as most generally known, Collegiate Gothic type, with modern influence clearly showing in many ways. This architectural style was employed by the ancient builders of many of the great European schools, such as Oxford, Cambridge and Louvain. The picturesque and vigorous quality of this phase of Gothic has much charm. The exterior aspect of Canevin Hall shows admirably the possibilities of this style.

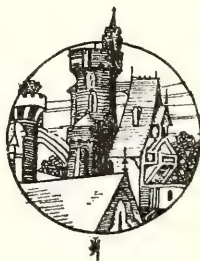
The structure is four stories in height. It is excellently proportioned, and the many windows do not detract from the appearance of massiveness that impresses itself on the beholder at the first glance.

The material of which the building is constructed is limestone and English brick. The warm shades of the brick and the gleaming whiteness of the stone blend harmoniously. This is a conspicuous factor in the charm and interest of Canevin Hall.

To appreciate the beauty of the arched and buttressed structure, one must see it while the sun is descending westward behind the rugged Pennsylvania hills, when the sky is growing luminous and amber. The delicate beauty is clearly set forth and makes a picture indeed. The stony pinnacles in their whiteness against the shades of blue and intense violet of the horizon resemble tall stately lilies.

The new hall is a worthy tribute to the man whose name it bears. The beauty and strength of character that he possesses are reflected in the great university structure which was made possible through his efforts.

*S. J. Tushak, '25.*



## Literacy.

LIVING in a world demanding action from each of its members in the field of natural endeavor and devoid of feeling for those incapable of activity, we find ourselves submerged in a spirit of progress, a progress embracing modernization, with its inventions, discoveries, industrial, social, financial and intellectual pursuits. In the universities men are trained to cope with such problems, so that when brought face to face with them in actual practice, their previous training will guide them in the proper path.

To-day much education does not consist in studies that in themselves will be beneficial to a man in his chosen profession, but rather a research into the languages and customs of the early ages, a ramble through the events of antiquity, a study of medieval characters, a tabulation of chronological events, and in general the pursuit of archaeological studies. Certainly this subtle tinge of educational culture is inadequate for practical purposes, and men who hope to survive in the surging power of progressiveness should not devote all their time to anything that will not prove advantageous, nor choose subjects that will in no way benefit them in future life.

Modernization is constantly inculcating into the mind of youth, a desire to progress along the lines of least resistance. Inconveniences of every sort are being obliterated from the curriculum of human activity, and each coming generation finds a greater number of facilities at its disposal.

Amid the vast resource of intellectual matter applicable to our various mental wants, may be considered the importance of reading the noteworthy authors of our mother tongue, as a stepping stone to literacy and real education. In this respect we should thirst after the finer points contained in the literary production of others, scrutinize the contests, the diction and the manner of presentation employed by the writers of verse and fiction, novelists and authors of repute, whose works live on as an everlasting memorial to their finer thoughts. Too many students entertain the erroneous idea that they will become versed in art by merely placing themselves in a receptive state of mind while in school; and after the completion of the prescribed four years, be automatically placed in the path of success, finished products upon whom the world may gaze with admiration. On the contrary, thoughts such as these are mere illusions, for in education as in any other branch of activity, the result produced is in direct proportion to the energy expended, and nothing save sincere honest effort will suffice to those who would make a success of life.

*John E. Monaghan, '25.*





## Pittsburgh Smoke.

PITTSBURGH aptly styled the "Smoky City" is well-known throughout the nation by the quality which the title implies. So closely indeed is Pittsburgh associated with smoke, that no proper description or picture ever fails to emphatically portray the prominence or importance of the relationship between the two.

Steel, the principal industry in the city's metropolitan area furnishes most of the smoke, and also gives employment directly and indirectly to a large portion of its cosmopolitan population. It is therefore evident that, when the air is heavily laden with smoke, the people are actively engaged in profitable pursuits. The opposite is also true; so much so, in fact, that the smoke is regarded there as a barometer of the city's industrial standing, and the density of the smoke is the reading by which this position is gauged.

The forests of stacks flanking the banks of the city's rivers belch forth enormous clouds of smoke, which when disturbed by the wind, roll on and on, one after another, somewhat like the waves of the ocean, or on still and sultry days hover low over the city like a gigantic tent diminishing considerably the luminosity of the sun, except where here and there a rent or rift permits him to dart his powerful rays through, which at times, form curious designs in the curling vapors.

Naturally, all this smoke is not relished by the people, for it causes them to fight an unceasing battle against the soot and grime it deposits indiscriminately upon themselves and their property; note the beautiful buildings which the city has reared, huge piles of granite and of brick branded with the city's brand, smoke, a mark which frequently furnishes an idea of the age of the structure. Note in the winter how a beautiful shimmering coverlet of snow glistening a chaste white in the rays of the rising sun, is transformed within one single cycle of the clock

until it resembles a lead-colored mop cloth. Note that nature's very laws seem to be ignored, for often the days are dark with the smoke, while the nights are ruddy with the flames and the glare of the furnace, the forge, and the mill.

Much has been done to abate this smoke nuisance, for smoke itself is no dearer to a Pittsburgher than to his more fortunate brothers; yet, as he gazes at the fantastic formations revealed in the lights and shadows of an overcast sky, he knows that molten metal is being poured into moulds amidst brilliant showers of myriad sparks, that writhing, tortured, fiery serpents of steel are crawling through the groaning rolls, and listening he hears the whirring wheels of industry humming of labor and of progress, and from his heart he gratefully thanks God for things as they are, and that Pittsburgh is the "Smoky City".

*G. D. Doran, '25.*



### THE WATERS.

FROM the lofty mountains,  
     To the vale below;  
 From the shaded fountains,  
     Swift its waters flow;

Tempest unabating,  
     Wasting smiling lea,  
 To the arms waiting  
     Of their mother Sea.

*S. J. Tushak, '25.*

## Automobiles.

ONE of the best and most useful accomplishments in the history of man is the invention of the automobile. First, we see a machine propelled by gasoline; later, we have other contraptions run by steam and electricity. These machines, because of their terrific speed, are a big improvement over the slow horse-drawn wagons and carriages. As the times go on, automobiles are gradually being improved upon and fitted for almost anything in the line of transportation and shipping.

The most practically used type of automobile is the truck, in use in all cities for freight shipments of all kinds. At first only inter-urban moving was done by truck, now all inter-state moving is accomplished by auto trucks almost as large as houses. Another use of the truck is that of a mail carrier. It is swifter, and the cost is much lower than by railroad.

The progress of the automobile industry has practically revolutionized farming. As autos were perfected, another invention was put at the disposal of the American people. This invention was the tractors. Their use is not alone confined to the farm, where they do all the work from plowing the field, to the hauling to market of the crops. They are used for all heavy hauling in lumber and construction camps.

Needless to say the mode of travel has undergone a complete change with the perfection of the automobile. People who before rode in trains and street cars now make their journeys by auto. This is a cheaper, more comfortable and more convenient way to travel. In a machine, people can enjoy the air and the scenery, and stop wherever the fancy strikes them. The heat of the train is unknown to most people who own automobiles. Since autos came into practical use, travel has increased over fifty per cent, compared to that of former years.

Nor are the owners the only ones to whom the machines are a benefit. They supply millions of dollars to the various states for licenses to own and operate them. With this money the roads are kept in the proper shape for automobile travel.

It is true that in the history of the auto there are stories of many sad mishaps; but this is to be expected. There is no invention that is without its lists of mishaps. The number of accidents is small in proportion to the number of automobiles.

Reviewing the history of automobiles, we will find that they gradually increased in popularity and output as they decreased in price. At the present time the automobile industry is the first industry in the land. It leads steel, wheat and industries of many of the necessities of life. If autos continue to sell as they have been accustomed to, there may be as many autos as there are people in America.

*Paul R. Butler, '25.*





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *The European Crisis.*

POST war reaction is now well established in Europe. Germany owed a great debt to the Allies which, she claimed, she was unable to pay. To France, that nation which, a few years ago, felt most the savagery and abuse of the German Empire, and which still aches from the many wounds it received, revenge looked sweet, and by putting a section of Germany under martial law, she obtained this revenge. The Teutons, at first, kept up an underhand resistance, but now they have changed their tactics, announcing that this passive resistance would be abolished. The United States and England did their best to smooth things over in a diplomatic way, but France could not be made to see things in this light. The next move is very problematical.

As it stands, to-day, the position of Europe is somewhat ridiculous. The success of France, a nation of forty million people, keeping Germany, a nation of sixty million people under armed guards, is doubtful.

It is high time that the nations of Europe would come together, and, by arbitration solve these international differences. As it is they will get nowhere tempting the god of war and juggling with the chances of peace. It is only natural that France, having tasted the bitters of war, should be very unreasonable, still she knows that her country is virtually a mass of ruins, and that her trade is hindered by such childish play. What a great good it would be for the world if these countries, instead of cutting each others throats, would unite to rebuild the ruins of Europe!

*T. E. Thornton, '25.*

### ***The Invisible Empire.***

**L**IKE a huge vulture soaring aloft, waiting but for the opportune moment to swoop down upon its unsuspecting victim, hovers over our national republic to-day the form of a masked organization. This potent factor of demoralization, sinistral in its very essence and purpose of existence, is merely the result of fanaticism, devoid of all consideration for law and personal liberty, yet tolerating nothing save rashness and intemperance. Many, indeed, do not realize the seriousness of the situation in which our nation has been placed; many, indeed, are content to remain idle, while oppression threatens the ship of state, and fanatics strive to revolutionize the cardinal and invulnerable principles of liberty, justice and pursuit of happiness, to which democracy owes its existence. However, those who possess keener foresight, and exercise a greater caution in the preservation of our countries' interests, admonish us to oppose this evil of pernicious antagonism.

The "Invisible Empire", is a striking example of the influential power that a minority can and ever will exercise over a majority. Men thus lead on by unrestrained passion coupled with the tact of mob psychology, seek in the "Klan", that which in itself is romantic. The novel form of political and religious activity appeals to their primitive and physical sensuality. In reality, the tenure of such allurements is but a temporary pulsation of emotion, which fails to function as soon as the accompanying novelties are exhausted. Aside from these facts the intrinsic purpose of the "Klan" lacks feasibility, being unreasonable as the product of an abnormal mentality. Irrespective of threats, it cannot enforce its demands, for although we may succeed in breaking a man's courage, free will remains intact.

It is obvious, therefore, that the "Klan" is detrimental to the state, and in most cases the perpetrator of disturbed conditions existing therein; while its cynical members, blind to their own iniquity, see much evil in trivial matters, thus beholding the mote in the eye of their fellowman.

*John E. Monaghan, '25.*

## ***Slang.***

**I**N considering slang we note its tendency toward the destruction of language and the reason of its existence.

We find that slang is engendered by certain deviations from the correct use of the language. In such an advanced and progressive community as the United States, we can discern more slang than in England.

Slang is to-day on the very threshold of our language, and is in fact employed constantly by many of our so-called authorized writers. The expressions of slang are uprooting the actual language itself, to such a degree, that in the future, this grotesque use of the language will become, more or less, legitimate.

It is not necessitated by the lack of words in our vernacular to express our thoughts. We cannot say that it elucidates our ideas more adequately than the legitimate use of our language.

Therefore, since it bears no necessity for our speech, we should overcome its use, at least, when our words mean so much for us, if we cannot do so in the moments of relaxation.

Slang is due to the ignorance of the person who resorts to its use. Since our speech manifests our knowledge, we should hold aloof from the usage of slang.

*R. M. Murphy, '25.*



## ***Education Without Religion.***

**W**HAT is education? Is it only as Webster says: "The sum of the qualities acquired through instruction and training?" Education cannot be defined as merely this. It must also include the character training which is the very foundation of true manhood. True manhood again rests on sound moral principles, a thorough knowledge of justice, and a right and careful consideration for our neighbor. Do these come in the course of education? At times; but they are the outcome of a true religious training. To religion we attribute qualities of true manhood; for



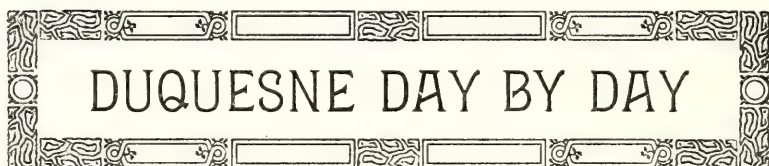
they are not only in the scope of knowledge, but are consequent upon a religious training.

Uprightness in a man presupposes a valiant heart. A heart can be upright when trained in religious precepts. Religion can alone educate the heart, and a true heart is the center of honest manhood.

What again is true manhood? It is the guardian of good citizenship: the advocate of sound moral principles, the lover of honesty, the enemy of lawlessness, and a bitter repulsor of injustice. It is these qualities in a man that make a country, a nation, safe for democracy; and it promotes loyalty in the highest degree to God and to the nation.

Can anyone be so bold, and in spite of all, promote education and scorn religion? It is very evident that real education can't exist without true religion. They both must live together; each must receive the proper amount of care and nourishment; for where one ceases to function the consequences are bitter.

*P. Kontul, '25.*



## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

OCTOBER 1—The students still show signs of rejoicing about the well-earned 6-0 victory of the Dukes over Broaddus College. It surely was encouraging to begin the season with a victory. Continued success is our greeting.

The initial appearance of "King Breeze" is very evident, and I notice with interest the great zeal and haste with which the students ascend the hill top. Such atmospheric conditions will eventually lessen the number of tardy arrivals.

The Duke Juniors emulated the doings of their "big brothers", and succeeded in defeating the Schenley High Seconds by the score of 6-0.

OCT. 2—A thorough inspection of Canevin Hall convinced me that each day seems to add more beauty and completeness to

the building. Our new Cafeteria is the scene of noon-day rushes, where hundreds of students are conveniently and satisfactorily served with the best of food.

OCT. 3—This day marked the opening of the School of Finance and Commerce on the second floor of the New Hall.

A little surprise was in store for the Bluff students when they perceived the presence of three fair damsels in this department. During the course of the day, students from the upper floors found very appropriate excuses to visit the second floor, either for a drink of cold and refreshing water, or for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances.

OCT. 4—Confessions were heard throughout the morning in the students' chapel in preparation for the first Friday of the month.

While watching the 'Varsity practice, I perceived a lingering figure whom, upon close observance, I found to be "Mike" Shortley, our popular assistant coach, who had sustained an injury to his ankle a few days before while playing football. We wish him a speedy recovery.

OCT. 5—The students received Communion in a body at 8 o'clock Mass in the Chapel. After Mass breakfast was served in the Cafeteria. The long line of students extended from the Chapel to the Cafeteria, and, for a brief time, traffic along Colbert Street was somewhat delayed.

The 'Varsity departed for Dayton, Ohio, where they are scheduled to meet the strong Dayton University on the following day.

OCT. 6—The Dukes received their first set-back of the year, when Dayton University defeated them by the large score of 27-0. The outcome was not a bit disappointing, when we hesitate to consider the powerful team that is representing Dayton. If our fighting Dukes can hold a team to 27-0, which had, in the previous week, trounced a western school to the tune of 150-0, we can rest assured that our plucky Dukes are most worthy to merit our utmost confidence and praise.

OCT. 7—The initial entertainment of the year was given by the Junior and Senior class of the college department. A fair crowd was present to witness the performance which was quite satisfactory.

Perchance, I happened on a former class-mate, Mr. Regis Mansmann, who is now successfully performing in the capacity of a salesman.

OCT. 8—In entering class, I beheld a new array of desks which, indeed, add considerable neatness to the appearance of the class-room. A large drawer is available on the side of each seat, in which books, lunches and bottles (ink) can be placed.

OCT. 9—The weekly Mass for the students of the college department was held in the University Chapel, followed with a brief talk by our Very Reverend President, Father Hehir.

Quite a number of the 'Varsity players, who had been injured in the Dayton fracas, reported for practice.

OCT. 10—Since the public high schools have begun using our field to play their football games, the principal objects of much discussion appears to me to be our new hall and gymnasium which they cannot help but admire and enjoy. The gymnasium reminds me of the famous historical buildings. People are continually going in and out of it, and expressing their satisfaction and praise in having seen it.

OCT. 11—An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the old gymnasium to practice a few college yells for the football game on the following day. Interest for tomorrow's game with St. Francis College is very keen.

"Coye" Harrison and Sammy Weiss, both of athletic fame, have cast their lot with the Junior and Senior English class of the college department.

OCT. 12—The Dukes observed Columbus Day in a very suitable manner, by administering a decisive lacing to St. Francis College, the final score being 20-0. The crowd was exceptionally large and, no doubt, left the Campus quite satisfied with the display which the Dukes made.

OCT. 13-14—I was informed that the dance given by the Gamma Phi fraternity, at Hotel Chatham, was a great success.

I had the occasion of meeting a large number of our students at the Holy Name rally, which was held in a very impressive and solemn manner at the Cathedral.

OCT. 15—A very welcome letter greeted me this morning. It was from our most loyal friend, Father Mac, who appears to



be quite satisfied with his new surroundings in Detroit. He wishes me to extend his kindest regards to all the students.

OCT. 16—While walking through town, I happened to meet “Dan” Rooney, our popular star, who imparted to me the glad news that he would return to school within a few days. Undoubtedly Dan will bolster up the football team which is enjoying a very successful year.

OCT. 17—Gradually the finishing touches are being put to Canevin Hall. The electricians have been busy these days past installing fixtures. The rooms are fitted with slate black-boards, and that in large quantities.

OCT. 18—Word from St. Vincent Seminary brings in the glad tidings that our graduates of past years, who have entered the seminary, are doing splendid work, and are enamored with their surroundings.

OCT. 19—During the past week an enthusiastic meeting of the C. S. M. C. took place in the main building, officers were elected, and a renewed interest was shown by the various delegates. The moderator of our unit has given me the following items of interest.



#### C. S. M. C. NOTES.

Thirty-five delegates chosen from the schools in the district of Pittsburgh made a choice representation at the Notre Dame Convention during the month of August. Those who attended from Duquesne were Rev. E. A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., Edward J. Quinn, C. S. Sp., Paul G. Sullivan, John D. Holohan and Joseph Johnston.

On September 13th, the Father Simon Unit held its first meeting of the year. Paul G. Sullivan gave an interesting account of the Notre Dame Convention. The following were elected officers of the Unit: President, Paul G. Sullivan; Vice-President, Thomas A. Sullivan; Secretary, Regis C. Guthrie; Treasurer, William P. McGarry.

On September 28th, the High School Unit held its first meeting. The officers chosen for the year are: President, John D. Holohan; Vice-President, John J. McCartney; Secretary, Regis McDermott; Treasurer, Patrick F. O'Shea.

To keep the activities of the Units before the public, William F. Brennan and William E. Burns were appointed Publicity Agents.

All the members of the Unit attended the farewell departure ceremony for the Holy Ghost Missionaries recently held in the University Chapel. They showed their esteem for the Missions by their generous contributions: the largest for any cause that has been collected in the Chapel.

Plans are well under way for a Mission Day, to be held December 3rd, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Patron of Missionaries. The programme called for a Solemn High Mass. Sermon by some Missionary whose name will be announced later. In the afternoon "The Ordinal of Admission" staged for the first time at the Notre Dame Convention will be the outstanding feature of the programme. This will be followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, if the weather permits to be held outside. In the evening a Play relating to some Missionary activity will take place.

The meetings of the Units will be held the third Thursday and Friday of each month. These will be both educational and social. A well arranged programme is being prepared to outline the subjects to be discussed at each assembly.

At the moment when the Chronicler is sending his copy to press, he comes into the possession of two copies of the Fourth High C weekly publication, entitled "Morning Milk". It threatens all comers and solicits competition. If space permits, we shall be glad to give samples from its literary and humorous column.

*Brennan-Burns.*





## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

### Concerning the Gridiron and Prospects Thereof.

With the '23 football campaign getting pretty well under way, nothing can be more *a propos* than a few words on the situation here. Duquesne is inaugurating an entirely new athletic regime. Father McGuigan, upon whose ample shoulders rested the sports destiny of the Red and Blue for the past several years, is gone. In his place we have the Rev. John F. Dodwell, a man whose capabilities are not at all limited by paucity of figure. We regret the passing of Father "Mac". No man has done more for his *Alma Mater* than he; few have loved her so wholeheartedly, so unselfishly. That he will live in her annals forever, cherished alike by loyal students of to-day and of generations to come, is a certainty. Some day he will return to behold the consummation of that which he began. Will he be proud of it? Rather, say we.

But meanwhile there is much to remark on matters as they stand. Father Dodwell is starting most auspiciously. Not only is the 'Varsity coming in for full attention, but the Prep eleven, neglected sadly since 1921, is on the boom again. Naturally enough, Hal Ballin is on the job once more as coach of the big fellows. Mike Shortley, '21, captain, is assisting the Princetonian with the backfield candidates. "Dutch" Ligday is mentoring the Preps. Father Dodwell, speaking for the faculty board, has announced the excellent policy of allowing the men in charge of the teams to run them in the fashion that appears best to them. More school athletic outfits have been ruined by the butting in of well-intentioned alumni and faculty members than by lack of adequate material.

That Ballin and Shortley are getting results with the 'Varsity is obvious. The showings of the squad in the Broadus, Dayton, and St. Francis contests have been of high enough order to demonstrate this conclusively. On the defense, naught is left to be desired. Behind the line there is need of just a bit more



driving power. The ends are about the best the Dukes have ever had. Ligday is getting all there is to be got from the Preps, which is plenty. All in all, things are moving serenely, and there is every reason to believe that it'll be a big season for the optimists.

### Sportsmanship?

Early last month a certain Dixie college sent its football team North for a contest with the squad of a school not many miles from Pittsburgh. The visitors came with a reputation for untarnished sportsmanship, and the home outfit felt honored in extending its hospitality to Southern gentlemen. But, when this crew from below the Mason and Dixon line arrived, and all was primed for the battle, a hitch arose. The Southerners refused to take the field unless a certain chap be eliminated from the home line-up. The sole reason given was that this lad to whom they objected was a Negro. It mattered not that the boy had as clean a record as anyone in intercollegiate sports. It mattered not that he was an excellent soon to receive his degree. It mattered not that his every action was such as could bring naught but honor to his *Alma Mater*. That game was never staged. Rather than "besmirch their reputations" by competing against a colored man, the visitors swallowed a heavy financial loss and returned homeward without so much as donning uniforms. Some persons may laud that action as adherence to a principle, looking upon it as a worthy ingredient of the much-vaunted Southern chivalry. To the majority, though, the thing stands out a shining example of disgusting egotism and unalloyed boorishness. Most heartily do we congratulate the school that backed the Negro star to the limit. Thank God there are a few places left where the rank growth of racial prejudice finds little soil in which to take root!

### The Little Things Count.

It has been our privilege to discuss Duquesne football with quite a number of alumni and friends of the University, who make it their business to follow in person the doings of the 'Varsity squad, at least when the Bluffites cavort on the Campus gridiron. It is not our purpose just now, however, to incorporate any glowing tributes into our comment. On the contrary, we mean to go in for a bit of constructive criticism, which concerns neither coaches nor players, but might well be heeded by those in charge of putting on the tilts. These pertinent queries will cover the point adequately. How is the stranger to know

who is who in the heat of the game, when there are neither numerals on the backs of the contestants, nor programmes to identify them if there were? In the event of a high score, how is the average spectator to keep track of the count without the semblance of a score-board? Why isn't there some one to walk beside the linesmen, and hold up cards telling how many yards to go for first down? How can a chap tell what down it is at all? Such conditions can be remedied with small pecuniary outlay. The comfort and convenience of the audience must be looked to in any amusement enterprise. The details we have set forth, were brought to our notice directly by Duke well-wishers, who assured us that their suggestions, if acted upon, would contribute in large measure toward making the sport a success here. Too long have we adhered to a take-it-or-leave-it policy in dealing with the man in the grandstand. The fellow who pays at the gate has usually put in a good many licks of work for that dollar he shoves in the window, and when it comes to a showdown he's entitled to quite a lot of consideration.

#### **As to Running This Department.**

If memory serves us correctly, we are now in our fifth year as boss of the athletic end of the MONTHLY. We are not bragging about it, for it is nothing over which to acquire an exaggerated ego. What we aim to bring out, though, is the fact that after all this time we have arrived at the conclusion that we've got to change our system of what we call editing for want of a fitting term. Too long have we mooned in the role of "Pollyanna", trying to josh ourself and others into the belief that a losing team is a world-beater out of luck, by clothing its misdeeds in the kindly garment of imagination, rather than in the sack-cloth of actuality. To begin with, Duquese is past the necessity of an apologist; and, secondly, we have come to the realization that the reader has an opinion of his own on the various skirmishes in which the 'Varsity takes part, a sentiment gleaned either from witnessing the seance himself, or from the newspaper account of it the following day.

Hence it is our intention to delete post-mortems, as much as possible, and confine our sphere to remarks on such generalities as may be of interest to those reached by the MONTHLY. Commencing with the present issue, our five-page section shall be divided, like "all Gaul", into three parts. There will be "Editorial Etchings", in which we shall give air to our own

ideas on affairs of the inter-collegiate sport world, especially in its relation to Duquesne. Then will come a brief composite review of all 'Varsity and Prep battles. Finally, we have "Musings of the Month", a column devoted to dope and incidents which may have cropped up in the preceding few weeks. Personally, we regard the new make-up as rather an improvement over the old. We sincerely trust that those who peruse it will feel the same way about it.

#### GRIDIRON REVIEW.

DUQUESNE, 6—BROADDUS, 0.

The Dukes entered the fray against the West Virginians rather an unknown quantity. Aside from Sammy Weiss, the entire backfield was new to the Ballin system. On the line only Captain Edmunds, Duffy, Papapanu, Schneider and Martin were reckoned veterans. To be sure, Tenney at left end had seen service here two or three years ago under Jake Stahl, but the other terminals who received tryouts, McGivern, O'Neill, and Coyne, were cavorting for the first time under the Red and Blue banner. Gush, the center, was also looked upon as green goods. Behind the frontal defense we had Cohen, McDonald, McKnight, Klein and Hodgkin. The last named was on the 1922 squad part of the season, but lacked the poundage for a regular berth. The combination, as developed by Ballin and Shortley, flashed well, particularly when Broaddus held the oval. The punting was mediocre and the scoring machine far from perfect. Tenney accounted for the Bluff margin of victory, intercepting an enemy pass and running 60 yards for a touchdown. Try for goal was unsuccessful. The invaders inaugurated a fast and effective aerial attack in a desperate last minute attempt to snare the triumph. Aided by penalties, they advanced the ball inside the home one-yard line, where it lay after three fruitless thrusts at the Duke forwards. The final whistle blew as the teams faced each other for the fourth onslaught.

DUQUESNE, 0—DAYTON, 26.

Harry Baujan, former Notre Dame star, has built up a wonderful grid force at Dayton University. The fact is the Ohioans were quite a bit too classy for the less experienced Hillmen. Even so it required brilliant overhead play and fast end-running, combined with a couple of heart-rending breaks to hand the Buckeye Staters their imposing total. The Duke line held nobly, but the Hawaiian, Achiu, Dayton's little luminary, led an attack on the flanks that could not be thwarted. Even so, the



Ballinites might have tallied in the second period, had it not been for an unfortunate fumble. Had they pushed over a touchdown and goal at this stage of the combat, they would have grabbed off a 7-6 advantage, and with the confidence thus engendered, there's no telling what the result might have been. In the interest of frankness, though, let it be known that had the Dukes copped in the fashion suggested, the best outfit would have lost. The day was not without its compensations from the Bluff viewpoint, none the less, for a punter of amazing ability was uncovered in the person of Lee Schneider. Cohen and Terry McKnight distinguished themselves by pretty work in the backfield.

DUQUESNE, 20—ST. FRANCIS, 0.

Ballin sent his men against the Loretto aggregation, more with the idea of conserving their strength for the coming clash with Geneva, than with the intention of piling up a large count on the weaker eleven. The Saints battled gallantly, but to no avail in the initial half, the Pittsburghers rolling up their whole score of points before the close of the second frame. Weiss carried the pigskin over on a double pass from O'Brien for the opening markers, and McDonald chalked up the final pair of six-players on smashes off guard shortly afterward. But one trick formation was employed, that a fake pass which netted, something like 22 yards, O'Brien taking the ball. The Dukes wisely refrained from displaying much of their stuff, Coach Tom Davies of Geneva, being present as the guest of Speedo Loughran, the St. Francis mentor. Speedo has had a tough row to hoe with his gang. Most of the players are mere youths in high school, and that the one-time Pitt four-letter-man has accomplished anything at all, is to be marvelled at. Brinny O'Brien and Viragh, both of whom did their stuff for the Preps not so long ago, swung into action again in Duquesne uniforms. Brinny registered a proud impression at full-back, and Viragh carved out a niche for himself by clever defensive play, and by nailing a trio or more of forward passes. Duffy was the main bulwark of the line.

MUSINGS OF THE MONTH.

It pleases us to record that cheering at the games is improving slowly, but for all of that, surely. Lawler, Quigley and Ross deserve all sorts of medals for their antics and efficient direction. Personally, we never felt at home in white trousers, except on a tennis court; and to our way of thinking, the lads who have come out thus arrayed in October, and who will continue to do so

throughout chillier November, win everything. Why not a Junior 'Varsity letter for cheer leaders?

We wouldn't feel at all angered if Chris Hoffman would loosen up and favor us with a bit of dope on the basketball schedule. Of just two big tilts have we received definite information. It is certain that the Bluffites will do their stuff at Navy and Penn State. If Cherdini and the rest bump off the Middies again, then extend their conquests to the domain of the Nittany Lion, gleeful chortling will resound from Canevin to the Vandergrift Building.

As to baseball, little has been done as far as settling definite dates is concerned. The card is progressing nicely enough, though had it not been for misunderstandings last spring, it would have been further along the road to completion. According to tentative plans, the nine will make brief Southern and Eastern trips, with a probability of several games in West Virginia and parts of Pennsylvania, directly north of Pittsburgh. At least eight home tussles will be booked.

Chuck Cherdini, floor captain, tells us that of last year's top-notch quintet, Harrison, Cingolani, Savage, and himself, will be on deck for the first practice session early in December. In addition there will be McGivern, all-scholastic forward, from Kittanning High, Joe Coyne of South Hills, and possibly Lissfelt, who once wore the colors of Schenley, and more lately, those of Colgate University and the Oakland Y. Prospects are decidedly bright.

'Tis said that George Tenney, 'Varsity left end, suffered a punctured kidney in the St. Francis affair, and now lies in the hospital. It is not known as we go to press just how serious George's injury may be. For his own sake and that of the team, we wish him a speedy recovery.

And in closing, we must mention that there is every reason to hope for a 'Varsity tennis team in 1924. Plans for a fall tournament on the roof of the new gym have been given up for the present. It will be recalled that two asphalt courts are to be laid out on top of the building. At first it was believed that all would be in readiness by mid-October. Naturally enough, that prediction was all wrong. Things a person wants are never done on time. But we'll be out swinging a racquet on those rectangles with the first breath of warm weather, or forever give up our campaign to establish here the greatest game of 'em all for the individual player.

*Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.*

## Alumni.

OF the nine priests ordained last June for the diocese of Pittsburgh, six graduated in our college department:

Rev. Thomas C. Brown, now stationed at St. Kieran's, Pittsburgh; Rev. Mark P. Flanagan, at St. Coleman's, Turtle Creek; Rev. Justin J. Gallagher, at St. Mary's, Lawrenceville; Rev. Francis X. Kuzniewski, at St. Cyprian's, N. S.; Rev. John Lyons, at St. Peter's, N. S., and Rev. Francis H. Topping, at Holy Name, Duquesne. In addition, three were ordained on July 15th for the Erie diocese: Rev. M. Noon Glynn is stationed at St. Peter's Cathedral in Erie, and teaches in the Cathedral high school; Rev. Cyril J. Kronz has been assigned to St. Agatha's, Meadville, and Rev. Joseph A. O'Donnell, to St. Patrick's, Franklin.

REV. J. EMMET CREAHAN was ordained in the Church of St. Dominic, Washington, D. C., and celebrated his first Mass at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. On the way to his post in Lead, South Dakota, he revisited the scenes of his scholastic studies, and the members of the Faculty.

IN Rome, Rev. Joseph T. Quinlan, C. S. Sp., a former prefect and professor, was ordained to the holy priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Pompili, on August 5th; on the following day he had the happiness of celebrating his first holy Mass at the tomb of St. Peter.

REV. GEORGE J. BULLION has returned from a two years' sojourn in the Eternal City. Intensive study during that period enabled him to annex university degrees in Canon Law and Sacred Theology. He profited of the long summer vacations to visit the Holy Land, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Austria and Germany. Possibly in the near future he will treat an expectant public to lectures on his extensive travels. We congratulate him on the honors he has achieved, and on the opportunities he grasped to see what was most instructive and interesting in the Old World.

HOWARD CARROLL has been chosen by the Right Reverend Bishop to pursue a course of ecclesiastical studies in the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. Mr. Carroll has by this time reached his destination. We prophesy for him a brilliant record in this institution in the Alps, where several Holy Ghost Fathers completed their courses with eminent distinction.

REV. ALOYSIUS ADLER celebrated his first Mass in McKees Rocks last June. Father Williams, C. S. Sp., was present to represent Duquesne. Father Adler has been assigned to duty at Ashville, N. Ca.



ROBERT REILLY, Ex., '23, has entered the Franciscan novitiate in Patterson, N. J.

HILARY R. WERTS, Ex., H. S., '23, is one of twenty-nine Jesuit novices at Los Gatos, Cal.

JOSEPH D. BOYD and Thomas F. Whelan, the former of last year's Freshman Class and the latter of First High A, have decided to prepare for the priesthood in the Holy Ghost Order. Both are now studying in the Junior Seminary at Cornwells Heights, near Philadelphia.

A CABLE from Manila, on October 3rd, conveyed the following disconcerting news: "Father T. J. McDermott, American priest, was captured at Tungwan, in Honan province, on his small boat, which was fired upon, despite the American flag at its masthead. The boat was ransacked, but the priest was released." The missionary should attain a high place in Heaven. After many years of persevering study, he is ordained at the age of twenty-five. He enjoys a short vocation in the bosom of his family. He wrenches away the tendrils that bind him to home. He sets out for a foreign land, to live amongst strangers, whose language and customs are unknown to him, and who, it may be for years, are unappreciative of his services, and turn a deaf ear to his admonitions. Inclement seasons, insipid food, insufficient nourishment, all add to his trials. But with the grace of God, whose kingdom he endeavors to extend, and with a spirit that will not down, no matter what may be the nature of his trying experiences, he wins souls to their Redeemer whilst sanctifying his own. Such a life is exceptionally meritorious.

WILLIAM P. J. MAXWELL has entered St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, to study for the Cleveland diocese.

OF last year's Pre-Medics, J. A. Gilmartin, W. A. Barrett, V. P. Burby and O. J. Hendrick have entered the University of Pittsburgh; L. T. McKee, D. J. O'Connell, and J. D. Doyle are in Georgetown; Charles Solomon, G. A. McGuinness and A. C. Quinn enrolled in the University of West Virginia, and E. J. Lang, in the Jefferson School of Medicine, Philadelphia.

L. H. KORNMAN, M. J. Reisdorf and S. F. Kossler are taking engineering courses in Carnegie Institute of Technology; C. F. Becker and L. C. Murray have chosen Pitt; J. Doran and R. Vogel are studying dentistry, the former in Georgetown, and the latter in Pitt.

IN the next issue we shall note the activities of the graduates in the School of Accounts and the School of Law.

SINCE our last issue, the following have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony: Leonard P. Kane and Margaret M. Sauers in St. Paul's Cathedral; Gerald J. Angel and Marguerite B. Schoeneman in St. Joseph's Church, Bloomfield, and John J. Scully and Margaret P. O'Toole in St. James' Church, W. E. We wish them all many years of wedded happiness.

CHARLES F. O'CONNOR, D. D. S., is located at 206 Werner Building, Baum Boulevard and Highland Avenue. Dr. J. Kenneth Beck has removed his dental office to 4144-4145 Jenkins Arcade.

LAST year's students will be pleased to hear that Paul Cramer, our former full-back and first-baseman, has been selected to play end on the West Point team. We wish him success in his studies, in his drills, and in his sports.

*H. J. McD.*

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# Duquesne Monthly

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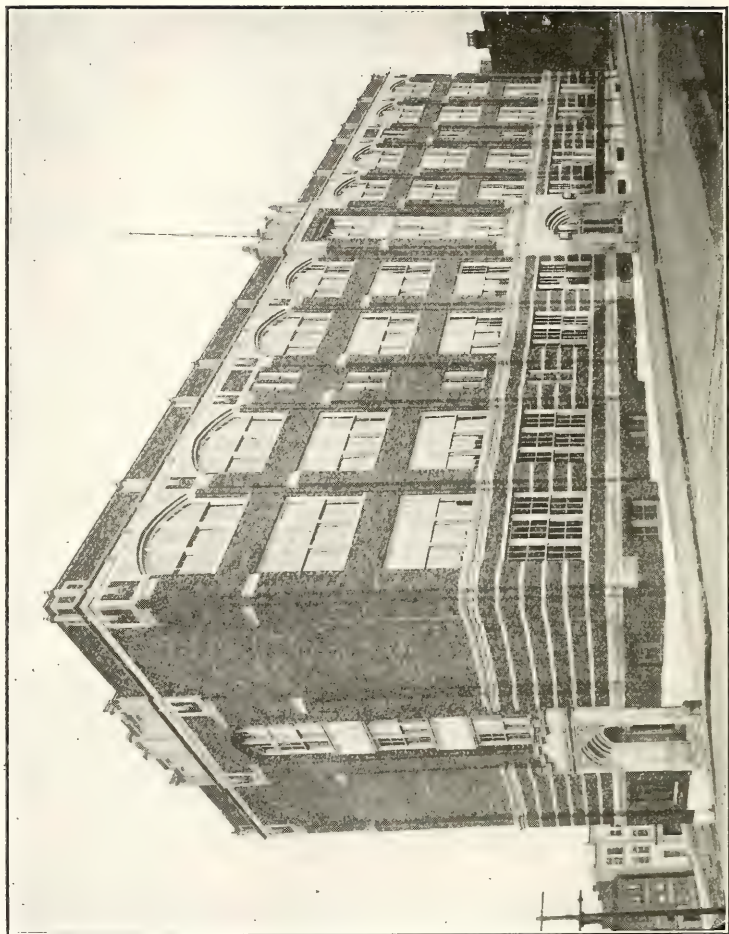
Number 3.

## MONUMENT



Cry out to anxious ages, trusty walls,  
Aloft your voices raise, now hallowed halls:  
No more that name forgetfulness will find:  
Each year recurring will it leave behind  
Vibrations dying with unstinted praise  
In monumental pile. This faulty phrase  
No worthy words, scant recognition shows,  
Half equal to the lasting love that grows  
Apace within us. Edifice of light,  
Like Seraph's watch, you keep through error's night  
Love's lamp of sacred knowledge shining bright.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



CANEVIN HALL

## Dedication of Canevin Hall.

ON October 28th, 1878, a small group of men, with a heaven-sent mission, entered what was then an arid field of secondary education in the city of Pittsburgh. They opened a small school in the second floor of a Wylie Avenue store. They were pioneer missionaries of the Society of the Holy Ghost, and they called their little school Holy Ghost College. Forty-five years have sped, and in their passing have marked many a defeat and many a victory. Pittsburgh College has become Duquesne University, with a commanding site, looking down on the city of its tender years. And on its forty-fifth birthday, October 28th, 1923, it celebrated one of the most notable events in its history, planted a milestone, by which passers-by can see how far they have left elementary Catholic education behind, and how near they might be to the halcyon days of unrestrained and unadulterated Christianity.

Under weather conditions that were not the most favorable, in the presence of nearly one hundred clergy, and a large concourse of laity, Canevin Hall was dedicated. This building was erected as a result of the Duquesne University Drive, and received its name as a tribute to the one of all who made that Drive a success, Archbishop Canevin. The saintly and learned prelate, with characteristic humility, preferred his retreat and solitude to the publicity and display, the praises which he had foreseen would be forthcoming, and declined the honor of dedicating the first, and hence the only real monument to bear his name.

At 3:30, the procession filed towards the Chapel, where the Junior Choir, under the personal supervision of the Rev. E. A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., sang the *Veni Creator*. Immediately after the prescribed prayers had been chanted, the clerical procession, passing through the main building, advanced to the new rooms, where the ceremony proper took place. Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, and Chancellor of the University was Celebrant: he was assisted by Rev. Ralph Hayes, D. D., Superintendent of Schools, and alumnus of the University, as Deacon; and by Rev. George Bullion, J. C. D., also an alumnus, who, only recently, won his doctor's laurels in the Eternal City.

At the corner of Colbert and Viceroy Streets, a temporary platform was erected, whither all repaired to enjoy two masterpieces of science and oratory from two of Duquesne's most successful alumni.

The Very Reverend M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., before introducing the speakers, made the following brief address:



“Right Reverend Bishop, Right Reverend Archabbot, Very Reverend Monsignori, Reverend Fathers and Friends:—

My part in this celebration is very simple and will be very brief. In the name of the Faculty and the friends of Christian education, I wish to return thanks to Almighty God for the blessings showered upon Duquesne University. I wish to thank the Right Reverend Bishop for having come to dedicate Canevin Hall; also, I extend my sincere gratitude to the members of the diocesan clergy for their kind presence.

“I regret to announce that Archbishop Canevin will not be here to bless the building, which it has been our pleasure and privilege to erect to the name of him, who is a truly great man, a great priest and bishop. His Grace, wishing to avoid publicity, and to be spared the embarrassment of seeing before this august assembly the beautiful structure that bears his name, begged to be excused. This Hall looks from its eminence over the vast field of the Archbishop's labors. It sees, and will commemorate with pride the places where he ministered the word of God as assistant, rector and bishop, successively.

“I am now about to introduce to you one, who really needs no introduction, a son of native soil, who pursued his classical course in old Holy Ghost College with brilliant success, who carried this same success into the hallowed halls of Innsbrück and Rome, whose learning and zeal have won him the diocesan distinction of Vicar General and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, I take pleasure in introducing to you Very Reverend Father McMullen.”

Next to our good fortune in having secured Father McMullen as a speaker for this occasion, comes the privilege of having been able to secure his manuscript, a classic in diction as in oratory, a veritable mine of the purest gold quarried from the remotest past of education, hewn by the tempered steel of logic, and polished by the artistic touch of silver melody and graceful expression.

#### FATHER McMULLEN'S DISCOURSE.

“Upon this hill which rises in the very heart of our great city, we are glad to erect a truly noble, truly large and truly complete school building; and we hope it is a forerunner of several such buildings to crown this Bluff with a home worthy of a great University. As we dedicate Canevin Hall, I would like to say,

and I know that you would like to hear much about this name; but the very mention of that grand personality places restraint upon my tongue. He has been a leader among us for generations, to the forefront of every movement that made for religious and social progress; he has done much for Christian education; his majestic figure stalks through its history, and fittingly is his name linked with this enduring and splendid monument.

"Although this building is new, the school which it serves is old enough to have gained our sincere veneration. But schools are sometimes distinct from buildings, at least as much as the soul of man is distinct from his body. The best schools of history, those of the Greek philosophers, the Roman orators, the Irish Saints had no buildings, or were very poorly housed. But we in America, to-day, are not satisfied until we can give our schools the best that architects and builders can provide. That is why we attend this dedication ceremony to-day. It is a mark and an expression of growth of our sometime Holy Ghost College, which is now Duquesne University. We are grateful for its achievement of the past; we are hopeful for its success in the future; and wishing it well, we are glad to give it whatever aid may lie in our power.

"Interested in providing education for the youth of this great community, we seek it here as complete and as perfect as possible. Now, Duquesne University offers many courses of studies, which give the best fruits of modern school work to our youth. I am convinced, moreover, that among the higher schools of our city, it has something special, something distinctive to contribute to modern education. With its traditions of training in the ancient classics, with its Christian philosophy, not to speak of Christian Faith, it will arrest in some manner, the disintegrating influence of our highly specialized modern methods, it will awaken a love of things better than the material subjects of modern science; it will, like the olden schools, quicken the imagination, and stir the mind to create a better literature and a better art; it will do something to bring harmony into discordant sciences; for it will teach the science of sciences, that ancient philosophy, which, penetrating beneath the surface of things to their substance, sought the Final and Efficient Cause of all things, God, the Creator of the Universe.

"We have a slogan: "Pittsburgh Promotes Progress"; and whatever "Progress" may mean, Pittsburgh, as a typically

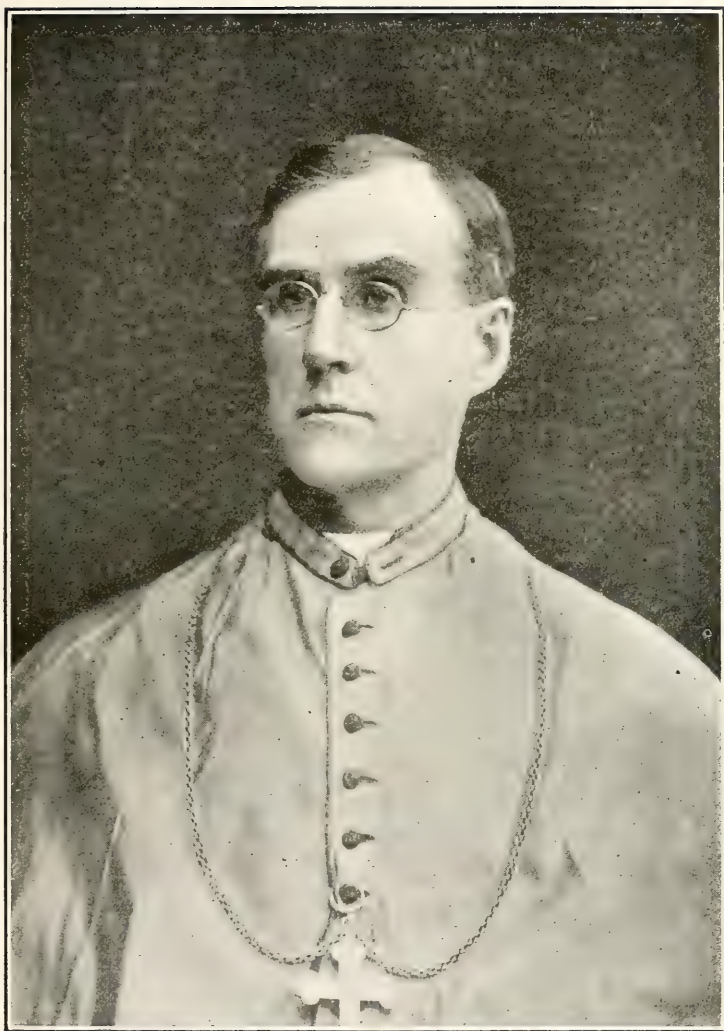
modern city, will be expected to have an education that is typically modern. But modern education is very largely the outgrowth of an almost exclusive attention to the experimental sciences, which in a place so rich in material resources as Pittsburgh, and in a community which has developed its wealth so industriously and so successfully as Pittsburgh, the experimental sciences are high in favor.

"The experimental sciences, dealing with material things, have a practical side; and they have been most helpful in developing our city. The coal in these hills is taken out more easily and more safely, since the school of mines has brought science to the aid of the miner; our successful iron and steel manufacturers are finding the value of chemistry and metallurgy; our railroads depend much on their engineers; steam, gas and electricity are studied as motive forces; expansion of business requires expert accountants; the growth of population gives rise to social problems that demand scientific study; there must be lawyers and physicians: in a word, whatever is utilitarian in science is sought after in this utilitarian community.

"I do not know whether many of you are interested in such books as university catalogues. If so, you will see at a glance how the experimental sciences lead into much specialization. Time was when such catalogues were quite simple, when the student could choose readily from the courses of medicine, law, philosophy and theology, when, for instance, he might give a general attention to science or letters, and specialize in philosophy. But the departments of a modern university are so varied, and the courses of study in each department are so numerous, that a fat volume is filled with the mere enumeration of highly specialized subjects which are offered to the choice of students. No one student can hope to master so many branches: no, he must concentrate on a small spot in the field of learning, giving it his whole attention, and devoting to it all his energies.

"Modern education and modern sciences have achieved great and glorious successes, and here in this modern city I could not if I would detract in the least degree from the credit due them. We all know, for instance, how science has improved the smelting and the manufacture of iron and steel; transportation has forged ahead by leaps and bounds; electricity, revealed by science, serves us for power, for light, for heat, and for the transmission of our messages. Science has made us masters of the earth, the sea and the sky. We speak and our voices are





**HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CANEVIN**  
**THE INSPIRATION OF CANEVIN HALL**

broadcasted to be heard wherever there are men. Business in a larger scale is made possible by scientific accounting. Public welfare has benefited by sociological studies; the ills that human flesh is heir to, are better known through laboratory analysis, through Roentgen rays, through various delicate electric apparatus, and are healed, as never before, by medicine and the surgeon's art.

"This is progress: it is a marvelous progress; but let us understand clearly that it is material progress. The world is advancing, if you will; but we must admit that the advance is in a knowledge of and a power over material things, over the things that we touch and taste, and hear and see. Here we have the key to modern education; for education, like all else, is a child of its age, and reacts to the conditions of the times. Modern education is materialistic. Let us take one subject as an example. Psychology, according to the verbal definition is the science of the soul. It aimed in olden times at the substance of the soul, at its spirituality, and it dealt largely with the soul's spiritual activities. To-day, however, in a university that prides itself in being modern, in being scientific in the modern acceptance of the term, it deals not with the nature of the soul, nor with the abstract processes of thought and will, but with emotions, physiological changes of the body, with soul manifestations that are perceived by the senses and are the subject matter of experimental science. This is what I mean when I say that modern education is materialistic; it confines itself all too largely to the experimental. It is busy with what the senses perceive, with phenomena. It is hard working and persevering, accomplishing great things, but it sees only the surface; it divides itself into endless divisions and subdivisions; it distracts itself; it is complex.

"There is lack in modern education of any real philosophy. Certainly now, as never before, when studies are so divided, and when man's thoughts are intent upon such widely different objects, there is need of a co-ordinating and a unifying science, a general science which will take the results of all other sciences and use them to arrive at a totality of truth, a science which will start where other sciences reach their limitations, a science that will penetrate to the inner meaning of things, and search out ultimate reasons and causes. This is philosophy in the acceptance of the best thought of centuries, and it is the science of sciences with which modern education is all too little acquainted.

"Duquesne University ought to, and we believe it will, bring philosophy to the attention of students. It is heir to the wisdom of ages, and its traditions include the thought of the Greeks and the Romans and the Christianized philosophy of the ages of faith.

"Long before the experimental sciences absorbed the interest of students, men used their minds, and they used them not so much to study the surface of things, as to know the things themselves, the inner substances, the origin, the causes, the reasons of things. Even modern thinkers, the great ones among them, agree that the main questions before the human mind are the whence, the why, the what, the whither. It was these main questions that occupied the minds of the ancient philosophers, who had not the glamor of material sciences to distract them or to blind them; who sought the deeper truths; who found the more universal principles; who were more subtle thinkers than we, and who gave to the world not encyclopedias filled with disjointed truths like the glittering sands of the seashore, but who showed the unity of the Universe and the truth which is common to all things.

"Greek philosophy was the best human thought. The names of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle belong to every age and every school; they will live as long as man lives and they will be revered by all. Their philosophy was adopted by the Fathers of the Church; by them it was tested and examined in the light of Christ's revelation. What was good in it stood the test of human criticism and of divine truth. This Christianized philosophy passed to the great Christian schools. Century after century the minds of men were examining it, criticizing it, trying out objections against it, and still they held to it; Augustine in Roman Africa, Anselm in England, Albert the Great in Germany, Thomas Aquinas in Italy and France, the keenest minds of every age and every clime found in Christian philosophy the best answer to the great questions: what we and all about us are, why we are here, whence we have come, whither are we tending. Education in the schools of these men was not a disintegrating force, dividing us into discordant groups to affirm and deny everything. Universal ideas were recognized; central truths were sought; principles common to all were established; each science had its place and proper object; but among them the queen of sciences ruled and brought all into subjection and order in one great school of thought and truth.



"There is prejudice in modern schools against philosophy. It is dubbed metaphysics which means something beyond the material, and then, as though the material sciences were the final arbiters, it is ruled out of court. But in spite of this prejudice, modern schools are crying for philosophy which they cannot escape. The man in the street is a philosopher, as every man naturally is, and without philosophy modern schools are making no advance in a search for universal truths; rather they are going backward. There is less and less agreement in fundamentals. Skepticism, which is intellectual suicide, grows apace. The most widely-recognized truths are discredited; nor is this confusion purely academic, it has an influence in every field of human activity; religion suffers, of course; civil government suffers, too, for now anarchy is no longer a theory, but ravages vast territories of population and wealth; morality suffers, for where there is not agreement about the truths upon which morality rests, there is no law for consciences, and no power to hold passions in check: the family suffers; witness the destructive influence of widespread divorce: the race of man suffers; one of our great modern evils is race suicide. Surely, there is need for a higher and better philosophy than modern schools possess.

"Let Duquesne University bring forth from its inherited treasures the wisdom of the ages. That wisdom is pure light which must in time find recognition; it will shed its rays upon all sciences; it will raise the minds of men from material things to higher and better things, it will revive the more liberal culture which once prevailed. Truth will be proclaimed, and with it will come a love of beauty. Man, not matter, will again become the proper study of mankind; an inspiring thought will be more precious than the invention of the most widely-used machine; the ability to think well will be the first concern of every student. Education may not neglect any of the special sciences it has so successfully cultivated in modern times, but it will also not neglect the chiefest of sciences, that which seeks the deepest truths.

"With a school of Christian philosophy Duquesne will be a real university, finding a place among the great universities of the enlightened ages of Christian Faith. We wish well to it. May it live long, and grow, and flourish!"



**HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP HUGH C. BOYLE**  
**CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY,**  
**WHO DEDICATED CANEVIN HALL**

## DOCTOR McCANN'S ADDRESS.

"Right Reverend Bishop, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"Canevin Hall presents an analogy to the great schools of antiquity, to which Father McMullen so eloquently referred; to those houseless schools of Greek philosophy and Roman oratory, whence came the nucleus of the Christian era. Permit me to point it to you as a symbol of what happened in the past history of man before Augustus flung Palestine contemptuously into the lap of Herod. There is an energizing, a galvinizing force that makes philosophy the one great need of the human heart, as it seems to be in modern times, the one great need of the human mind; and Canevin Hall holds the secret, the panacea by which the ills of the present are to be assuaged.

"Men are familiar with the names of Plato, Aristotle and Seneca, the philosophers of the pre-Christian age, whose fame shall endure as long as schools shall be built, and as long as scholars seek for knowledge. Yet these great men and their undying philosophy never proclaimed in unequivocal and specific language their absolute belief, either in the existence of a personal God, or in the immortality of the human soul. Their philosophy had no finality or purpose, but was pessimism in its blackest hue; they and the world of which they were the leading lights, were hurrying headlong to the descent of moral ruin. Everything in human life was centered in earth, and there was no sure hope beyond the grave. Man had no absolute rights; woman was degraded to be his plaything; suicide was high in favor, and every moral turpitude was sanctioned; that, because man had lost all conception of the purpose and end of his existence. He gloried in knowledge, 'tis true, but only as an animal delights in the exercise of its body—aimlessly.

"Then came an event in a remote corner of a province that had been contemptuously handed over by the emperor of the world to Herod of Judea. From a stable in an insignificant province came forth a light; and with it was born the new philosophy of Bethlehem. A new sun shone on the face of a scarred and blotched old world, which, within four hundred years, was radically changed, as Christianity infused life into the dead bones of pagan philosophy. Then man began to realize that he had rights towards God, himself and his fellowmen; that woman was his partner, taking her place at his side with equal rights, and duties similar to his own; that these rights were in-



violable by the State, which in turn acknowledged that it had not only the right to govern in accordance with justice, but also the duty of recognizing the rights of the governed.

"Gradually man has lost all conception of revelation and truth; and in our own day the world has in great part returned to the pagan conception of life, education and conduct. Men are losing the ideals of the purpose of their existence, whilst institutions of education are being erected where these ideals are ignored, where the pupils' object in the acquisition of knowledge is the same aimless exercise of their capabilities as in pagan days. Man has given himself to the self-laudation of his achievements. But, what use has he made of it all? He has but succeeded in inventing newer and more perfected means of making war more horrible, of perfecting scientific methods of destruction. Faith in the purpose of existence is becoming more weakened in modern centers of learning; and knowledge is ever becoming more undirected, intemperate and uncontrolled. The concepts of truth and goodness are gradually being lost. Hence we can sympathize with those men, deans and presidents of universities, who are crying out against the modern trend of education, and the great misdirection of the mental energies of our youth.

"Thus, too, the symbol of Canevin Hall is that of the same restoration that Christianity effected in the palmy days of pagan learning. The aim of the teaching in this school is not only to harmonize the sciences, but also to bring them into accord with the purpose and aim of life, to give to youth a sense of direction in their work, as also the sense of authority, both of which are absolutely necessary, without which there can be but chaos and confusion. Such halls as these mean more to a community than would appear at first sight. Trained in surroundings such as these young men will recognize in their own conduct the significance of authority and its origin. They will not prey upon the nation; nor will they contribute to scandals such as are seen today in the various departments of State. Such crimes could not grow out of the conduct of a youth who knows he has a duty of respecting the property of his neighbor; and, in case of a fall, that he has an obligation of restitution, if he would square himself with his Church.

"Canevin Hall means much to the safety of the State; for no State can live on a rotten foundation; for, as the individual is, so



the State shall be; his shadow falls upon it; and it, in turn, reflects his life. This hall, devoted to Christianized philosophy, should be proclaimed in a loud voice, as a boon to the community at large, as a greater asset to the nation than all the institutions of profane arts and sciences, because these, apart from religion, produce only rottenness, and a nation whose most instructed citizens are educated in rottenness cannot survive."



### A POEM OF OAK.

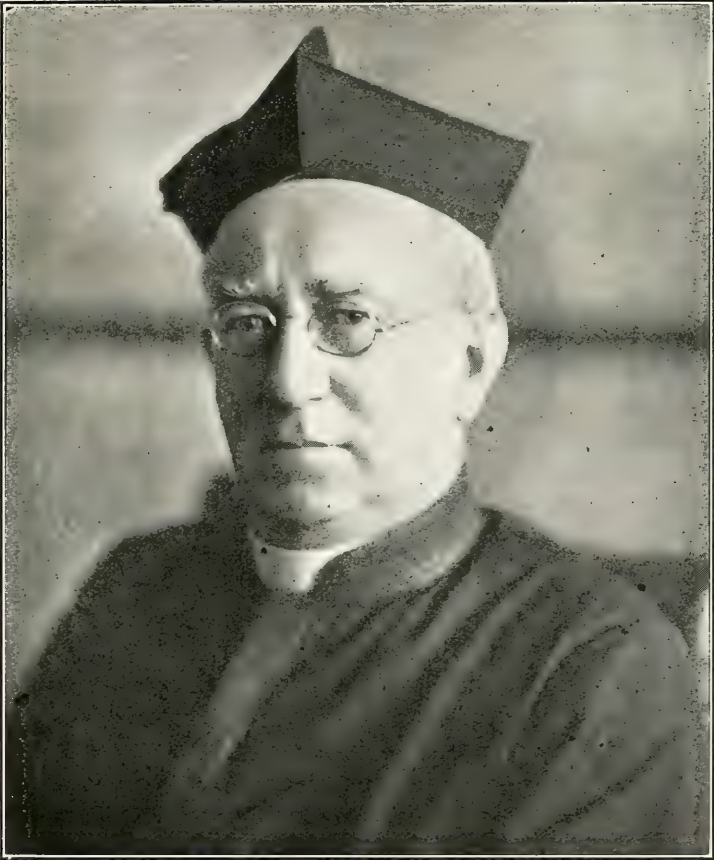
AN aged oak in silence lay;  
 Looked daily on  
 The cold grey dawn,  
 The golden spray of sunny day,  
 The moon's majestic silvery ray.

But once a Poet undismayed  
 To this spot hied,  
 And soon espied  
 This stately shade, whose limbs there laid  
 A fitting theme by Nature made.

The gentle swaying of its boughs  
 Into his mind  
 Soft breathes a wind  
 That doth both woes and joys disclose.  
 Yea! wondrous ecstasy arouse.

His words upon a leafy page  
 He sweetly wrought  
 To solemn thought;  
 Which so bespoke the mighty oak,  
 Their splendor lives throughout the age.

*Joseph M. Rozenas, '24.*



**VERY REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. SP., LL.D.**  
**PRESIDENT OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY**

## A Trip Through the New Buildings.

WHSOEVER returns after a year's absence to the hilltop on which Duquesne University stands, will find that the neighborhood has undergone a remarkable transformation. After an inspection of the three new structures which have been added to the plant of the great institution, he is ready to declare that Pittsburgh has no finer buildings than these. They are built right; they have solidity, proportion, coloring; their very outlines proclaim their purpose.

On a sunny afternoon, the writer stood for a while on Colbert Street, across from Canevin Hall, the new 32-room class building. This, we said, is the right height for a city school. In the country, with broad acres at one's disposal, a lower structure, spread out in wings, would have been appropriate. Right and left of the massive stone arch of the entrance, the eye was drawn aloft by the sturdy buttresses of the walls to the graceful Tudor arches over the fourth story windows. At the centre of the parapet wall that tops the structure, the attention was arrested by the carved coat-of-arms, combining according to heraldic rules, the escutcheon of Marquis Duquesne with that of the Holy Ghost Order. In the sunlight, the warm reds and rich browns and steel blues of the tapestry brick were like a rich old rug design; there was just the right contrast between the brick and the pleasing white of the limestone trimmings. The amount of stone gave an impression of well-knit solidity without the appearance of extravagance. We stepped inside. Gleaming marble steps reflected the immaculate marble of the six-foot wainscot in stairway and corridor. "Here," we said, "is one building in Pittsburgh that will always be clean." Metal partitions, fitted with wired plate-glass, make a fire escape of the stairs at either end of the building. Beautiful oak doors admitted us to a bright, airy class-room. We peered into the cloak-room at one end—white marble flags on the floor, white marble wainscoting on the wall! This building is super-sanitary. It is above all by the lavatories that a modern school is judged. Let us scrutinize those in this one. We did so, and found them the *nec plus ultra* of cleanliness and convenience. Floor after floor, room after room was visited, and everywhere the exclamation was heard, "This is perfect, perfect!" We descended to the basement—a clear open space of 9821 square feet, well aired from all four sides, with its floor squared off in contrasting colors. It serves



many purposes, we were told—assembly hall, cafeteria, even banquet hall.

Somewhat different was the impression that the visitor got from the new Gymnasium. Here, rugged strength combined with singular grace of outline is still more in evidence. These are called for, not only by the purpose which it serves, but even by the very nature of the site on which it stands. Its massive buttressed walls appear to hold up the hillside which was quarried out to make a place for it. The great wide windows suggest the ample space within. The battlemented entrance tower bears on a shield of stone the well-known Grecian figure of the discus thrower, with the legend, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a healthy body." Under a late Gothic arch of perfect proportions, we entered through an interesting lobby, flanked by cozy rest rooms for ladies and gentlemen, into the most spacious of auditoriums, with a floor area of approximately 10,000 square feet and a clear space overhead of 36 feet. Here, upwards of two thousand people will be able to enjoy the increasingly popular indoor sport, basketball. This immense hall will also be the scene of many great community gatherings, and will give to Pittsburgh a public meeting place for civic, recreational, and other activities, such as has not existed downtown since the closing of Exposition Hall. As a dance floor, it will have no equal anywhere in the city. We mounted the stairs to inspect the four commodious team rooms with their showers and lockers, which are as easily reached from the campus above as from the playing floor below. The stairway's end brought us a new surprise. The roof of the Gymnasium is really a prolongation of the athletic field; instead of diminishing the area of the Campus, on whose edge it has been built, the Gym has actually increased it. Already one can see the outlines of two tennis courts and several handball alleys on its generous spaces.

Beside the Gymnasium rises the central heating plant. Its mammoth stack will take care of the three boilers now installed, and three more which may be needed later, totaling 900 horsepower. Space has been found for janitors' quarters, carpenter shop, storage, and other useful purposes.

These three buildings rest on solid rock, and are fireproof throughout. The architect who conceived them—A. F. Link, a former student of the Bluff school—and the craftsman that translated his designs into steel and brick and stone, are deserving of a lasting place among Pittsburgh's master builders. For

school purposes they could not be located on a more conveniently accessible site. In appearance and workmanship they challenge comparison. In future, people coming to visit Pittsburgh will not want to leave without seeing the new buildings of Greater Duquesne University. For weeks past, enthusiastic alumni, friends of the institution, and lovers of good architecture, have been making pilgrimages to the new buildings, although they have not yet been thrown open for inspection by the general public. The dedication has been fixed for October 28th, and on that occasion Very Rev. William McMullen, V. G., Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Alfred McCann, LL. D., famous New York author and publicist,—both alumni of Duquesne University—will deliver addresses.\*

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\*The above essay was written especially for the "Monthly" before the dedication of the buildings.



## Dedication.

A GREAT life, dedicated to the welfare of education and religion, here finds its earthly coronation. Architecture has paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never was a memorial more worthily bestowed, or more gratefully accepted, than the beautiful structure which we have just dedicated. Archbishop Canevin—thus are we paying mute tribute to thy memory!

The building of the University, once adequate, has long been in a state which rendered the erection of a new one very desirable. This the Duquesne University has attempted to do, with a result that to-day we occupy this splendid structure—the first unit in their building campaign. Allow me to express a hope, that the structure which has superseded the old school house, will be turned to the best possible account.

Do not let it be supposed that your founders, when they looked onward to this issue, did so from vanity or love of applause. They wished their good work to be remembered, principally because they were conscious that such remembrance would be beneficial to the hearts of those whom they desired to serve, and would effectually promote the particular good they had in view. Let me add for them, what their humility and modesty would have prevented their insisting upon, that such tribute of grateful recollection was, and still is, their due; for if gratitude be not the most perfect shape of reward, it is assuredly her most beautiful crown, a halo of glory, with which she delights to have her brows encircled.

It is very natural, for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect, and consider it as a thing of magic. The travellers in the East tell us that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining among them, they always answer that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between his own powers and those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fathom, and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers. We have in the instance of Cicero, the stately edifices, the monuments of intellectual grandeur, but we have also the evidence of the illustrious architect to prove to us by what careful process, the foundations were securely laid and the scaffolding gradually erected. Our wonder at the perfection of the work may be abated; but what can abate our admiration and respect for the elevated views—the burning thirst for knowledge and for fame—the noble ambition which scorned delights and lived laborious days. But how different to-day is the average course of study and application to a search for knowledge. Gone are those laborious days.

I am not going to say that religious instruction, the most important of all, is neglected—far from it—but I affirm that it is often given, with reference, less to the imagination and to the practical duties than to the subtile distinctions in points of doctrine. If, in our little group, we find our thirst for knowledge not so high pitched,—our education not so intense, as in former times, we may nevertheless feel comforted in the knowledge of the fact that the University is not conducted as a commercial venture, but rather “for the honor of GOD.” Canevin Hall is



living proof that Duquesne's right to existence is well established. It is a link in the mighty chain of knowledge—for the honor of God.

This building is no longer a private possession. It becomes a sacred public trust. Here let it stand, not only to perpetuate our reverence for an illustrious man, but to keep alive the principles that inspired and the virtues that adorned his long and useful career.

*Herbert A. Krow, '24.*



## The Architect.

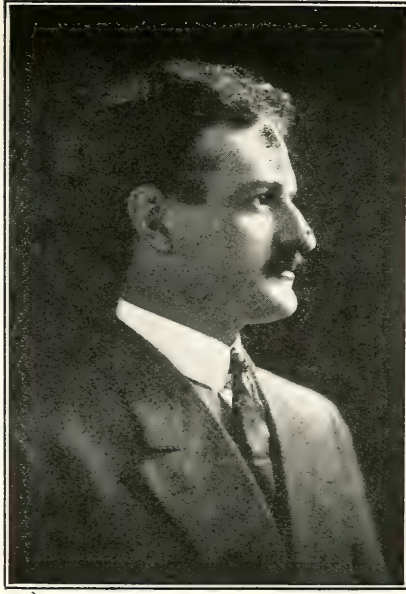
VISITORS to Canevin Hall and the new Gymnasium, in the midst of ecstatic admiration of the perfection of the one and the ingeniously conceived plan of the other, never fail to ask "Who is the Architect?" Well, indeed, might they do so; for if it is true that the art displays the power of the artist, our two modern buildings pay a glowing tribute to Mr. A. F. Link.

With the unassuming air of one who is a master, and the special faculty of combining beauty and utility, Mr. Link has risen to heights of fame in recent years. He possesses a grasp of *ensemble*, and its graded proportion into the minutest details of the building art that win for him unbounded confidence. He is an artist, too, that looks at your side of affairs, and can adapt his plans to your resources with unerring skill. But best of all Mr. Link is a conscientious man, who knows and practices the precepts of justice and honesty scrupulously.

It is a remarkable fact that no criticism has been heard so far about Duquesne's buildings, that do not reflect honor on and afford prestige to the ability of the architect.

We sound his praises all the more freely, because we have the honor of having Mr. Link as an alumnus. In the early days of Pittsburgh College, he plodded his way up to the Bluff, and put in three strenuous years, from 1886 to 1889, in the acquisition of the fundamentals of his future profession. Maybe in those far distant, dreamy days, as he saw the main building completed, he espied certain defects, or dreamed even then of a Greater Duquesne. Perhaps he saw other buildings striving for supremacy on that vantage ground. Peradventure, even then he





**A. F. LINK**

**THE ARCHITECT OF GREATER DUQUESNE**

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conceived in his youthful imagination, that one day he would be instrumental in the realization of his own dreams. However, that might be, Duquesne has reason to be proud of her gifted son, who, since he began his profession in 1891, has steadily raised himself above the average, till to-day he merits to take a place at the head of the list of Pittsburgh architects.

In recent years, since he opened his own office in 1901, Mr. Link's business has increased by leaps and bounds. He has been the architect of a number of large schools; for instance, St. Mary's, McKees Rocks; Corpus Christi on Lincoln Avenue; St. Gabriel's on California Avenue; Our Lady of Lourdes in Burgettstown, Pa. At present he has under construction Saint Rosalia's Church on Greenfield Avenue; Saint Anselm's, Swissvale; St. Bernard's, Hastings, Pa., and Raphael Home on 30th Street and Penn Avenue. Convents, hospitals, rectories and commercial buildings that dot our city or ornament our suburbs pay tribute to the mind that planned them.

Since June 1st, 1923, Mr. Link has, as associates, Mr. Robert C. Bowers, and Mr. H. J. Link, his own brother. The firm, known as A. F. Link, Reg. Archt. and Associates, bids fair to become an epoch-making institution in Pittsburgh, which will make the name of our congenial alumnus a household word in Architecture.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Christmas.*

**C**HRISTMAS! the very mention of the name causes a delightful thrill of expectation and induces one to conjure up pictures of the joyous times enjoyed at that festive season.

As Yuletide draws near, the air seems to be charged with an infectiously happy spirit, shops and homes are gaily decked with bells and evergreens, faces throw off the strained look, induced by winter's cold, and brave the chill blasts with cheerful words and laughter, all are happy in the thought that they are going to bring joy to someone else.

No one thrills to the thought of Christmas as a child does. From the first birthday of the Christ-child, through all the succeeding centuries, on each anniversary of His birth, childish hearts are filled with joy, and the day is enjoyed by name better than the innocent believer in Santa Claus.

This is the eternal lesson of Christmas.

*J. A. Nee, '24.*



### *Scholastic Architecture.*

**A** HALL MARK of 20th century progress lies concealed in the steady growth of schools, which now so infinitely stud the havens of our civilization. Irrespective of their individual ideals and purposes, all institutions to-day, whether sectarian or not, serve in common, as a condemnation of that modern ascetic thought, which holds us

as mere money grabbers, pleasure seekers, and, in general, which deems us as people entirely bereft of all concern, beyond that of our physical comfort.

However, among the business, industrial and commercial architecture, so idiomatic to our age, we find abundantly interspersed a certain type, the final cause of which, is to teach distraught humanity that there are some pleasures which far outweigh, in enjoyment, those of a purely physical nature. These pleasures are indeed of the mind which can only be attained through the development of its tastes and abilities. Such a laudable effect constitutes the one main purpose of all Scholastic Architecture; it thus centers to humanity's mental needs, and in this respect, its object is so deeply contrasted to the industrial or commercial ideal which seemingly has but interest for mankind's physical happiness. The new additions to Duquesne bring out this idea forcibly.

*Bernard J. Appel, '25.*



## ***New Year.***

THE last rays of the setting sun bid farewell to the departing day; the fleeing hours bid adieu to the dying year; and all mankind is filled with a joyous expectancy that bubbles forth from the old and weary world. The New Year comes as a wonderful gift to give strength and new opportunities to humanity. It is no time for gloom and discouragement. It is a moment when the hopes of the world gush forth, like the clear gurgling waters of some hidden fountain, to meet the promises that descend from on high. The New Year comes to break the hold which the past has upon us; to loosen the grip by which habit enslaves us, and to bid us leave the old grooves and ruts, seek a new start. The passing years are like the steps of a gigantic staircase by which mankind climbs to higher destinies. Each year should, like the steps of the stairway that curves upward to the blue vaults of heaven, lead us nearer our true destiny. Trusting then to the Divine and Merciful Providence, we should march to the future, welcoming the New Year.

*S. J. Tushak, '25.*

***Be It Resolved.***

**A**S WE stand in the shadow of a new year—we rededicate ourselves to the task of leveling the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding, and to promote the ideals to which the founders of this Republic consecrated themselves. Now, taking the dying year as a whole, it cannot be denied that it has in the main, been the most discouraging since the end of the war. There has been a steady disintegration in many nations and a disintegration in international affairs. And unless every sign fails, the New Year is to be critical in the extreme. If the process of decay is not arrested—disintegration, political anarchy, and economic paralysis continue to extend,—no man can safely foretell the future. The situation is of course far from hopeless, yet we have at last reached a point whence it is possible to see at close hand possibilities which at least seem fatal.

It was hoped that from the ashes of a wrecked Europe, there would arise the spirit of brotherhood among the people of the earth, that would have made worth while the supreme sacrifice that was paid in human blood and anguish. Instead, there have been revealed the evil spirit of Hate and Intolerance, whose malevolent influence have set creed against creed, race against race. In this country of ours, dedicated to the ideals of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, there has risen a spurious 100 per cent. Americanism, born of narrowness and fanaticism, that has created discord and dissention where peace and harmony should prevail.

Then let this be our motto and standard for the year 1924: In the name of true 100 per cent. Americanism, that is based upon the doctrines of the Brotherhood of Man, which enables us, regardless of race or creed, to dwell together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and good will, and through which all of us may be inspired to labor unselfishly for the welfare of our beloved land, we rededicate our lives.

*Herbert A. Krow, '24.*





## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

OCTOBER 20—Nearly two hundred strong the Dukes confident and eager for victory journeyed to the wilds of Geneva to seek their prey. Interest and rivalry between the two schools was exceptionally keen and at a high pitch.

As in the past two years we were forced to contend with the short end of the encounter, which resulted in a 33-6 score. Had the game only ended at the finish of the first five or six minutes of play, we would have returned home quite happy, for, during that period, the Dukes started with a rush, and after a few minutes scrimmage scored the initial touchdown of the game, when McGivern, our sterling end, snatched a long forward pass, and dashed through the entire Geneva team for our first and lone score. But after this wonderful achievement we were obliged to cast an envious eye on the well-developed gridiron machine of "Tom" Davies, as they gradually but surely penetrated our line for numerous gains and scores.

We left the town with the toll of Geneva's bell of victory still in our ear, but despite the 33-6 score we brought home with us that thrill which netted the Dukes first score.

OCT. 21—The Sophomore Class of the College Department, before the largest crowd of the season, displayed its talents along the dramatic lines. The programme was exceptionally well drawn up and met with the approval of the audience.

The play, a Comedy, "The Editor", was carried out in fine style and proved very interesting and the means of much laughter. A hotly contested debate, enumerating the good and evil characteristics of the Klu Klux Klan thrilled the crowd. The decision, as we might expect, favored the negative side.

OCT. 22—This day found many of my friends, as well as myself, visitors at the Mercy Hospital, to pay our respects to "Neat" Tenney, our popular star, who has been confined there, for the past week or so, due to an injury received in the St. Francis game. He informs us that he will leave his present abode within a few days. He can rest assured that we all wish him a quick and complete recovery.

OCT. 23—The weekly Mass was held in the College Chapel, followed by the usual brief but enlightening sermon of Father Hehir.

OCT. 24—We now have light on the subject. Upon entering Canevin Hall this morning, I saw, for the first time, the complete lighting force of this huge and magnificent Hall. There should be very few excuses, in the future, on the part of the Greek students in regards to being somewhat at a disadvantage, due to the lack of lighting facilities, in perceiving the Greek version in their text-books.

OCT. 25—St. Mary's High of the Mount descended from their lofty heights long enough to make things quite disinteresting to the Bluff adherents by defeating the Duke High warriors, 12-6, in a very interesting game on the Campus.

OCT. 26—The usual Friday crowd found its way to the Campus to witness the much talked of battle between South High and Allegheny.

OCT. 27—The Dukes are again victorious. While Tech was pulling the unexpected over their next door neighbor, Pitt, the Dukes celebrated at New Wilmington, Pa., by enabling Westminster to remain content with the short end of a 6-0 hectic struggle.

OCT. 28—The day of the dedication of Canevin Hall has finally arrived. A very large crowd attended the exercises, despite the unsettled atmosphere conditions that so earnestly predicted showers.

The principal speakers on this occasion were the Rev. William McMullen, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Alfred Watterson McCann, of New York, a Duquesne alumnus and distinguished writer at the present time.

After the ceremony the visitors were permitted to view the New Hall and the Gymnasium.

OCT. 29—Due to the good percentage of students at the dedication exercises of the previous day, the Very Reverend Father Hehir proclaimed a half holiday for all. Undoubtedly this decision met with the approval and satisfaction of the students. The majority of the young men managed to seek shelter from the days drizzle by casting their lot at the Grand. It appeared as though the Dukes had made reservations for the Balcony, and intended to make merry over the occasion.

OCT. 30—Football news concerning Saturday's game with St. Vincent's College is gradually beginning to secure a firm hold in the daily conversations of the students. A great game is anticipated for that day.

OCT. 31—Here I am relating of the good times that we have had within the past week or so, and now I chance to find that the first term examinations are fully staring us in the face. Oh, Cruel Fate!

Confessions were heard in the University Chapel for the following day.

NOVEMBER 1—All Saints Day. In accordance with the custom of the University, no school activities are promoted to-day, but it is understood that the students should prepare at home for the coming examinations. "Nuf Ced".

Nov. 2—Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the University Chapel in observance of All Saints Day.

A mass meeting was held on the Campus at noon time in order to rehearse the old and new yells to be used in the St. Vincent game.

To-day we received our final instructions preceding that much talked of and weary day, Monday, the initial appearance of the examinations.

Nov. 3—The Dukes scored their second successive victory by defeating St. Vincent's College in a well played game, ending in 27-3 score. St. Vincent managed to squeeze a three point marker, which saved them from securing the well-known white-wash treatment. The game was viewed by a large crowd, and the feature of it was the absence of any unnecessary hard feelings, which were predicted to have existed between the two institutions. Good sportsmanship and friendly dealings are the best policies to pursue.

Nov. 5-6-7—During these days, I might mention that little or no activities worthy of mention occurred, with the exception of the constant study, which the students might have applied themselves to in their efforts to ascend to the top of the latter of success in their daily examinations.

I would venture to say that many midnight lamps, which had been laying dust covered in some secluded corner at home, since last June, suddenly became highly prized and over-worked objects during the past few days.

Nov. 8—Snow paid its initial visit to the Hilltop, and on this occasion, we managed to withdraw our thoughts from the examinations long enough to give a considerate thought to dear old Santa Claus.

Nov. 9—The Very Reverend President Father Hehir greeted

the Juniors and Seniors of the College Department, and reminded them that this day was set aside for the oral examinations. From all indications they conducted themselves quite capably, and thus Father Hehir left the class with his usual good-natured smile.

The afternoon, as in former years, was declared a free one, and without any explanations, we accepted it quite willingly.

Nov. 10—Our worthy gridiron representatives were again forced to accept the short end of a wonderful played game at Marietta, when they were defeated by such a close score as 13-0. Well, we still hold that the 1923 Dukes are quite deserving of all our praise and admiration.

Nov. 11—Sunday, and per law, a day of rest. Well, in regards to the resting part, I think that the majority of the students found the greatest need of grasping this advantage, after the strain that presented itself during the examinations.

Nov. 12—Armistice Day. No classes were held, and it is quite natural that everybody found some time to celebrate.

Nov. 13—One examination having just ended, we are now preparing ourselves to withstand another in the near future. Such is life. This day marks the beginning of the second quarter of the school year.

The results of the first term examinations in the College and High School were published to-day; the following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) J. M. Rozenas, R. M. Murphy, J. F. McCaffrey, F. Balfe, J. E. Meier, L. Murphy; (High School Academic) M. S. Dudich, J. S. McDonald, J. F. Strini, E. Carney, J. P. Desmond, J. L. Dravecky, C. B. Gearing, R. A. Driscoll, A. A. Miller, A. V. Blahut, J. C. Thompson, R. L. Breinig, R. M. Scanlon, S. J. Burdis, J. Hudak, L. Domaracki; (Pre-Legal) J. M. Jarvis; (Commercial) C. A. Janda, R. E. Patterson, C. Kasprzyk, J. T. Murray; (Scientific) R. Kreuer, R. J. Walker, A. McMasters. Three hundred and thirty-six honor certificates were awarded.

Nov. 14—The glad and sad news concerning the recent examinations were joyfully or sorrowfully received by the students of the Junior and Senior classes, when Father Hehir distributed the honor cards.

In the afternoon, the usual programme was carried out in the old gymnasium, of informing the high school students of their accomplishments in the examinations.

Nov. 15—Plans are under way to accommodate a record



crowd for to-morrow's game with Mount St. Mary's College on the Duke Campus. This marks the final game of the Dukes, and nothing could be more pleasing than a victory.

Nov. 16—The Dukes, while King Pluvius reigned supreme and unmolested, were obliged to accept a 6-0 defeat at the hands of Mt. St. Mary, and call this their final effort of the pig-skin season. Lest we forget, let us all unite and sing to the plucky Dukes our untiring praises for the wonderful work which they have accomplished during the past season.

Nov. 19—News from our old friend, Father Mack, reached us; heart and soul in his new work, he is ever heart and soul in Pittsburgh, his first love. His services are being sought widely in the City of Straits, to guide basketball destinies in and around the city. The fame of his last year's squad has preceded him. It is not necessary for us to say that we were sorely disappointed at his not coming for the dedication of Canevin Hall.

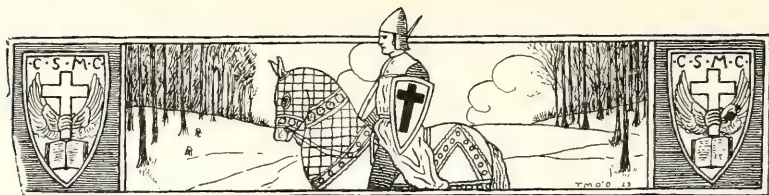
Nov. 20—The Memorial Mass was celebrated to-day at 10 o'clock. Never before, as far as we know, was there such a gathering of artists. The Junior Choir evoked great praise from those present: then the sweet, clear, liturgical strains of Doctor George Bullion, the celebrant, were enchanting; in his usual brilliant manner, Father Bryson spoke of the souls in Purgatory; his golden voice, equalled only by his golden words. Fathers V. Burke and G. Baumer, as deacon and subdeacon; Father Kiernan, as master of ceremonies, completed the list of those who added a charm and a solemnity to the occasion.

Nov. 21—The Duquesne University Club has forwarded us the following interesting item:

A prize of \$25.00 is to be awarded to one student in the Junior class, and the same to one student in the Senior class of the College Department. Points are to be awarded for (1) Scholastic Standing, based on average mark, not total points; (2) Athletics; (3) Other Activities, such as entertainments, plays, dances, writing for the MONTHLY, etc. Regarding Scholastic Standing, the records of the University are to be consulted. For Athletics and Other Activities, the members of each of the two classes will be asked to choose three men in each class by ballot. Points are to be apportioned as follows:

	Studies	Athletics	Other Activities
First,	100	80	90
Second,	90	60	70
Third,	80	40	50

The total for any individual is to be found by adding points scored under each heading. The student scoring largest total will be declared the winner in his class.



## Catholic Students Mission Crusade.

All the Units at Duquesne were well represented at the meeting on October 14th of the Pittsburgh Local Conference. This meeting disposed of the money received at the Pageant last May. Joseph A. Johnston and Paul G. Sullivan were elected to the Executive Board. Cyril Vogel was chosen Chairman of the Publicity Agents.

The first communication for the year from the Headquarters of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade reached us recently. Some very important facts were contained in this letter. The one of interest to all was the transformation of the Crusade Magazine, *The Shield*, the Organ of Crusade Activities, which was formerly issued four times a year in regular book form. In the future it will be sent out twice a month, as a newspaper containing items of interest concerning the Units, Missions and Missionaries.

On account of the large number enrolled in the high school department, it was found necessary to form two divisions. The third and fourth high formed one group; the first and second the other.

The latter elected the following officers to guide them: President, Paul Trainer; Vice-President, John Rooney; Secretary, William Sweeney; Treasurer, John Burns.

Resolutions have been adopted for the inauguration of a spread movement to affiliate all past members of the Units into the Catholic Students Mission Crusade.

The dedication of Canevin Hall was a happy event for all the Units. The members formed a double line extending from Canevin Hall to the Main Building, through which passed the Procession, attracting the admiration of many people. Canevin Hall is the School Home for the Father Simon, and the third and fourth high divisions.

The Notre Dame convention in motion-pictures was shown in the recreation hall of the University on November 22nd and 23rd. All the schools in the city attended the performance, and were delighted with the pictures of the convention.

The Commercial Department, following the example of the

Academic and Scientific classes, elected the following officers: President, J. Vincent Tierney; Vice-President, Arthur Thompson; Secretary, Gerald Pleins; Treasurer, Robert Patterson.

Word reached the Units announcing the destination for the five Holy Ghost Missionaries for whom a farewell departure ceremony was held in the University Chapel early in September.

Their fields of labor will be as follows: Sierra Leone, Rev. Henry J. Thessing, C. S. Sp.; Southern Nigeria, Rev. John L. Hasson, C. S. Sp.; Kilima Njara, Rev. John J. Todorowski, C. S. Sp.; Bagamamoyo, Rev. Patrick J. McCarthy, C. S. Sp., Rev. Thomas M. Harris, C. S. Sp.

The first number of *The Shield* in the newspaper form received a cordial welcome, and has met a hearty approval from all. Contributions for *The Shield* along the line of Editorials, Mission Stories or news of Missionaries will be received gladly by the Publicity Agents.

*Burns-Brennan.*



# ATHLETICS

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

### Now That the Season Is Over

Hal Ballin has guided the 'Varsity grid squad to the end of a successful season. After two lean years—nightmare years that loyal followers of the Red and Blue will ever look back to with a shudder—the Dukes have come into at least a measure of their own. To be sure, they didn't set the world afire, trim any of the alleged Big Three, or turn things particularly topsy-turvy in the realm of sport. But they did win four football games out of eight, and that's a vast deal better than copping none out of six or seven, or whatever they played in the disastrous course of the preceding couple of campaigns. In addition, the coaches had a squad of close to fifty men from which to pick, and there were enough hopefuls on hand daily for all the scrimmage desired. A total of sixty-five points were rolled up. But for bad breaks it might have been a hundred. A clever line was developed, and the backfield, had it had a heavy triple threat performer, would have been quite on a par with that of any team encountered. Faulty generalship cost numerous tallies. The fact is that Duquesne was not a forward-passing eleven, yet time and again the aerial game was attempted when off-tackle thrusts or end



runs were the obvious plays to call. McDonald carried the ball far too seldom. A rangy chap of his type is naturally built for skirting the wings. How often can followers of the Bluffites recall his being sent around the terminals? With but a few minutes of the Mount St. Mary's clash left, the Ballinites held the ball in midfield, fourth down and less than two yards to go. Why did they punt when by hitting the line they had more than an even chance of making first down with perhaps a score if luck was with them? The writer does not wish to criticize, but it is by picking up such loose bits of play as those mentioned that a winning outfit is molded.

Be it said in praise, though, that for an aggregation composed so largely of green material, the Dukes did wondrously well. Ballin and his assistant, Mike Shortley, are to be congratulated on the efficient machine which they have brought into being. Captain Edmunds deserves barrels of credit, not only for brilliant work at tackle throughout the autumn, but for the ready fashion in which he has co-operated with the mentors since early in September. Papapanu, Schneider, Duffy, and Martin combined with Edmunds to form a forward bulwark rarely pierced. Petey Caslin showed himself a valuable pivot man, both on offense and defense, and Tenny, Good, Viragh, and Coyne distinguished themselves at the ends. The real find of the season, to our mind, was McGivern. Playing a wing, he was under every kick, a sure tackler, fairly skilled at handling a pass, and excellent interference. In latter contests he proved himself a finished punter, and with this year's experience under his belt, he should be a mainstay in 1924.

The backfield was fast, but rather too light. Cohen was the most spectacular lad of the lot. He smashes a line with the velocity of a man half again his size, and keeps going until pulled to the ground. He was dependable for any distance from one to five yards, and should have been used more off tackle and less at center. He is essentially the plunging type of full-back. Klein will be a smart field general, with more practice at directing the team, and Sammy Weiss was found to be a genuine asset as safety man. Sammy ran back punts with the ease and agility of a Bennie Boynton, and tackled hard and cleanly in an open field. McDonald, as stated before, was an end-runner, who had very few ends to run. It may have been that he was held in check because of lack of faith in the Duke interference. It seemed to numerous fans, though, that the protection afforded him by Weiss and Klein alone, came pretty near being sufficient for the needs of the moment. Terry McKnight of Greenfield—whence cometh more athletes than one would care to count—is a potential star. Terry will go big next fall unless several expert



guesses go wrong. Hodgkin, the elongated half-back, demonstrated marked improvement over his display of 1922, and there are several youngsters of lesser note upon whom Ballin is depending for the future.

Duquesne loses less than half a dozen men by graduation this spring, which means that a veteran crew should report for workouts when late summer swings around again. A player who can run, kick and pass, must be found or developed. McGivern may be the fellow upon whom the burden will be put; but whether it is he or not, it will have to be some one. The Bluff attack must be rendered more deceptive. When a man drops to the rear, the opposition should not be able to pass along the word, "This is so-and-so, watch out for a pass," and the whole gang spreads out to bat the throwdown. Keeping the enemy worried is a big part of winning the tussle. Versatility of assault is the keynote of modern football. A triple-threat man in the back-field makes for versatility. Hence it is up to Duquesne to produce one. They don't grow on trees to be shaken down in the fall like buckeyes. But they can be located in the Senior classes of Prep schools. The logical course of procedure is for every student to talk Duquesne to anyone who'll listen to him, especially if that person happens to resemble a football player.

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# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXI.

JANUARY, 1924.!

Number 4.

## HOPEFUL.

THE grey dawn of nineteen twenty four  
Looks timid across the Eastern shore,  
While promises fair that oft before,  
I have made to the New Year calling  
Rush feverishly upon my mind,  
And utterances strive to find;  
To leave all the many faults behind,  
As the curtain on years is falling.

I peer out beyond the greyish blue  
Of morn, and my heart is hopeful too,  
That I to my God, myself be true  
At the post of renewed endeavor.  
Climb peaceful and calm on azure sky,  
O, sun of this year, shine bright and high,  
And show on life's page no stain or sigh;  
By thy light may I falter never!

*Michael F. Coleman.*





## “Silent ‘Cal.’”

**P**RESIDENT COOLIDGE'S ability to say nothing by means of silence, instead of using words to say it, is apparently destined to make his personality the nucleus of a veritable mythology of taciturnity. The stories so far given out seem to demand for their concoction no higher requisites than solerosis of the intellect and fatty degeneration of the will. As this dual qualification is not the exclusive attribute of the favored few, we consider it no presumption on our part to add a mite or two to the growing body of the saga.

### *Defunctus Adhuc Tacet.*

During his term as Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Coolidge was asked by Mrs. Coolidge to go with her to a wake. The decedent had been foreman in one of the larger manufacturing establishments and throughout the course of a fairly long life had made a host of devoted friends by his ever constant readiness to be of help in whatever way it was needed. The widow, too, had taken a kindly interest in the school for deaf mutes which Mrs. Coolidge had conducted before her marriage to the future Governor and had frequently gladdened Miss Goodhue's heart by sending cakes for the treats that the latter arranged from time to time for her afflicted charges. When Mrs. Coolidge related the circumstances the Governor readily consented,—the more so as the children of the couple had married and moved to distant parts and could hardly get there before the funeral.

Arriving at the house of mourning they found a large stream of friends and acquaintances calling to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. It did not take long for Mrs. Coolidge's practiced eye to see that she could be of help in an unobtrusive way and she thereupon suggested to the Governor that he should find a seat somewhere till she had satisfied her womanly instincts to soften the burden of another's sorrow by the little acts of service possible under the circumstances. The only chair vacant was in a corner of the room opening into the front room where



the body lay. Its retired position and empty condition fitted in so well with the Governor's temperament and his wife's request that the Governor was soon seated therein.

Mrs. Coolidge's busy hands, however, were no match for her busy brain, and new opportunities for helpfulness kept constantly coming up so that the time flew by as the stress of callers kept constantly increasing. The floral tributes had now filled the front room and it was determined to put the overflow elsewhere. Two or three of the deaf mutes had come over from the school and Mrs. Coolidge utilized their services by having them transport some of the larger funeral designs to the adjoining room. These they banked along the walls on both sides of the Governor, who soon found himself the center, whence radiated ever-growing wings of flowery emblems comprising a Cross and Crown, a Scroll of Honor, a Vacant Chair, a Sickle and Sheaf, a Standing Harp, a Mound of Flowers and Dove along with Broken Wheels and Hearts besides numerous wreaths and sprays. The Governor expostulated with the mutes at first, but when they began to weave magic incantations with their hands, and to make funny faces, he decided that he could keep silence in the deaf and dumb language, even better than he can in English, and he determined it would be the lesser of two evils to remain quietly where he was, instead of risking annoyance to others by seeking to change his position.

The visitors had by this time become so numerous that it was deemed expedient to have them enter through the adjoining room into the front room, and slowly file pass the coffin into the vestibule opening on to the street. But even with this arrangement, delegations from various lodges, unions, clubs and other associations eventually caused such congestion in the receiving room that progress through it became slow. Finally a delegation arrived with a large Gates Ajar, and the deaf mutes in despair of finding any more suitable place for it, put it on a dais from wall to wall in front of the Governor. The latter was perhaps well pleased with the arrangement, because while the lintel of the flowery archway shut off his view of the faces of the visitors, it likewise shut off their view of him. At any rate he remained absorbed in thought until Mrs. Coolidge having occasion to go into the receiving room noticed a man in an apparent predicament as he stooped and peered into the opening of the symbolic portal. Apprehensive of something gone awry she approached the visitor

and peered with him through the suggestive gateway. At the same time that she perceived her husband, she perceived also a faint aroma, indicating that the bystander had distrusted his unaided ability to cope with the depressing effects of the house of gloom, and had resorted to illegal means as an excitant of his perceptual and emotional powers. Indignant at the discovery, she straightened up, prepared to lead the offender from the house, when the latter too straightened up, and turning towards her with eyes of ineffable sadness, gently inquired in tones of deepest sympathy: "He makes a fine corpse, but what's the undertaker got him setting up for?"

**Defunctus Adhuc Loquitur.**

When Calvin was in his early teens he committed some boyish prank, which his father on detecting it, resolved should not go unpunished. Conducting his son outside the house, he began to administer a castigation that grew in severity, as the victim bore it without whisper. The father determined not to admit the validity of any repentance that did not express itself outwardly, in a promise of amendment, interspersed blows of the whip with inquiry from time to time: "Will you do it again, eh, will you do it again?"

The nearby cattle at first viewed the proceeding with indifference, but their apathy soon turned to consternation, at what they considered incipient murder. Not wishing to be subpoenaed as witnesses against their lord and master, they took the hint from Mrs. Coolidge who happened to be leaving the house for town with her younger boy. Charging for the gate before she had time to close it, they frightened her into running and interpreting her flight as confirmatory of their worst suspicions, they accelerated their pace, till soon all the animals in the enclosure were in one mad rush for the exit. The elder Coolidge hastened to head off the stampede, or as much of it as he could, but he had scarcely reached the gate when a tremendous explosion occurred to the rear. Looking back he saw débris of all kinds hurtling to the stars. Knowing that in these matters, there is truth in the old adage, that whatever goes up comes down, he crawled beneath the fence, and soon heard the increasing tattoo of rocks falling all about him. When the cloud of dust grew less dense, he looked to the place of punishment, but saw there only a huge crater and no sign of his offspring, except perhaps in the tiny object lessening on the sight, as it continued on its upward course

to the heavens. So, in fact, it was. One of those cataclysms of nature, in the existence of which it would be absurd to believe, if truth were not stranger than fiction, had violently projected Calvin into space, till eventually he left the sphere of the earth's attraction, and entered that of the moon's.

The lunatics, for so the inhabitants of the earth's satellite style themselves, saw his coming, and interpreting the tiny speck growing on their sight, as the omen presaging a cyclone, they betook themselves to their cellars. On peering out, however, they soon perceived their mistake, and came forth to gaze on the visitor from another world. They asked him what he thought of prohibition, and addressed him many other questions of like banality, until he grew disgusted at the thought of doing what is set down in books of etiquette, as the conventional thing, and reciprocating insipidity with insipidity. He made up his mind that the moon was not a place he would like to stay in. To procure his release, he decided to play up the poker face, for which he had been noted from early boyhood. The lunatics, on receiving no reply to all their inquiries, called in their wise men or Psychologists, who have superseded the Scientists as the high priests of the intellect on the moon. Their minds were quickly made up, and their chief took upon himself to pronounce their common and official verdict. Majestically waving the wand that symbolized his authority, he uttered those words of tremendous import: "No psychosis without neurosis." Thereupon the multitude sank to their knees and touched their foreheads to the ground. The crowd wanted to put the terrestrial in a museum as a mummy, but the experts proclaimed that Nature abhors a vacuum, and solemnly averred that were the new comer to remain in their midst, his mental void would entail so severe a strain on their brains that they would all be infected with malicious animal magnetism. Hence they called in the engineers and bade them send the earth man home.

The engineers knew that there was not enough horsepower on the moon for the purpose, but they had conveniently at hand an ingenious device in the form of a popgun, which they had constructed originally for measuring the wind power of the population, and which they used occasionally as an emergency light and power system. Aiming this contrivance at the earth, and inserting their deportee at one end, they summoned the inhabitants of the moon to blow with all their souls into the orifices arranged along the whole ten mile length of the wind gun. When the dial



registering the pressure indicated the approach of the bursting point, they released the charge by means of a lever, and the delighted lunatics rejoiced in their ability to blow, as they saw a black object fast becoming a black speck, in its rapid flight from their home.

Coolidge, Sr., working at the harvest, was swinging a pitchfork of hay to the top of a pile, when the swish of an object above caused him to pause and look up. He froze with horror, as he recognized his falling son, and losing his balance, he fell backward on the ground, as his offspring landed on the pile, and bounded in lessening distances at the top. Half raising himself to a sitting position with supporting hands, the elder Coolidge was more dumbfounded than ever, as peering upward into the downward gazing face of his scion, he heard the latter calmly remark: "No father."

*Francis X. Foley, '26.*



## Student Characteristics.

THROUGHOUT the country there are colleges and universities, situated in widely separated localities, which offer entirely different courses, have individual standards of religion and education, and varied modes of discipline; some have student bodies of one hundred, others ten thousand; one building or an extensive campus artistically laid out and adorned with numerous massive structures, yet you will invariably find certain characteristics common to the students of all.

Contrary to the popular notion, college men do not spend most of their time smoking a pipe and strumming a "uke", nor is it true, (as the movies would have us believe), that the majority of college men are either dashing half-backs, or cheer leaders, gayly attired in white ducks and spotless sweaters, but



strange as it may seem to a misinformed public, the majority actually come to college to learn, and stronger still, a large percentage succeeds in imbibing some knowledge.

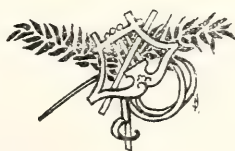
As critics, students are most exacting, perhaps because they come in for no mean share of criticism themselves. At any rate, any person or thing which is not *perfectio perfectionis*, is mercilessly "panned on" the slightest provocation. The favorite "indoor sport" of college men is the art of razzing, and long practice has made them proficient. Experienced speakers approach an audience of students with fear, and trembling, for they know the slightest slip of the tongue will be detected, and reflected, with smiles and nudges.

College men are usually backward about displaying their accomplishments, because of the good-natured raillery which they would incur from their companions. A student might have talent in music or poetry, but he would never admit it. Indeed, he would hang his head in shame, if it became known that he was the author of a really excellent piece of poetry.

There is a certain individuality about a college man that is readily discernible, and which makes him stand out among men. This is so, because, being young, he is full of life and vigor, he is always sure of himself, and able to meet any occasion which arises, he has a quaint way of expressing himself (call it slang if you will) which is quite captivating, he has a ready wit trained by the keen humor of his associates, and this, coupled with years of training in the English language, renders him, if not a brilliant, at least, an interesting conversationalist.

These are some of the attributes fused into the make-up of the average college man, after four years in the great melting-pot, American Colleges; some come out purer metals than others, but all have these basic attributes, whether they received their education in some unknown Western college or in a fashionable Eastern university.

J. A. N.



## Encounter With a Bore.

I AM going along the Holy Blvd. as is often the case and don't know what I am thinking about but doing same deeply. Some sap who I only know by name, thank the gods, runs vs. me and grabs me by the arm, where for all he knew it might of been sunburst. "How are you, sweetie?" he chirps. "O. K. as it is," I come back, "and I hope you have got all you ought to get." He stepd right along. "What and the — do you want?" say I. "We're wise," he says modestly. "More than that," I agree.

Well, by this time I am crazy to get away, and don't care how, just so it's fast, but I can't think of anything to tell the office boy so I can break loose. I am perspiring clean down to my ankles. "What a lucky bird this Bolanus is," I think to myself. "that has a bad enough temper to slap down an egg like this." Meanwhile he is remarking what a nice town we live in and this in that, which for all I care I would of been glad to be in tartarus if only this guy would be some place else.

I don't rush to help the conversation along, but that fazes him not a bit. "I know you want to get away," he confesses cheerfully, "but don't mind that. I'm going to stick right around and ain't particular where you go." "Don't bother," I urge, "I have got to cross the Tiber to see a bird that is sick and you don't know him anyway. He lives away over near Caesar's Gardens." "Oh, that is O. K.," he says, "I have got nothing to do and don't mind the walk, so will go along."

My ears flop like they was Freddus Fultonus or somebody. He starts off on a new tack. "If you knew me you wouldn't think of this Viscus and Varius no more," he admits. "I guess there ain't anyone in Rome can write faster than me or near as good. I am also a musician of note, and I make this Hermogenes curl up when I decide to sing." Nice boy!

I am not any musical critic, so will not mention what I think of this pest as such, but I KNOW he is not no better than the second best writer in Rome, as I think I am justified in declaring, and might also be singer and harp player myself, if only I would take the time to practice, and look at some of the saps that have picked up same with practically no effort.

I am pretty steamed up by the cracks he has made, so cut in with "Say, wise guy, have you got a mother that is interested in your health?" "No," he states, "I have not got nobody, they are all dead in buried." I don't wonder at all," I sigh, "and lucky at that. The Gypsy Queen was right that told me I would

not be hung or run over or nothing, but watch out for being talked to death in middle age."

We get as far as the Temple of Vesta about 10 A. M. Suddenly this egg remembers he has got to go to court, which I think is well-nigh a godsend, and wish either he or I was there now. "If you love me," he has the nerve to suggest, "you will wait here awhile." "Not a bit," I grind out, "I don't know nothing about law courts, and I would ruin everything if I stuck around; besides, I have got to hurry along." "I don't know what and the —— to do," he says, looking worried, "whether I ought to leave you alone or else the court." "Make it me, if it's all the same to you," I urge, getting worried again. "No, I won't do it," he mutters and starts ahead. I follow like I was on the end of a chain.

"How do you stand with Maecenas?" he queries, referring to the rich old yokel whose house I and a lot of other geniuses stay at. He don't give me no chance to reply, but goes right on with, "Well, there is nobody makes better use of his coin than you." That is a dirty crack and would not like it to get public, so did not hit him then in there, as I should of, but let him ramble on. "It would be a good idea," says this oily rat, "if you could get me in at that place. I would run even you a close second. I will be disappointed if you don't, for we would have a good time getting stewed together, &, etc.

"You are all wet," I interject. "What do you think the boss keeps, a booze joint? There ain't a dryer spot on this side of the Tiber than where I and the rest hang out, so I guess it wouldn't go so big with you at that. And it is nothing to nobody there which one has got more money or knows more. It is one place in a million." "Well, well," he says, I can't believe it!" "Believe it or not," is all I have to remark.

"You are getting me all steamed up. I have simply got to get in there," gloats this leech. "Of course a guy like you will not have no trouble at all," I return sarcastical as can be. "The old boy is an easy mark; that is how he made all his jack."

This discourages him not a bit. "I am persistence himself and will not give up," he pipes cheerfully, and it's no lie what he says. "I will fix it up with the slaves, &, etc.," he goes on, "and if they throw me out to-day, I won't mind that. Some time I will get hold of this Maecenas when there is no policeman around, and then watch me do my stuff. You don't get nothing without working for it in this town."



While this line is being slung, who comes by but Fuscus Aristius, who I once thought was a friend of mine and knows this bozo beautifully. The trouble with Fuscus as found out after this incidence is that he has a elementary sense of humor and imagines he is just the best little joker. He stops and eyes me. "Where did you come from and *vice versa*?" he asks innocently. Well, I begin giving him the high sign and pulling his arm and winking, so he would have this clinging vine paged or something; but the big stiff refuses to tumble, and laughs like one of these hyenas at the Coliseum pk. At last I get desperate and am so sick that I don't care what happens, just so I get rid of this canary, who seems to think he is my shadow or the like, so I break out with an old one; I forget what that hot tip was you gave me yesterday, Whoozus will excuse me while you tell me again."

Then this worm Fuscus spills the works with one of his half-portion jokes, saying, "Yes, I know what you mean, but I guess we'll have to wait till some other time, as I don't want to do no business to-day on acc't of it being Jewish New Yrs., and you wouldn't offend all the department stores, would you?"

"That is nothing to me," I beseech hoarsely, "I subscribe to the *Dearborn Independent*!" "Well, I'm sorry," he reproaches, "but personly I have got more religion than you, and we will have to take up that matter, maybe to-morrow." With that he walks away, and I am standing there frantically wondering will this guy never leave me again, and whether I ought to jump in the Tiber myself, or merely push him in, and then go look for Fuscus with object murder.

I am just about set for the 2nd, when along comes a tough. looking praetorian guard and another fellow with a paper all sealed up like a bonded warehouse. "—'s bells," ejaculates the panhandler, clutching me wildly, "that is the man that is suing me. Where am I going to hide?"

"You're not going to," I sneer triumphantly, then holler, 'Here is the guy you want!'

Well, to shorten the story they hauled my little pal to the cooler, and the last I hear he was trying to put over a heavy alibi for not showing up in the first place. Personly I rushed home and make over my will in favor of the police dep't.

P. G. Sullivan, '25.



## Novel Reading.

**A** NOVEL is a fictitious narrative of a series of interesting events, which are forcibly brought forth by descriptive and explanatory action and dialogue, and it has as its primary object the entertainment of the reader, though it is often used to teach a lesson, point a moral, or advocate a reform. Novels, like other productions of man are good, bad, or indifferent; however, we will consider here only those of recognized merit.

In the time of adversity, when friends have grown cold, and even intimates act with that civility and commonplaceness peculiar to strangers, we instinctively turn to our volumes of adventure, romance, and mystery, seeking surcease from weary thought or worldly care, and they respond with a friendship never failing, even through the most trying circumstances; and the characters in our favorite authors become very dear to us in those silent lonely hours which are interspersed through the lives of all of us. This innocent pastime is a recreation for mind and body, and is conducive to the refreshing of both, while the time consumed is well spent; for the perusal of a good story is of inestimable value.

Unconsciously we absorb much information in this reading, for the various phases of character portrayed, and the human experiences depicted are true to life, they vary but little through all the ages, are old as man, yet still retain a vital interest even for a casual observer. Then the explanations for past or present events, social, political, or historical, with their causes and effects, are shown in such a way that they are easily comprehended. The deft turn of phrases and clauses, the apt mode of expressing clearly and emphatically the important idea, and the correct application of words, which are to be found in any good novel, add to our store of knowledge.

Those accustomed to whiling away hours, together in perusing fiction, find it pleasing and profitable; for it broadens the mind, makes the intellect more keen, introduces the different peoples of the world to the reader, and gives him a certain readiness in conversation.

So, we may surely conclude from these reasons that the reading of worthy novels is of incalculable benefit to mankind.

*G. D. Doran, '25.*

## Cosmocrat.

"I love the Hoss from Hoof to Head,  
From Head to Hoof and Tail to Mane.  
I love the Hoss, as I have said  
From Head to Hoof and back again."

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THERE is a pagan sect that believes in the transmigration of the soul. Its disciples are taught, that after death, the souls of the "enlightened" attain their reward in Nirvana, the cessation of being, a sort of beatific oblivion. The souls of the "unenlightened" or sinners, are doomed, it is said, to endless existence, and passing into other bodies, human or animal, continue to live through successive re-incarnations. My own religious beliefs will not permit me to accept these precepts as to the desideratum, reward, and punishment of the soul, yet having known Cosmocrat, I can understand dimly, how the darkened intellect of a barbarian, might admit such a philosophy, without argument as to the validity of its conceptions.

Cosmocrat was a horse. In the regiment we always spoke of him as The Horse. There were many other horses in the regiment, good horses too, a few of them renowned in the service, for some special attribute of speed, courage, or endurance. But there was only one Cosmocrat, and Cosmocrat was the last word among army horsemen.

Mulligan, the riding master, the genius of equitation, the centaur Mulligan, used to say, that you could determine the qualifying points of a cavalry horse, by comparing them with Cosmocrat, the chart of perfection. And Mulligan knew. For just as Mulligan referred to the classic conformation of Cosmocrat as the standard for cavalry horses, so in every barracks in the country, troopers pointed to "Mulligan of the Fifth" as the ideal cavalryman.

Cosmocrat was indeed cast in the master mould. He was the superlative expression and perfect blend, of brutal strength and beauty. Black as a midnight pool, from the tips of his small pointed ears, to the end of his long-flowing tail, every detail was symmetrically perfect. The dark mane parted in profusion on either side of his arching neck, and a whisp of tufted forelock strayed down over the wide forehead. Chest and shoulders were bound in bone and overlapped with firm flesh and powerful sinews. From withers to flank, the back was coupled short, and the deep, heavily muscled thighs, suggested the speed and power

which were Cosmocrat's. The lower limbs were slender, clean, straight, and vibrant with suppressed energy. Beneath the glossy sheen of his dusky hide, mighty muscles played and rippled with every graceful movement. Cosmocrat was a poem, an equine epic, a steed worthy of his rider, and that rider, Mulligan.

I am failing in this description, because in the first place it is part of my nature to fail where I am most anxious to succeed. But there is another, an objective reason for my failure, that you could never understand, unless you had seen these two, Cosmocrat, the horse, and Mulligan, the horseman. The picture I am trying to paint would challenge the pen of an abler artist than I could ever hope to be. But something that the least of artists, owes to the greatest of subjects, is the best effort of his humble pen, and this is my poor tribute to the great horse and his gallant rider.

In 1917, when war broke out against Germany, Cosmocrat and Mulligan were the darling boast of the Fifth Regiment of Cavalry. Part of our intensive training in preparation for active service abroad, was in the nature of riding contests between the mounted units along the Border. The spirit of rivalry engendered by these meets, was very helpful in building up troop morale. Tournaments were held, and by elimination, the best individual mounts were selected to compete at San Antonio, for the horse and rider trophy, a silver cup, emblematic of the All-Army Championship.

It was a great day for the Fifth Cavalry when Cosmocrat and Mulligan were chosen to carry our colors in that final test of equestrian art. But it was a greater day, when the news was flashed across the plains from San Antonio that our steed and rider had won the laurels in the great event.

What jubilation there was at the Fort, when the horse and man returned victorious, from the cavalry classic! The whole garrison turned out to greet them. Through a long lane of madly cheering men, Mulligan rode the peerless horse. That night the colonel gave a banquet to the officers of the regiment, and Mulligan was the guest of honor. The brigade commander presented the silver trophy to the regiment, and it was accepted in a neat little speech by Mulligan. Inscribed upon the cup were the words: "Trooper Mulligan and the Horse Cosmocrat, All-Army Championship, July the Fourth, 1917." Cosmocrat had carved his niche in the hall of fame, and Mulligan's heart was happy.



This much of the history of horse and man is written in the archives of the Fifth Regiment. The annals of a regiment are replete with the records of its triumphs and heavy with the chronicle of its victories. But the last chapter in the life story of the men and horses who made the glory of its standards, is seldom preserved in their dusty files. And that is why my tale of Cosmocrat and Mulligan goes beyond the day of their achievement.

The mandates of war are cruel. The soldier is an instrument of war and the first to feel the brunt of its necessity. Now, Mulligan was a soldier, and if the art of horsemanship was his greatest accomplishment, it was certainly not his only one. Mulligan knew many things about the training of men, as well as of horses. The skill and patience with which he drilled the raw recruits, was at least equal to his prowess in taming the wild remounts which found their way into the cavalry corrals. So one day there came an order from brigade headquarters. Trooper Mulligan had been commissioned a lieutenant, and was detailed for service in France. He was to leave Fort Bliss with his detachment, the afternoon of the day the order was published. As we gathered round the bulletin board and read the notice of Mulligan's promotion, one thought was uppermost in every mind. The regiment was to lose Mulligan, Mulligan was to lose Cosmocrat, and Cosmocrat was to lose his friend and master.

That afternoon when the bugle sounded water call, Mulligan made his last trip to the corral. Cosmocrat was standing in his box stall, his dark muzzle thrust through the bars, and as Mulligan approached, he whinneyed his affection to the master he loved. For the last time Cosmocrat followed Mulligan to the big watering trough in the center of the corral. The man never used rope or halter to lead the horse. It was a stronger tie which bound Cosmocrat to him, and I believe they would have both resented the suggestion of physical force in any of their relations. For the last time Mulligan poured the grain into Cosmocrat's feed box and bedded down his stall with the soft straw. Then he ran his fingers through the luxuriant mane, patted the shining flank, and with a "Good-bye Cosmocrat" slipped quietly out of the stable and out of Cosmocrat's life forever.

Mulligan shook hands with all of us before he left. His last words to us were spoken from the depth of his solicitude for the care and comfort of his horse. We wished him "God-speed and



a safe return" and pledged ourselves to cherish the master-piece of his skill in horsemanship.

The next day, and the next, and for many days thereafter, Cosmocrat watched and waited for Mulligan. But Mulligan never came, and as the weeks slipped by a change came over the steed. The gentleness which had seemed a concomitant of his strength and beauty gradually disappeared. He grew restless and moody. The superb physique that had made Cosmocrat a wonder horse remained; but some latent strain of stubbornness awoke within him. He was no longer the docile creature of coordinated speed and strength that had gathered the laurels in riding hall and steeple-chase. Perhaps, the soul of Cosmocrat was in revolt against the decree of fate, which had taken Mulligan away from him. But while the spirit of Cosmocrat chafed and fretted, other fates were weaving destiny, too, and soon the restless life that stirred within the mighty heart, was to be eased of its dull burden of discontent.

An epidemic of glanders had broken out in C Troop and the veterinary issued orders that the maline test be given to every horse in the regiment. The suspected animals were isolated from the rest to prevent contagion. Military laws admit no exceptions and orders are orders. There was consternation in the ranks, for if a horse is treated with maline and shows a positive trace, there is but one result. Glanders is incurable, and the infected animal must die. It is the only security against the spread of the disease.

Twenty horses in our troop showed positive indications of glanders, and Cosmocrat was one of them. The fates had done their work. Mulligan was far away on the western battle front, when they led Cosmocrat forth to die. As yet, the disease had wrought no change in the appearance of the horse, but the germ of dissolution had begun its deadly attack upon his vital organs.

The afflicted animals were blindfolded and taken to the edge of a deep arroyo or ravine. Huge piles of firewood were stacked around the sides of the pit and soaked with carbon oil. This was to be the funeral pyre of Cosmocrat and his stricken comrades. A veterinary and two assistants stood by the edge of the ravine, armed with heavy calibre Colts. As each horse was led to the spot, two shots were fired into his forehead, and he was tumbled into the ravine below.

It was a mournful little band of troopers that accompanied Cosmocrat to execution. And as he had been the first in beauty, courage, strength and speed, so it was ordained that Cosmocrat should lead the way, even to the grave. The desert winds were rising, and the first sand storm of the season was sweeping the plains, as we brought him to the last barrier. The officer in charge of the detail put his hand on the quivering flank and stroked the glossy hide. Then, pressing the muzzle of the gun against the black temple, he fired. Cosmocrat staggered, slipped, and fell, down into the deep ravine. It was done. The great horse lay dead, and the romance of Mulligan and Cosmocrat was ended.

We never heard from Mulligan after he left the regiment. It was a year before we received any news of him. We were encamped along the Rio Grande near Sierra Blanca, when we received the first intelligence regarding his fate. The mail was brought overland from the Fort by mounted courier. We were at the stables, grooming and tending our horses, when the courier rode into camp with his packet. The lucky ones among us were busy scanning the letters from home, when "Skip" Walters, the stable sergeant, called us to attention. He was holding a letter in his hand, and there was a look of intent seriousness upon his rough countenance. "Boys," he said, "Mulligan is dead. He was killed in action somewhere in France." That was all, but it was enough. It completed the tragedy. There was something dramatically perfect about the end of them, the great horse and the great horseman.

That is why I can understand the dark religion of the pagan sect. And I often pray for the soul of Mulligan, and hope that Cosmocrat has found Nirvana. When the sand storms blow in their fury, and the skies are hidden by the dusty clouds, I sometimes wonder, if the great ghost of Cosmocrat, may not be, high up in the heavens, above the stormy plain, galloping in quest of the soul of Mulligan.

*Chas. F. Barrett, H. S., '25.*



## SNOW.

EVERY man is known by his works; every machine by its product; and also every season by its effects. One of the most peculiar elements which can be associated with the winter season is termed snow. The inconvenience and discomfort which it causes man in terms of sickness and many domestic troubles sometimes influence him to thoughtlessly regard it as a necessary curse; one of the trials or afflictions which imperfect Nature has united with his sad existence. As part of the material entity, however, which was primarily created to assist man in pursuit of his final end, it would thus seem that while some evils are linked with the element, snow, yet its role in the play of our existence means that it holds some benefits. As that which brings benefit is called a blessing, it is but possible to make a eulogy of such a theme.

Snow has objective merits in its native beauty; in the concealment of Nature's decrepit aspect of the winter; and lastly, in its protection of plant life from the cold and of animal life, from many inroads of disease. All these apparent benefits sooner or later react upon a certain subjective capacity of man, which in relation to snow, would most likely be his sense of appreciation. It is, indeed, unconscious at times, in view of the many disadvantages connected with snow, yet it eventually crops out in some form or other.

Only a phlegmatic temperament could be indifferent to the scene of a snow storm, as manifold whirlpools of immaculate crystals darting about, fleeing, pursuing and wrestling one another, are finally crushed to the bosom of Mother Earth by the ever increasing numbers above. It finds a welcome haven upon earth, now bereft of all the attractiveness which spring and summer had impressed upon it. To clothe the nakedness of the trees and fields; to offset or hide the wretchedness of muddy roads and the autumnal spoils of dead leaves and briars; to enhance the sparse light of the murky winter day by its silvery reflections upon the heavens; to preserve plant life by its warmth of weight, against the ravages of cold; to suppress the bacterial influences of dust and dirt; all of these most obvious ends which constitute the practical purpose of snow are indeed "benefits."

Aside from its material value, snow has from time immemorial, inculcated some moral through the medium of its various qualities. Its purity of color and nature of transiency are expressive of a reaction upon the soul of man; at least, just

as purity of snow evolves into the more useful form of water, so does probity of character, aside from its admirability, dissolve itself into the greater worth of good example. Such moral inferences from material Nature are also ample proofs that snow, even though a material entity, is not only an objective, but also a subjective benefit to mankind.

*B. J. Appel, '25.*



## WINTER.

AH, Winter, with thy roaring, biting chill,  
Why hastest thou to seize the place of Fall?  
Must thy fierce clutch the shivering maple wrench  
From placid Autumn's dear embrace, and hurl  
Each ruddy leaf to earth to mould and rot?  
Does naught within thy frigid heart exist  
But thought of ills, discomforts to mankind;  
Is naught there to thy bounty else but cold  
White frost, dread bane to hopeful husbandry,  
Or dismal, avid mist enshrouding all  
In strangling cloak of spectral array?  
Hast thou no object here but to destroy  
The fruits so haply borne by comely Spring,  
So gently reared 'neath Summer's soft caress?  
Methinks thou standest as a fiend,  
A horrid, glittering monster clad in ice,  
Before the gates of stark humanity,  
Demanding with ne'er-sated appetite  
The young, the old, the weak, for sacrifice;  
Now challenging the sturdiest with success,  
Now cringing at the righteous lash of Sun,  
But ever to resume thy ghoulisn siege  
When Night, thy fell companion, doth arrive  
With dusky and insuperable hordes  
To lend thee aid, to rally thy command.

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But then thou loomest at another time  
A sprite of calmer mood, of brighter mien,  
A jovial, sparkling harbinger of cheer,  
Whose crisp, cool touch exhilarates, uplifts  
From lethargy, drives out all stagnant thought,  
Awakes the blood and urges man to act.  
No longer sowest thou catastrophe  
Nor reap despair from bleakened human souls;  
A Renovator, thou, a cleansing force  
That doth of every foul, dank thing dispose  
To purify the earth of rancid growth  
Allowed to flourish during Summer's reign.  
Thy nights are perfect, too, if viewed aright:  
Thrice-dazzling Luna in a brittle sky  
Of frozen ink, whence darts of polished steel  
Descend to paint the land in milky glow;  
Ten million winking studs, the stars,  
Ten million flakes of fire that set alive  
The heavens with gay Aurora's pageantry.

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Apologies to thee, O Boreas!  
I did thee wrong, maligned thee past all cause.  
No saint thou art—indeed, no more am I—  
But sightless Justice weighing thee most well,  
Thy qualities of good cast on the right,  
Thy qualities of evil on the left,  
Doth find the first in such preponderance  
That I who have complaint of thy defects  
Am put to shame. Let me, then, henceforth see  
The best in all that here exists, for naught  
There is in mortal life completely bad.  
Man needs but look to bring to light  
The virtue that in ail creation lies.

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Greetings.*

THE New Year shall be well under way before the readers of the MONTHLY will receive the January issue; but our wishes precede it by many days. The year that has elapsed has brought us the realization of the best wishes which our numerous *Exchange* friends bestowed on us : and in turn we sincerely hope that the New Year will bring to their Sanctum blessings and bounties.

Our readers always have been most patient in waiting, most lavish in praise, most forgiving of our faults; and in extending our greetings, we promise to keep them interested in the future.

The staff of the MONTHLY take this occasion to convey their gratitude to the Very Reverend President and the members of the teaching corps in the various departments of the University.

To all, then, "A Happy New Year ! "



### **" Divided Against Itself."**

OF recent years America presents a remarkable example of this division. The governmental system, once a strong arm for the enforcement of order and law, is gradually being undermined, and the country is in danger of collapse at the first show of force exerted against it.

We find as causes of such a situation numerous organizations, loudly patriotic in song and ritual, acting and living in opposition to the Constitution on which our country is founded. "Red" agitators are at work inciting the laboring classes to revolt; that is a spark that might result in an irrepressible conflagration. Furthermore, the popular voice in national affairs has been long since silenced by a few capitalists who manipulate things to further their own interests.

Does history tell of any nations succumbing to like diseases?

*Paul R. Butler, '25.*



### ***The Police Investigation.***

**A**T last! We have arisen from a long and uneasy sleep. Pittsburgh has begun an investigation into the activities of the police department. Clueless crimes have been committed and are continuing with a rare regularity. High officers in the department have resigned, without any apparent reason. Who is the guilty one? To clear up the mystery, the city council is making a thorough examination of the department of police. The community demands it for its own protection and safety.

Our best wishes with the council. We hope the investigation will destroy all germs of contamination from the "Smoky City".

*Joseph A. Braun, '25.*



## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

The Thanksgiving vacation intervened and little or no activities worthy of much mention occurred during this period of prodigious meals.

DECEMBER 3—The C. S. M. C. mission rally day was observed at the Bluff institution. The programme for the day was begun with solemn high Mass in the college chapel, followed by a very eloquent sermon delivered by the Very Rev. E. P. Griffin, LL. D.

Luncheon was served in the students' cafeteria at 12:15 for the invited guests, members of the faculty, and the students. Numerous speeches featured, and among the capable speakers were the toastmaster, Rev. Edward A. Malloy, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William P. Stadelman, the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, the Rev. D. A. Lawless, Mr. P. G. Sullivan, and Mr. Bernard Appel.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 2:20 P. M. brought to an end the proceedings of the day.

DEC. 4—The initial smoker of the year which served for the purpose of reuniting our Alumni, and also to mark the formal opening of the new gymnasium proved a huge success despite the disagreeable weather conditions which were quite responsible for the absence of many.

The programme which was drawn up rather hurriedly was exceptionally interesting and entertaining. Boxing bouts afforded the thrills for the spectators, despite the absence of professional talent, but the attention of the audience seemed to have centered itself solely on the vocal selections of a certain unknown "boy wonder" who managed to sing his way into the limelight. We later discovered his name to be Master Ralph Bigley who hails from the Lawrenceville section of the city. He would surely bolster up the Junior choir, if induced to confine his activities to the Duke school.

Among the Alumni who presented themselves on this night were many who had left the daily classes of Duquesne quite a number of years back, thus we can imagine that they really appreciated this opportunity of reviving old acquaintances.

The football men were honored at this affair. Head Coach Hal Ballin presented them with letters, and also delivered a talk



praising the united efforts of the players to make the season the success that it was.

Considering everything, the smoker was greatly enjoyed by all present, and it was the urgent desire of all that such pleasant unions should be held more often in the future.

DEC. 5—Hurrah! Hurrah! Upon entering the gymnasium, I perceived the erection of the first basket. Now that we have one basket, it is quite certain that the monotonous training which the candidates had been forced to undergo during the absence of the hoop will be diminished considerably, and the new system will prove more appealing to them.

DEC. 6—Confessions were conducted in the University chapel for all the students in preparation for the first Friday of the month.

DEC. 7—The students assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion in a body. Breakfast was afterwards served in the cafeteria via the gratis system, where hundreds of students orderly marched, despite the urgent necessity of their morning ration, in the long line leading to King Java and his worthy cohort, Rolls.

At 2:40 P. M. quite a large number of the students found their way to the "gym", where they witnessed the initial basketball game between the numerous and ambitious 'Varsity candidates.

DEC. 8—Duquesne University's "Red Maskers'" dramatic club is earnestly working under the careful direction of Father John Malloy in the hope of successfully presenting their Christmas play "The Crib Builder", which is to take place at the University auditorium on Wednesday night, December 19, 1923.

DEC. 10—Coach "Bill" Campbell, after two weeks of careful watching and experimenting found need of wielding that much-dreaded axe, which usually severs the final attempt of many an ambitious aspirant for a 'Varsity berth. The squad has now been reduced to fifteen candidates.

DEC. 11—The students' weekly Mass was offered up in the College chapel. The Very Rev. President Father Hehir addressed the students of the college department, choosing the importance of the Sodality of the Holy Ghost, as his topic for discussion.

DEC. 12—A noontime meeting of the college department was held in order to begin new plans of reorganizing the Campus

Club which, last year, carried on the social activities of the above-mentioned department.

The 'Varsity, in a practice game against St. Mary's Lyceum of the Mount, managed to roll up a score in the vicinity of the eighties, while her opponents remained rather content with ten or fifteen points. Such happenings can carry nothing but optimistic views for the followers of the Duke team.

DEC. 13—The Freshman class of the arts department have signified their intentions of holding a dance in the new gymnasium on January 10th, 1924. The move is a very pleasing one, and will undoubtedly gain the support of the upper classmen.

DEC. 14—At last our new "gym" is equipped to perfection for the opening game of the season on December 28th, 1923, against Heinz House. The new bleachers arrived yesterday, and to-day are ready to accommodate almost two thousand spectators.

James McCaffrey of the Sophomore college class has been chosen to act in the capacity of assistant manager of the 'Varsity basketball team. He will replace William McGarry who found it impossible to assume the title at the present time.

DEC. 15—The Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores of the College department will begin their Christmas vacations to-day instead of Friday, December 21. Due to the fact that a great number of them had secured employment during this time, it was decided by the faculty to grant them their leave under the condition that they must return on January 2nd, 1924, instead of January 7th, which met with the approval of the students.

*Charles Cherdini, '25.*





## Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Duquesne University.

DEAR to the hearts of every loyal Crusader in Duquesne University was the Feast of St. Francis Xavier Patron of the Missionaries. The day was fittingly celebrated with a Mission Rally to honor the Apostle of the Indies. On this day they pledged themselves to be always loyal Crusaders. The Very Rev. E. P. Griffin, LL. D., delivered the sermon in the morning. He dwelt chiefly on need of vocations for both the home and Foreign Missions. He praised the work of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and credited it with being the foundation of so many vocations to the Missions. He impressed upon the Missions, emphasizing prayer and sacrifice as the most worthy offering for the Missions. At the Luncheon the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Stadleman upheld the noble work done by the Holy Childhood Association. In the absence of Rev. D. A. Lawless, the Rev. Edw. Heinreich implored for more teachers for the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. He said to insure a vocation for the Missions field, to undergo the numerous trials one must endure, they should first become acquainted with the work of Confraternity. He added that more persons have gone to the Mission fields who were teachers in the Confraternity from the diocese of Pittsburgh than from any other source. The President of each Unit spoke in behalf of their members thanking all who helped to make the Rally a success. The Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., closed the meeting with an inspiring address on the Mission Fields of Africa and the need of vocations for the Dark Continent. The afternoon ceremonies were the most impressive arranged for the day; the chapel crowded to the doors students who came to pledge themselves to the Crusade; the Veni-Creator sung by the students and the Prayer for the Holy Ghost recited by the priests at the Altar; the Ave Maria to ask the protection of the Holy Mother of God upon the Crusaders, the Crusade Act of Faith recited at the foot of the Altar by a representative of each Unit, while all the members standing with

bowed heads acknowledged themselves to be soldiers of Christ, the singing of the Crusade Hymn by the students showing they were Noble Knights of the Crusade; all these produced wonderful effects upon the guests and others who came to the Bluff to witness the scene, carried home with them and unending impression that the students of Duquesne are noble factors in the Crusade and our burning with zeal for the Missions. The ceremony was witnessed by several sisters and priests from the district. The sermon delivered by the Rev. Thomas J. M. McCarthy, C. S. Sp., deeply impressed the listeners. This Rally was the work of the students of the College, High School, and Commercial departments. And all the members of the different committees deserve great credit for its marvelous success.

AT a meeting held by the High School Unit on December 14, Joseph McDonald and Francis Barrett were appointed to make a report concerning Missionary Activities of some remote district. Plans are under way for a reception to be held during the month of January. It will be in the form of a get-together night and will be one of the many plans in view to bring a better acquaintance among the Units in the district.

The Publicity Agents have been corresponding with a number of Missionaries in their fields of Labor. Among the letters was one from the Rev. August Wingendorf, C. S. Sp., former assistant at St. Benedict's Colored Church. He is greatly interested in his work, and after nearly a year's absence from the Missions fields of Africa, he is glad once again to be among those for whom he has consecrated his life.

THE African Missionaries, Fathers Patrick J. McCarthy, C. S. Sp., and Henry Thessing, C. S. Sp., wrote while on board their ship, destined for the shores of Africa. Father McCarthy was sailing the Red Sea and expected to be at his Mission in Bagamoyo before Christmas; Father Thessing, on his way to Sierra Leone, expected to reach his Mission on the 13th of November. We hope to hear frequently from these Missionaries, especially about the noble work they are doing, and our prayers ascend to heaven that they may receive grace and strength to carry on the work of converting the Dark Continent to the True Faith of Christ.

*Brennan-Burns.*





### **Concerning Bill Campbell and Basketball.**

A bit of dope on Bill Campbell, new Duke basketball mentor, may not be amiss right now with the all-too-brief grid season approaching an end. Bill is a Homestead High School product. He graduated from the up-the-Mononga institution back in 1918, after starring for two or three years on the floor squad there. The ensuing fall he entered Pitt, where he played on the same S. A. T. C. football crew that gave Tom Davies his start. During the winter of 1918-1919, upon signing of the armistice and consequent mustering out of the soldier students, Bill returned to Homestead as coach of the cage quintet, and his proteges enjoyed a prosperous campaign. But the press of business proved too great for the young floor marshal, who found it necessary for the next couple of years to devote his attention exclusively to his position at the Homestead Steel Works, playing for the Company team that copped the industrial championship of the United States.

Just at present Campbell finds time aside from his duties on the Bluff to captain the Morry Five, professional title-holders of the district, and put up a top-notch exhibition at guard that the manager, Joe Goldman, is moved to proclaim him one of the most valuable defensive cavorters in the sport. That Bill looks upon his office seriously, is evidenced by the fact that he has spent two summers at the Cornell University Coaching School, picking up the proper way to boss an outfit, and lead it along the winning paths that the Dukes have become accustomed to in basketball at least.

The Homesteader steps into a task that is at once simple and difficult, the former because of the wealth, almost the superfluity, of talent on hand, the latter because of the necessity of paralleling the record of the Martin-coached five of 1923, which trimmed about everything that came its way. It is quite a contract to

fill the shoes of Gene Martin, last year's supervisor, now in Detroit. Campbell must replace Ollie Kendricks, "Ching" Singolani, and Walt Houston, rather a problem, despite the calibre of the candidates on hand.

Bill declares that his gang is well balanced. Captain Chuck Cherdini is being spoken of as a forward instead of pivot man as heretofore. Coy Harrison will also work up front, unless there arise an immediate and pressing need for defensive material, while "Nig" Savage, Roy O'Donovan, Rozenas, and McGivern will be ready for the offensive jobs in case Cherdini and Harrison are shifted elsewhere. Big Bill Tracey and Pat McGrath are battling for the center berth, and Bennie Cohen of football fame, Joe Nee, Petey Caslin, Ben Martin, Papapanu, and Serbin are at it heart and soul for chances at the guards. So far a total of 26 aspirants have signified intent to try for regular assignments with Red and Blue basketballers, and when the mob is pruned down to more wieldy array, adherents of the Hillmen are hoping to see an aggregation capable of jousting on even terms with Penn State, Navy, Catholic U. and the rest.

#### **Notre Dame—and Knute Rockne.**

Pittsburghers were privileged to witness the greatest football machine in the world in action not long ago. The reference is, of course, to Notre Dame, the Indiana Irish. Thirty thousand persons looked on with bated breath as the mighty men of Rockne swept Carnegie Tech to defeat on the historic turf of Forbes Field just before Thanksgiving Day. There is no need of extolling the feats of the Blue and Gold and her famous coach in this column. That has already been attended to quite adequately on the sports pages of the daily press. But what may well be taken note of here, is the lesson for Duquesne that lies in the accomplishments of her sister university of the West. Ten years ago Notre Dame was reckoned a pretty fair school, a school with an unimpeachable reputation, but not known to any vaster extent than any one of six or eight Catholic institutions spread throughout the land. But Notre Dame was more than just "pretty fair," she had more than mere reputation. Notre Dame had vision. She saw the possibilities that lay in keeping time with the march of progress. She realized the value of high standing in intercollegiate athletic competition, not only as a physical benefit to her students, not only as an advertisement for herself,

but as a direct and necessary adjunct to the cause of Christian education in America. While others, including Duquesne, slept, Notre Dame built the system which has made her to-day the most talked of school in the entire country. The Fathers of the Holy Cross possessed the foresight to behold the fact that the modern young man of college age is inevitably drawn toward the place with the leading grid, floor, and diamond team; and, all things being equal, that place is where he will enroll. Who dares deny that many a lad of Catholic faith has entered state and secular universities principally because of a desire to have part in the glamour of thundering victory, to bask in the glory of a feared and revered athletic name? The question may shock idealists in pedagogy, but youth is youth and demands the things of youth; and indubitably love of a triumphant eleven is as fine, as clean an aspiration as youth can have. So the Fathers of Notre Dame kept apace of the East. The most stringent sporting codes in the world were adopted. Up-to-date methods were the vogue. And finally, by happy chance or inspired design, Knute Rockne was engaged to direct the department of athletics. Rockne stands for all that is best in his line. He has turned out miraculously wonderful teams, he has developed intra-mural sports to a plane more lofty, perhaps, than that of any school anywhere. But more than all this, he has instilled in his followers a spirit of gentle manliness that has made them welcome on every gridiron from coast to coast. With the co-operation of a progressive faculty he has pushed his plans to completion. The results are self-evident; more, they fairly strike one with their potency. Cannot Duquesne learn something from Notre Dame? Cannot the Red and Blue take the chance of the Blue and Gold? If not, why not?

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*



## Exchanges.

*Fordham Monthly.*

Mingled gratification and disappointment rise in the reviewer with the perusal of the Maroon publication. As ever, make-up and appearance are thoroughly commendable. A portion of the written matter, too, is worthy of heartiest praise. But, alas, much is to be found for which little can be said. One of those swash buckling vendettas of mediaeval Spain, "The House with the Iron Windows", merits favorable attention. It is really a good story, rather above the average effort of college authors. To be sure, there is bit more of a "Curse-you-Jack-Dalton" atmosphere about it than the fastidious might consider desirable. The hero rants rather like a creature of the fancy of that billowy light—we almost put it "light-headed"—romanticist, Jeffery Farnol. Though it is not pointed out whether he be butcher, baker, or candle-stick maker, rich or poor, dark or fair, it is to be gathered that he is oh, such a violent person; for who but a violent person would dare inject so many "Bahs", "Dies's", and frightful laughs into the relentless pursuit of even a villainous old reprobate of the stamp of the "Marquis de Valduranto?" However, the tale shows imagination, descriptive power, and a sense of the dramatic, attributes worthy of cultivation in the youthful writer. "Reflections", the fantastic personification of an ancient looking-glass in the palace of Versailles, awakens sentiments at once beautiful and melancholy. The impression is gleaned that the essayist has a soul—though after wading through his "The Road", a few pages later, one is struck by the idea that he is animated merely by a Greenwich Village complex. Just what may be the significance of these lines,

"For the hill  
Was a mountain  
And the mountain  
Was light  
In the skies.  
With a road  
That led  
To rest and reward  
And luminosity,"

is problematical.

"Lost Ships" is the best of the verse, and it is unqualifiedly excellent. Close behind it stands "When the Wind Is Playing Hookey", savoring of the salty sea and "The Ancient Mariner". "Best Short Stories" is fair enough, but highly exaggerated. As to "Beauty and the Beastly Truth", one could criticize it more



accurately, if its meaning were decipherable. Evidently the thought is there that things in the present age of this mundane sphere are pretty bad. If the latter be true, "Beauty and the Beastly Truth" is one of the worst. Perhaps it is the first hesitant step of a great reformer, a sociological Messiah. Personally we recommend dyspepsia tablets for a young man who flatly declares, "we are all fools." "Diamonds in the Rough" is something of a success at character analysis, and betrays a sense of humor of which more would be welcome. The editorials are above par and pleasurably spirited. The column of wit is worded cumbrously. Some forty per cent. of it appeals to the risibles. Elimination of the remainder would be a blessing.

*St. Joseph's Lilies.*

One must commend this bulky booklet for real merit in make-up and content but—the inevitable "but"—unfortunately the majority of the excellent group of essays given space cannot be laid to the credit of undergraduates. On the contrary, a by-line at the head of each article frankly attributes the work either to a learned member of the clergy or to a lay person with degrees enough for a Fahrenheit thermometer. It is all very well written, of course. Style and diction are rather beyond the criticism of the college reviewer, just, perhaps, as they are beyond the powers of the college writer. Honors for the month go to "The Creature in Art on Letters". Fantastic it is, and presented in dialogue, both characteristics of undeniable appeal. "Maid Marian" reminds one of a sort of sublimated Pierette—a Pierette, B. A., '25, whom, despite all her intellectualism, one must picture dancing from "Philosopher" to "Maestro". There is an informative bit of comment on the international auxiliary languages, mainly "Ido" and "Esperanto". The verse is pleasing, particularly "Mother of Sorrows". The piece on Shelley is deep, and that on Keat, delightful. Both are a trifle long and replete, with quotations of indubitable beauty and doubtful utility. Robert Bellarmine, defender of the Faith, is glorified ably in "There Are Wonders in These Days". An account of the Crusade convention by a student of St. Joseph's proves that there is talent in the school which might be exploited to good effect between the covers of this college paper. If *St. Joseph's Lilies* be intended as mental pabulum for the young ladies of the school, it is a decided success; if it be thought an example of the progress of these young ladies in English composition, it is almost a failure.

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*

## Duquesnicula.

Tourist—Just think I came all the way from Boston to see your wonderful sunset.

Inhabitant—Some one's been stringin' ye. It ain't mine.

Father—I must punish you severely my boy for demolishing our cherry tree.

Son—But remember, Dad, I was at least modern, I used a saw.

Small Town Slogan—Drive slow and see our city;  
Drive fast and see our jail.

1st Student—Do you remember Murphy of the pre-meds?

2nd—Yes.

1st—He's an author now.

2nd—What's he writing?

1st—He's writing prescriptions.

Prof.—What are you thinking about?

Student—How did you know I was thinking?

Prof.—I saw an unusual expression on your face.

1st—Student: Why is a monkey so intelligent?

2nd—Why?

1st—He was educated in the higher branches.

Meier—Say, are you going to cut where you look?

Simpson—Yes.

Meier—Then hold this cat yourself.

*McBride-Kernan.*

(First Motorist)—“Have an accident old man?”

(Depressed Chap)—“No thanks, I just had one.”

### AFTER EXAMS.

Tad—What did you make in Math?

Pole—Eighty-five.

“Gee! I made ninety; what did you make in Latin?

“Gwan, it's my turn to ask first.”

“Just think of it, Tom, in six years baby will be going to school, and in twenty he'll be graduated! Isn't it frightful how old we're getting?”

Frosh—“How is this passage translated?”

Junior—“I can't say. It wouldn't be right.”

Frosh—“How do you know it wouldn't be until you've tried?”

Father—“What end have you in view by going out on Saturday afternoon?”

Daughter—“He's not an end, Dad, he's a half-back.

Sam—I see that Steinmetz says we shall have a four-hour workday in 2023.

Steve—If that is so, I'm living a century before my time!

OUR QUESTION BOX.

How many students are working their way through college?  
None—Fathers do it for them.

What is the difference between a professor and a student?

Well, if there are only two in a room, and one of them is asleep, the other is the professor.

Who founded Love, Va., Kissimee, Fla., Ring, Ark., and Parson, Ky?

We are not sure, but Dan Cupid is said to have had a hand in establishing each.

Do you think the end of the world is near?

Yes, we are quite certain, it's nearer than it ever was before.

What is a prize fighter?

Just an ordinary fellow with his ups and downs.

*Butler—Monaghan.*

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# Duquesne Monthly

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## United.

GLAD in love's red flame,  
Unawares you came  
To my life's bright unconscious morning,  
With a fond carress,  
All my hours to bless,  
As, at times, with a tender warning.

Like a light you stole  
To my inmost soul,  
The bright hope of each coming morrow;  
It was God gave you  
To me to be true,  
In each need from your love to borrow.

The days lived and died,  
You were at my side,  
Ever watching with loving yearning,  
Till I stole away  
On a tearful day,  
With the pangs of a parting learning.

I saw you again,  
Oh, the years of pain!  
You had changed—'twas a trifling matter—  
For time's hands lines trace  
On each human face.  
On each brow the grave's white flowers scatter.

I had hoped through strife—  
My fond hope in life—  
To steal back on some bright to-morrow:  
I would knock once more  
On that cabin door;  
I would walk once more  
On that cabin floor;  
I would seek my rest  
In that tidy nest;  
I would weep carressed  
On your heaving breast;  
I would be the guest  
Of your last request;  
At our parting test,  
To your bosom pressed,  
I would shed all my tears of sorrow.

But, dear Angel soul;  
It was you who stole  
Quick away; you would see your other  
Dear ones who have trod  
In the ways of God,  
United, at last, with their Mother.

J. F. CARROLL.



## The University High's Trip to West Virginia.

**B**EING a member of the University High Basketball Team, it has been my luck to make several trips to many and interesting localities, but of all my journeyings the one that will always stand out most prominently in my mind, is the trip we once made to New Martinsville, W. Va. We left Pittsburgh on a Monday morning at 8:00 A. M. on a B. & O. express. The manager did not seem to have very clear ideas as to where New Martinsville might be found, but knowing that it was an out-of-the-way place, he felt sure that the B. & O. must run there. At midnight, we were put off the train somewhere in West Virginia, being informed that it went no farther. We were also, told that the next train left at 6:00 A. M. On hearing this, Doyle with a great sigh of resignation, laid himself under a bench, using his grip for a pillow. We all did likewise. We found no difficulty, however, in arising at 5:00 A. M.—in fact, we found difficulty in sleeping that long. Promptly at six we lined up on the platform to await the New Martinsville local. It arrived at 8:30, much to the surprise of the station-master, who was not expecting it for two hours more, and had in coosequence gone off to milk his cows. The local proved to be composed of freight cars, and the conductor grumbled loudly at the crowded state of the railroad station. Ten people traveling at once, he said, was a waste of money. However, we entered one of the cars, and seated ourselves on the boxes it contained. Luckily our Captain had several sandwiches and some apples, and on these we breakfasted. A short run of three hours, during which Caye was once knocked unconscious when the train jolted, brought us to our destination. There seemed to be no railroad station, but a forlorn-looking street car stood beside the tracks, and in this we seated ourselves. No one had yet appeared, and the condition of the road did not encourage us to make our way to the group of houses, which apparently constituted the city. Soon an elderly looking person, whose pants were held in place by several safety pins, hove in view. His face was adorned with a long silken beard, and out of his mouth protruded a straw, which he chewed with great persistance. His first expression was, "By heck!" There followed an interval of silence, during which his mouth opened and closed several times, but without anything coming out of it, not even the straw. We interrupted his oral gymnastics by inquiring as to the whereabouts of the High School. "High School," he ejaculated, "there ain't none here, We all ain't got

the time for foolishness like that. Well then," we inquired "where do they play basketball around here?" "Basketball," he said, "What's that?" We informed him that it was a form of athletic sport. "Oh sport," he said, "something like a huskin'-bee, I reckon." We did not try to enlighten him further on the point, but asked to be directed to somebody who might give us information. "You all better see Cy Hoskins," he said, "He knows most everything that goes on 'round here—he ain't got nothing else to do." When does this trolley start?" we asked. "Trolley," he said. "This ain't no trolley—this is the Station, House." We prepared to walk to the group of houses which were to be seen some distance off. Mr. Hoskins, we were told, would be found in the store. "Where do you all come from?" inquired our acquaintance. "Pittsburgh," we informed him. "Mighty far away, isn't it?" he said. Then he reflected. "About as far from here to Pittsburgh as from Pittsburgh to New York, ain't it?" "Farther," we assured him, "thinking of the trip we had made. Then we set out along a road compared to which the mud-fields of Flanders must have been boulevards. Soon we were in the village, and drew up before a wooden building, which bore a sign announcing it to be a "General Store." The same sign proclaimed that horse feed might be procured there. We glanced inside and then entered. Behind the counter stood the proprietor, and seated in front of a stove was a gentleman, whom we concluded was Mr. Hoskins. He was reclining in a posture, suggestive of comfort, and was delivering in eloquent terms, with a most impressive nasal drawl his ideas, as to how President Wilson should run things in Europe. We were sorry to interrupt him, but could he tell us where the manager of the New Martinsville basketball team was to be found? "Basketball—basketball," he said several times. "Seems to me I did hear that word before." "Let's see now," and he proceeded to think deeply projecting occasionally a stream of tobacco juice into the recesses of the stove. Meanwhile our manager produced the contract, signed, we noticed, by Cyrus Hoskins. He presented it to that individual, who on receiving it, slapped his leg and shouted, "By gum! By heck! Gosh, all hemlock, I knowed it. That's it. Waal now, young feller, and what be this all about?" Captain Walsh in a patient tone explained. At the finish, both Mr. Hoskins and the storekeeper, showed unmistakable signs of merriment. So heartily, indeed, did the former laugh, that on his concluding, his chew had disappeared—down his throat, no



doubt. "Waal that's good," he declared. "I got that there writin', but seein' I ain't never lurned to read, I couldn't make much of it. So I just tuk it to Jim Buckeye—he's the lawyer of these parts—and he reckoned he couldn'd well figger it out, but there was money mentioned, so he said maybe he'd better sign my name to it, and send it back thinkin' it might be a legacy left me by somebody," The team by this time was in a dangerous mood. They were hungry, tired and disappointed. What might have happened is hard to say, but at that moment the sound of several shots fired in quick succession was heard. We looked marvelously out the door. Mr. Hoskins, without moving, remarked casually that Jim Perkins must be out of jail again. Evidently he was, for we could hear him announcing the face himself, and politely inviting anyone who doubted it to appear, and give free passage thro' his body to the daylight. We, therefore, concluded that peaceful behavior would be more fitting on our part, since we had neglected to bring along a machine-gun and a sufficient supply of hand-grenades. We inquired tactfully as to the possibility of expenses. Mr. Hoskins was surprised. What did we mean? We told him. "Waal," he said, "it do beat all, and you all traveled here on the train. Why young fellers like you could a walked it." We stopped talking about expenses, and inquired if there were any eating houses around. He recommended us to talk to the other gentleman on that subject. "Finest eatin' anywhere," that worthy informed us. "What might you keer to have?" We decided on ham and eggs to start with. "There warn't none." Steak? "This ain't Christmas, young fellers." Well what have you then?" He exhibited his wares, and in two minutes we were in possession of two cans of tomatoes, one pound of dried prunes, a mouldy loaf and four bottles of Coca Colo, the contents of which tasted as though it had been exposed to the fresh air and sunshine for a week at least. We finished this banquet and decided to make straight for the station. There we found the station-master seated on the ground, his back propped against the trolley, or rather station. The sounds he emitted indicated beyond doubt that he was fast asleep. We aroused him, and asked what time the next train left. "Termorrer night," he muttered, and went to sleep again. Captain Walsh did not hesitate a minute. Comp-ny Tenchun!" he roared. "Forward—March." And along that railroad line we marched. Two hours' walking brought us to the station, whence we had embarked early in the

morning. We had made the journey afoot in one hour less than it took the train to make it. A Pittsburgh train was to leave in an hour. Meantime we bought a paper. It was a *Sun* three days old. Here is what we read in the Sporting Page. "On Thursday evening the strong Duquesne University High School team will line up against the fast New Martinsville five. A tight game is expected, as the New Martinsville boys have been going at a fast clip lately, and are determined not to let the Pittsburghers best them."

"Well," said McNamara, when the reading was concluded, "wait till we meet the person that wrote that article." "Yes," said Doyle, "and wait till we meet Quinn, Oh Boy!"



## OUR CAPTAIN.

**C**hoice leader of our valiant warriors five,  
**A** dedication lay to you, I sing,  
**P**erchance 'twill keep your growing fame alive,  
**T**o many youths an inspiration bring.  
**A**nd you are first to lead your fighting men  
**I**nto this flood to honor old Duquesne;  
**N**o better skilled to pass and count than when

**C**ollected forces strive to match your brain.

**C**an any words your prowess truly tell?  
**H**as any pen your classic glories told?  
**E**'en you, too great, too bashful, will not tell  
**R**ecording time what justice should unfold.  
**D**uquesne is proud of you, her worthy son;  
**I**nspiring praises ever toward you stream;  
**N**ot victories alone, you also won  
**I**ntense and ardent, unalloyed esteem.



**CAPTAIN CHERDINI**



## Rights and Immunities.

THE right of property is the bed rock upon which is erected the super-structure of government. It has its origin in man's physical necessity, and it generates his economic activity. It promotes the system of human enterprise, which regulates and directs social intercourse. It is fundamental to law and order, and its sanctity is recognized and asserted by society in effective guarantees against its violation. "Thou shalt not steal" is the most authoritative declaration of the law of property. The principle embodied in the law of property is the idea of justice translated into terms of human economy. The meaning of the law is not vague, nor is its application limited. The divine mandate is clear, even graphic, and the intention of the human law is plain, even where its language is not as perspicuous as might be desired. And the substance of its meaning is this; any act, whether of one man or a group of men, that deprives another individual or group, of the free and just exercise and enjoyment of any and all rights, privileges, benefits, and amenities, which flow from the inherent right of property, is an offense against the law of God, and a violation of the civil code.

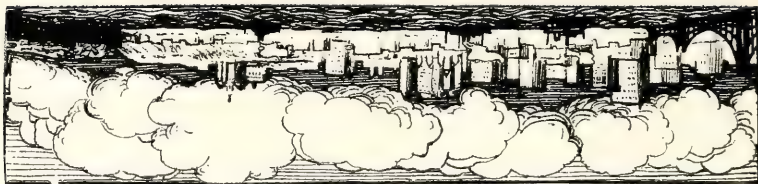
The cover page of the daily paper is blazoned with lurid details of theft and banditry, infractions of the law of property by desperate and vicious men, wretched serfs of crime whose sins have found them out. Editorial columns bristle with virtuous indignation at the laxity of the police and the impotence of municipal authorities to stem the tide of civic dereliction. Muck-rakers capitalize the defection and make social evils subserve the ends of political opportunism. Criminologists and astute scribes contribute lengthy articles to leading periodicals, discussing the growth of crime among the indigent. Snug after dinner speakers rise to advocate stern repressive measures, and rally the forces of law and order in defense of the "sacred rights of property." But regrettable, as these transgressions of the law unquestionably are, they do not in themselves constitute the most serious menace to the security of property. Police protection is normally, or can be made, adequate to cope with these casual outbreaks of the human will. The press can be relied upon to sound the alarm and cry for rigorous enforcement of the criminal statutes. And courts of justice will continue to function with swift severity when dealing with obscure offenders against the law of property. The "quality of mercy" will not be "strained" in their behalf. Society is only too ready to forget something



that goes before punishment and takes precedence over condemnation—something that Christ codified in the Sermon on the Mount, and which religion interprets as Charity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the greatest danger to the principle of property, does not lie in the vicious propensity of the miserable wretches whose misdeeds are penalized by its adjudication, nor in the fulminations of the radical groups which openly dispute its authority. The most effective attacks upon the citadel of property rights, are "camouflaged" under the putative benevolence of certain "self-constituted trustees of the national prosperity," who have established their dominion over the economic life of the nation. Within the last quarter of a century, a consolidation of commercial interests has wiped out "free competition" in the larger industries, and united separate business functions in a gigantic system of concentrated and highly centralized power. Through the extension of credit, which has created a condition of financial dependence, the investment banker has gained control of industrial trusts, railroads, public service corporations, smaller banks, and insurance companies. In defiance of the Sherman Law, great banking groups have made themselves masters of the machinery of enterprise, and while invoking the protection of the law, have persistently violated its statutes. Nor is the sinister influence of the "money trust" confined to the realm of trade. It has been extended to the field of political action. It has invaded the seat of government and entrenched itself behind the form of democratic institutions. With the connivance of corrupt public officials, and by the maintenance of paid lobbies in our houses of legislation, it is sapping the law of property at its source. By subtle encroachment, it is striving to gain control of the State, and dominate the domestic and foreign policies of the nation. A subsidized press is hiding the real issues and poisoning the ordinary channels of information with streams of propaganda. The public interest and the rights of property are being gradually subverted and rendered subservient to the selfish and greedy ones of "privilege", and from the tomb of conscience has risen a new and strange psychology, the "complex" of Big Business.

*Charles Francis Barrett, H. S., '25.*



## The Dukes Go East.

THE last two years have seen a decided and pleasant change in the make-up of our basketball schedule. In previous years the opponents of the Red and Blue were confined chiefly to Tri-State schools and teams who happened to be making a trip through this district. Now Duquesne can boast of a more comprehensive schedule for its floor artists. We have traveled to the East! And, of course, the one outstanding game, at least the one which attracts and arouses the most interest, is the annual embroglio with the United States Naval Academy. True, we have met other strong teams, both in the East and West, but the battle with Navy is just about the biggest thing on our card.

Last year we journeyed to Annapolis and handed the Middies their first defeat on their home floor in three years. Even if it was by only a two-point margin, it might just as well have been a dozen as far as the victorious cohorts of Duquesne were concerned. So great were the enthusiastic demonstrations.

This year we again made the jaunt to Maryland's State Capitol; but, alas! we returned with a different story. It was evidently the Middies' turn to taste the sweetness of victory. For let it be known that our defeat was by the same margin as was our victory the year previous. There was nothing decisive in either game, one team just naturally won, and that is all there is to it.

It might be fitting to record here a few of the incidents which occurred in our recent trip. We left Pittsburgh on Monday night, January 7th, and arrived in Washington the following morning. The Dukes did a little sight-seeing before "turning in" for a few hours' rest in preparation for the game with Catholic University. Little comment need be made on the result of this game. It was a nip-and-tuck affair, and when the final whistle blew, C. U. found they were on the long end, with two points to spare. It was easily the best brand of basketball displayed by Coach Campbell's men since the opening contest.

The next morning the boys were more than anxious to hit the rails for Annapolis. The fighting Dukes were "rarin'" to grapple with the best opposition that Navy could muster. But the beautiful buildings and surrounding grounds of Uncle Sam's Naval school served as a distraction to our party. A reception committee, consisting of two first year men (i. e. seniors), met us, and from then on showered on us the best treatment that any mortal might wish or crave for. You are the honored guests. Win or lose, you are always reminded of the fact that you are guests, and you need not look for any "faux pas" to mar the visit. The grounds and buildings were inspected by the inquisitive Dukes, who then retired (after dinner, of course,) to their rooms for a brief rest, before locking horns with the Navy goat. At four o'clock the stage was set. The "Campbells" were comin' for more laurels. The Middies were out for revenge.

Before the game was many minutes old, it was evident that the spectators were to witness one hotly contested battle. It was a replica of last season's game. The end was much in doubt. Navy substituted freely, but gained little advantage, until their captain was injected into the meleé. They spurted, tied us, and then passed us. But the wearers of the Red and Blue came hack strong and evened matters up. This was in the second half. From then on the Dukes and Middies ran neck and neck down the home stretch, with Navy having a little more of the neck—at least just enough to forge ahead by the scant margin of two points. It was a grand and glorious battle. A heart-breaker to lose. But, oh! so pleasant to win.

There was one incident which occurred during the game that should not be over-looked. It was a fine demonstration of sportmanship. The score was very close. A point to either team meant much. Navy's captain, McKee, shot a goal from the field, which brought the crowd to its feet. But before going through the hoop, the ball glanced off a railing above the banking-board. Neither official saw this, and they turned a deaf ear to Captain Cherdini's plea. They said the basket counted. At this stage McKee approached the referee and informed him that the ball hit the railing before registering. So the referee retracted his decision and the basket was not counted. It required a real sport to do this, and McKee's act is deserving of more than mere passing notice. Men of McKee's type are a credit to Collegiate sports.

After the game Coach Campbell hustled his proteges off in the general direction of the Smoky City. He nor anyone else has cause for being disappointed with the team's showing. Their team-work at times verily sparkled with brilliancy. All hats off to Coach Campbell and his band of basketeers!

C. H.



## Snowscape.

THE white mantle of Winter hides the naked fields and leafless branches, and seathes the crystal stream in an icy scabbard of shining silver. The gray lustre of the cold December sky, is a reflex of the pale radiance of the snowscape. Clouds of pearl, like celestial sheep, scud home across the heavenly vault before the shepherd, Boreas. The tempered sun sheds its fitful rays upon the wintry vista and strikes a million glittering points of light and color from the spectrum of its jeweled sheen. The magic season has wrought a miracle of change upon the barren earth. But yesterday, we saw the disheveled landscape steeped in Nature's tears, and heard the mournful threnody of autumn winds, wailing over the stricken countryside. Now, Fair Winter, with a wave of her icy wand transforms the dismal prospect, and touches it with the mystic loveliness of spotless purity. Clear, across the billowing waves of whiteness, we catch the silver melody of sleigh bells and merry children's voices, mingling in a glad cadence of health, and hope, and happiness. Not all the luscious greens of Summer, nor the golden glints of Autumn, can rival the gleaming splendor of the Snow Queen's matchless pride.

• • • • • Charles Francis Barrett, H. S., '25.





# SANCTUM

## . EDITORIAL

### *Sportsmanship.*

**S**PORTSMANSHIP defies definition, but its potency is present in mankind's very root, ever urging to an ideal of conduct.

Sportsmanship gives the other fellow a square deal for its own sake, and gives it to him cheerfully.

Sportsmanship takes bad breaks as they come and takes them with a laugh.

Sportsmanship congratulates the winner and gives hearty credit for a clean victory, even though it be registered at one's own expense.

Sportsmanship applies to every walk of life, including the home.

Sportsmanship is not being a "sport".

Sportsmanship despises whining and keeps its troubles to itself.

Sportsmanship is a synonym for gentlemanliness.

Sportsmanship pays, but no sportsman practice it for that reason.

Sportsmanship is good citizenship.

Sportsmanship abides by the rules whether it likes them or not.

Sportsmanship is a man's virtue, and the bigger the man, the more perfect the sportsman.

Sportsmanship goes the Golden Rule one better by preaching the doctrine of do for another just a little more than you would expect another to do for you.

Sportsmanship is the dominating motif of an upright life. Sportsmanship, under one name or another, under any of a thousand forms, is the force that makes this existence of ours worth living out.

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*



### ***Pittsburgh Bridges.***

THE many bridges that span our traffic-crowded rivers have given rise to heated discussion in recent times.

Resolutions were passed to raise them sufficiently to allow boats to pass by more easily; authorities insisted on regular inspection. Despite this there have been many calamities in the city caused by the lax methods of responsible persons. The bridge spanning the Allegheny at Forty-third Street burned; the Sixteenth Street bridge was completely destroyed by fire, the Point bridge has been condemned as unsafe as has the Sharpsburg bridge, the Smithfield Street bridge has been closed for days at a time for the purpose of making a few temporary repairs, and many other bridges in the city now carrying heavy traffic are absolutely dangerous.

The worst possible calamity occurred last week when a truck, bearing a heavy load of cattle, plunged into the Allegheny river, one whole section of the flooring of the Thirtieth Street bridge, on which it was traveling, giving away.

The driver of the machine and half the cattle were drowned. The helper is in a hospital suffering from the effects of his midwinter plunge.

An accident of this kind could and should have been avoided. With proper inspection the flooring of that bridge would have readily been found to be unsafe.

The people have every right to demand and expect safe bridges, inasmuch as they are the ones who pay for them, and the sooner the authorities understand this fact and take the proper means of making the bridges safe, the better it will be for all.

*J. Garrity, '24.*

**Barrymore.**

THE high standard of appreciation borne in the breasts of Pittsburghers for artistic production, manifested itself during the past week by the audiences, that during each presentation of the Shakespearean play, "Hamlet", taxed the capacity of the Alvin Theater.

The production was touching and seemed to assuage the persistent thirst of man's cultured sense for finer things. In this respect it offered a solace in the satisfaction of reaching the entity of desire, namely perfection in dramaturgy.

John Barrymore, long heralded as a master of his art, has enthroned himself in the hearts of his admirers as a genius unexcelled and unrivaled. He not only proved himself worthy of the praise that preceded him, but has even surpassed all such praiseworthy criticism.

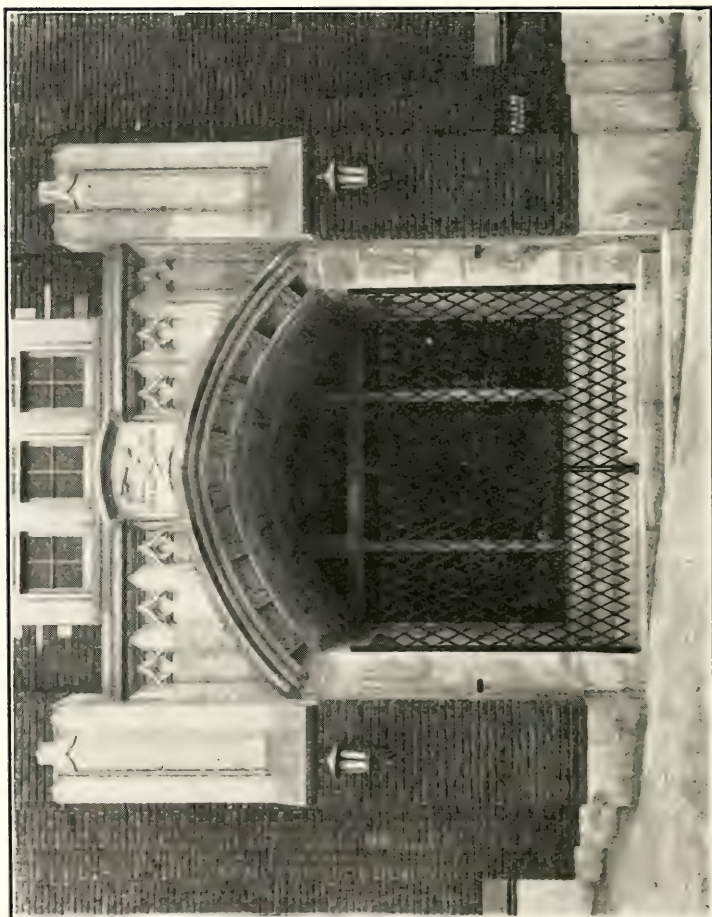
"Hamlet", is indeed, the greatest of Shakespeare's production, the master-piece of his art. It is, without doubt, the drama of dramas, the tragedy of tragedies.

To detect fault in this production seemed impossible. Its presentation was spotless, immaculate and refreshing. None but the unappreciative could speak disparagingly, or give utterance to words of condemnation.

Most lovers of Shakespeare visualize in their mind's eye the actual production of the plays by the mere reading of them. It is to the realization of this concept that Barrymore directs his efforts. He holds his audience spellbound by the magic of his art. His ease, confidence, his gestures that seem to blend harmoniously with each spoken word, adds to the tenure of enthusiasm, rendering it intense; and thus lost in the surging powers of our imagination, we behold in Barrymore a living "Hamlet", rather than a mythical creation.

*John E. Monaghan, '25.*





ENTRANCE TO GYMNASIUM





## Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

THE regular meetings of the different Units were dispensed with for the month of January, on account of the second term examinations being held on the date selected for the different meetings.

A LETTER from Rev. Frank A. Thill, Secretary and Treasurer of the Crusade was received just before the Holidays. We extend to him our sincerest thanks for his kindly wishes.

THE Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of America has now 350,000 members. A three-story building in the suburbs of Cincinnati has recently been given to the Crusade and has been made the national headquarters. "Crusade Castle", as it has been named, will be one of America's Missionary strongholds.

A GREAT honor was recently conferred upon one, whom members of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade have learned to love and admire, when Monsignor Beckman was chosen for the episcopate. We all know what zeal characterized his work for the promotion of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and are acquainted with the astonishing success that crowned his efforts. We congratulate him and heartily wish him *ad multos annos*.

A UNIQUE method for recording works offered for the missions has been placed at the entrance for the students in the "Main Building". The classes are divided so as to pray for each race. They use discs which are made of the color pertaining to the race for whom they are chosen to pray. There are five members chosen from each class, who are leaders of the works, and are assisted by other members of the class. The works offered by the students in Canevin Hall are tabulated in a book. Both methods have shown great results and the works have increased double.

The leaders are: The College Department, Charles V. O'Connor. The High School—Academic and Scientific, Fourth High, William E. Burns; Third High, John D. Holohan; First and Second High, Regis Roll. The Commercial Classes, Gerard Pleins.

*Burns-Brennan.*

## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

JANUARY 2—After almost three weeks' vacation the College Department again resumed classes. Despite the fact that this day marked the official resumption of school activities, quite a large number of the scholars absented themselves from class. Perhaps it seemed rather difficult for these to turn their attention earnestly to the former ways of school life, after having enjoyed a season of merriment and happiness.

Mr. Cingolani of football and basketball fame at Duquesne paid us a short visit, and also expressed his opinion of satisfaction and praise after watching our team practicing. He is at present connected with a law firm in Butler and meeting with considerable success.

JAN. 3—The Dukes opened their collegiate basketball season before a huge crowd when they cleverly defeated the plucky warriors representing Adrian College from Michigan by the score of 32-21. The game was very interesting and occasionally rough, but clever work on the part of both teams managed to conceal this unnecessary style of play.

The dance after the game was conducted in a very exquisite manner, and from all indications it appears that this added attraction is proving most appealing to our patrons and students.

JAN 4—On entering class, I managed to notice the return of a few students who, perhaps, on the previous evening, while attending the game, had secured the news that classes for the College Department had begun. The attendance has now increased to about 98 per cent.

JAN. 5-6—The Duke adherents are now centering their attention on the coming important encounters with Catholic University and Navy. The Campbellites have been practicing rather hard and strenuously during the past few days in order that they might accomplish the feat of returning home with the elusive and much-coveted "bacon" of victory.

JAN. 7—The High School Department, which contented itself with beginning Christmas vacation on December 21st instead of the 14th, as was permitted the College men, returned to school

to-day, quite ready to undertake immediate steps in preparation for the second term examinations.

The 'Varsity completed its final workout and at 10 P. M. left the Smoky City on board the B. & O. in quest of laurels in foreign courts. The student body extend their best wishes for a most successful trip.

JAN. 8. (Washington, D. C.—After a night of rolling, bouncing, and holding on, which is quite necessary while making use of the pullman, especially the B. & O., we arrived in the city of law-makers at 9 A. M. After a hearty and much-needed breakfast the squad traveled via trolley to Catholic University, where we were assigned to our rooms, and here deposited our luggage. The remaining part of the morning was spent on a sight-seeing tour throughout Washington.

Since another page gives further details of this trip, I shall only add that a surprise greeted me before the game, when I was given a telegram, which on hurriedly opening, I found to be from our dear and loyal supporter, Father Mac. He extended his greetings to the team, and informed us that he was quite anxious to read of a victory over Navy on the following day. I am extremely sorry that we could not carry out his wish, but I can assure him that we tried mighty hard.

JAN. 10. (Aboard the Pittsburgh limited).—"Bill" Tracey, our elongated tip-man, experienced the most difficulty this morning in his attempt to dress in an upper berth, where throughout the night he was forced to seek repose in a crouched position.

We arrived in the "Smoky City" at 8:45 A. M., and after a hearty breakfast at Childs', everyone sought the quickest and shortest road leading to home sweet home and—rest.

The Freshman class of the Arts Department held their initial dance of the year in the new gymnasium, and had as their honored guests, the members of the basketball squad.

A very large and fine crowd attended the dance, which was conducted in a most pleasing manner, and to the satisfaction of all those present. Let us hope that a few more of these affairs will be held during the new year.

JAN. 11—The Duquesne "Preps" found things rather easy and to their liking when they met and defeated Shadyside Academy by the overwhelming score of 33-9. Shadyside com-

pletely lacked the fighting spirit that she possessed a few years back when she reigned supreme on the floor.

JAN. 14—The time of reckoning is gradually drawing near, and with it comes thoughts of weary and dreary hours of early morning. To-day a week will mark the beginning of the second term examinations. In recalling the enjoyment of the past holidays, it seems almost impossible that such a time of worry and over-exertion should present itself to mar the thoughts of a tranquil and still resting mind.

JAN. 15—The students of the College Department attended their usual weekly Mass in the University Chapel. After Mass they were addressed by the Rev. Father Williams, who was called upon to render a few remarks during the absence of the Very Reverend Father Hehir.

A very saddening and sorrowful bit of news reached the ears of the student body, particularly the College Department, when they were informed of the unexpected death of Father Carroll's mother in Ireland.

We all unite in extending our most sincere condolence and, by means of prayer and offerings, we beseech The Almighty to grant her eternal peace and happiness.

JAN. 16—Before what appeared to be the largest gathering of spectators, the Dukes easily managed to gain the upper hand in their contest with their rivals, Waynesburg College, when they defeated them by the score of 28-16. The defensive work of the entire Duke squad featured, when they successfully held the enemy to four scattered field goals.

JAN. 17—The Seniors and Juniors of the Arts college, in a body, attended a Solemn High Requiem Mass and received Holy Communion in the College Chapel in respect to the recent death of Father Carroll's mother. Father Carroll acted as celebrant, while Father McDermott and Father Mehler were deacon and subdeacon respectively.

*Charles J. Cherdini.*







### As to Basketball.

Coach Bill Campbell has guided his Duke basketball quintet through six tussles to date. Just half of these have resulted in victory. The remainder are entered on the opposite side of the sports ledger for 1924. Campbell deserves a heap of credit. He took charge of a squad on whose roster reposed the names of but two veterans—one of whom, Coy Harrison, has been out of the last two games because of a nasal injury—and welded together a machine at once respected and feared by all opponents. Granted that the new mentor was favored by the presence of excellent material among first year men; still it is frequently a more difficult task for an instructor to bring co-ordination to a group of stars than to develop the potentialities of mediocre talent.

So far Duquesne has defeated Heinz House, Adrian College, and Waynesburg, all by rather overwhelming margins. She has lost to Catholic University, the United States Naval Academy, and Thiel, games with C. U. and the Navy having been staged abroad. Further, none of her trimmings have been registered by margins of more than three points. In colloquial terms, that record is not to be guffawed at. Then, when it is considered that the team is really just getting together, much reason for optimism is to be found.

As we see it, two defects must be eradicated if final success is to be achieved. First of these is the tendency of a couple of members of the squad to dribble and shoot in situations where the logical play is to pass. Nothing is more disgusting to an audience than to watch an individual player parading his wares to the grandstand. Nothing is more harmful to the work of an aggregation as a whole than having within its ranks men who have one eye for the basket, the other for the ball, and none for the remaining four members of the crew. A pretty fair admonition for a floor mentor to frame and hang in the clubhouse would be: "PASS THE BALL OR PASS OUT!"

The second malady to be eliminated is that of procrastination. Merely because last-half rallies in an early victory or two piled up heavy totals for the Red and Blue, there was manifest throughout the Thiel contest a disposition to loaf. That must be cut out! The rules of basketball call for a game of four 10-minute periods. Why some chaps imagine that there are but two frames--and both of these in the second half--is a mystery. Goals tallied in stanza one count exactly as much in the final reckoning as those netted in chapter four. Even the writer, whose athletic career cannot by any stretch of possibility be said to have been laid along lines of the cage pastime, has heard this again and again. Certainly the fact is self-evident enough to have dawned upon athletes in college.

However, it is not our purpose to criticize unreservedly. The Dukes are going well. They have their faults, but it is probable that these will be corrected before many days. It requires practice aplenty to produce a champion five. Bill Campbell and his men are doing their part. Captain Cherdini, Coy Harrison, Roy O'Donovan, Tracey, McGivern and the rest look mighty good from where we sit. Experience together is what they need and they're getting that. We at Duquesne have been spoiled by such exploits as were those of Ollie Kendricks and his 1923 hustlers. Give the Campbell clan a chance, and see Chuck and company rise from now on!

#### The New Gym.

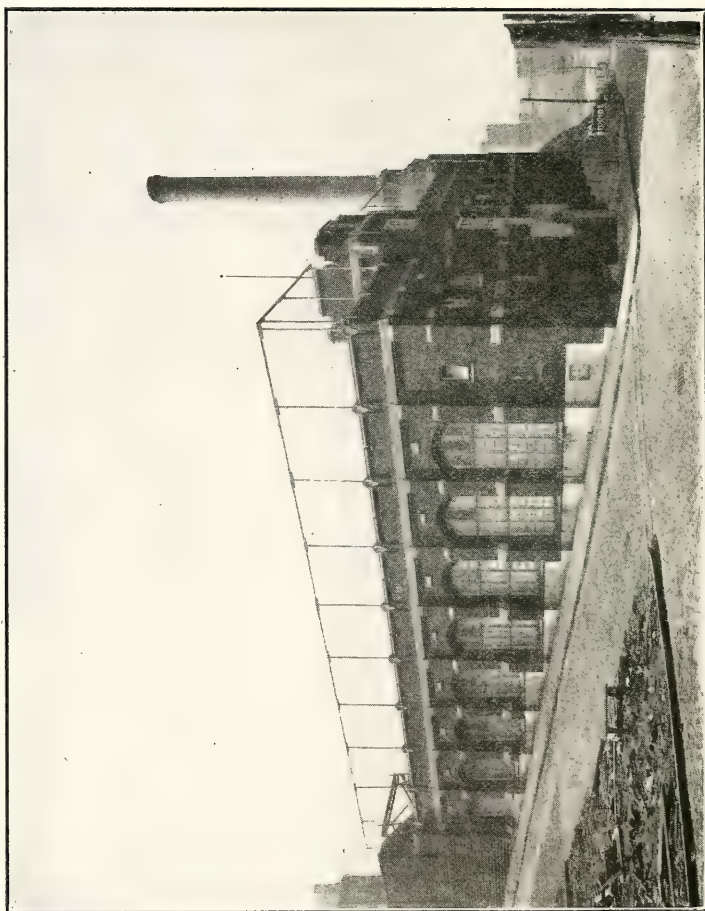
This being the gymnasium number of the MONTHLY and filled with photographs of the structure, Captain Chuck Cherdini of the floor squad and what not, it may not be amiss to include in this department a few words on the significance of this, the Dukes' latest stride forward in the field of athletics. Not being up in our architecture we rather fear to go into a description of the building. Let it suffice that playing space for basketball, lighting effect, and accommodations for the audience are the most satisfactory visiting teams that Pittsburgh fans have ever enjoyed. For years past Duquesne had been forced to one of two alternatives, either to entertain out-of-town cage outfits in the old, slant-floored gym under the chapel, or to rent Motor Square Garden or Montefiore Hall. For obvious reasons both procedures were unsuitable. Certain schools, seizing on conditions here as an excuse, refused to encounter Duquesne in the Bluffites' home diggings. Red and Blue quintets worked continually at a dis-

advantage. Forced to meet rival aggregations on unfamiliar ground, often before openly hostile crowds, they saw hard-earned records shattered, felt victory that was logically theirs, torn from their exhausted grasp. But all that has been changed. No institution can now ignore Duquesne's plea for home games without laying itself open to the ancient charge of "dogging it." It is to be hoped that in the future none of Duquesne's little play-mates will draw down such an accusation. However the point is this. The new gymnasium marks the entrance of the Red and Blue into Class A college athletics. We admit that our grid outfits have been no world-beaters to date. But football is just one major sport in three. Duquesne eats no one's dust at basketball or baseball, and it'll not be long until she ranks with the best of 'em at the fall pastime and at tennis. The gymnasium has its part in all of this. As such and of itself it is a worthy monument to Father McGuigan, who made it possible a fitting shrine to Captain Cherdini and his gallant warriors, who have first defended 'Varsity honor within its walls.

#### **Roy O'Donovan.**

Last winter there was the deuce to pay in Western Pennsylvania scholastic circles. A lad from Homestead High School was denied permission to compete in the state floor elimination series. The boy's name was Roy O'Donovan and the "crime" for which a number of so-called "sportsmen" set him down was that of being over 21 years of age. Anyway that was the reason given when Roy was declared ineligible to play with his mates in those historic Center County battles. Persons who know are more inclined to the opinion that the Homesteader's principal fault was a broadcasted ability to shoot baskets and handle the inflated sphere—but that is beside the question, as is the fact that considerable doubt was expressed at the time as to whether or not O'Donovan was really over the age limit. The thing is this: most devotees of the game around here, including the writer, wondered why on earth so much hullabaloo was being raised over a mere high school athlete. Let 'em play with O'Donovan or without him, but make room on the Sports Page for the genuine low-down on something really important.

Now we have learned something. Roy O'Donovan entered school at Duquesne this fall. Later he came out for the cage crew of his friend, Bill Campbell. Still later we watched him do his stuff for Duquesne. Then, without further delay, we realized



GYMNASIUM, FROM COLBERT STREET



why Homestead had gone into mourning when she lost his services. Roy is a born basketball star. Without hesitation we rank him with the greatest the University has ever had. He is a chap to be spoken of in a breath with Klinzing, Cumbert, Obruba, Cherdini, Harrison and other illustrious sons of *Alma Mater*. He has everything in the way of mechanical skill, he shoots, dribbles, jumps, and passes with consummate ease and form. Best of all he is a team man. If Roy O'Donovan cares how many field goals are to be credited to Roy O'Donovan in the morning papers, Roy O'Donovan doesn't show it on the floor. If another man is under the net and O'Donovan has the ball, the man under the net gets it *pronto*. If O'Donovan has a chance for a shot, and someone else has a better one, O'Donovan doesn't shoot. What finer tributes could be paid than these? Stick around for four years, Roy, old fellow!

#### Concerning Games To Date.

DUQUESNE 33, HEINZ HOUSE 22. Cherdini and company got off to a good start on the Hill floor. The Bluffites were a trifle slow stepping out, but pulled far enough ahead in the second half to annex a sure-enough win, delighting over a thousand spectators, the largest indoor gathering in the history of the school. Heinz House, by the way, slapped Wash-Jeff for a row of hen-coops on the North Side a few evenings later.

DUQUESNE 32, ADRIAN 21. Adrian came on from Michigan to assist the Bluffites in the formal opening of the new gym. Adrian went back to Michigan sadder and wiser. The Red and Blue could scarcely have been said to have been in top form in the tilt, but even so managed to out-class the Westerners and plunge various visiting rooters into the doldrums.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY 24, DUQUESNE 21. A lengthy trip, lack of experience together, and the cleverness of Lynch of C. U. combined to hand the Hillmen their initial walloping of the season. The Washingtonians passed brilliantly, and displayed such proficiency at "freezing" the pellet that almost the entire third period was consumed by their stalling and tossing the ball about.

NAVY 29, DUQUESNE 27. The Dukes hooked up with Annapolis the afternoon following the C. U. tussle. It was a battle from whistle to whistle. After 40 minutes of clean but furious milling, the Middies emerged with a two-point advantage, gain-

ing sweet revenge for the 28-26 trimming handed them by the Pittsburghers just a year before. Another game with the Annapolis was arranged for 1925 immediately after the fracas. No date has been settled upon as yet.

DUQUESNE 28, WAYNESBURG 16. The Yellow Jackets, featuring Red Irwin of McKeesport, were expected to furnish all the opposition the Dukes could handle. They didn't. Twenty-eight, and-a-half minutes of the joust had gone by ere the visitors found the home loop. The answer is told in the score.

THIEL 29, DUQUESNE 26. The contest is rather a sore spot. To begin with Duquesne was reckoned winner on advance dope, and it is both disappointing and embarrassing to figure a game is "in" and then to lose it. The skirmish was close enough as it was to have gone to either outfit. The sad part of it was that it didn't go to the Dukes. The gang must have figured on a last-quarter rally to carry through on. Probably Thiel figured the same way. Thiel was right. Duquesne men refused to follow up their shots, Harrison was out most of the game with a broken nose, and that, as nearly as we can figure it, is why the Dukes were bumped off.

#### MUSINGS OF THE MONTH.

Banked stands in the new gym have proven the most effective aid of the decade to organized cheering. There are no six ways about it; if Duquesne is to enjoy proper student support at athletic contests, the undergraduate body must be seated in mass formation.

Action is to be passed this month on whether or not Duquesne will go in for a formal tennis team. We suggest that at the same meeting plans be adopted for laying out and equipping the courts. It is quite likely that the net sport will be taken up indoors upon the close of the basketball season. If so, several local racquet aces will be asked to play here in exhibition matches.

While on the subject of tennis, it may be well to note that the spring tournament will be run off early in April if the rectangles are put into shape by then. Aspirants to the 'Varsity crown had best begin batting pellets around getting into trim. No pat-a-ball chopper will cop the trophy.

*Paul G. Sullivan, B. A., '25.*

### **Duke Preps.**

The Duke Preps have won four of their last five games. The single defeat suffered was administered by Turtle Creek Unions of football fame.

Sewickley High School was defeated in the formal opening of the new gymnasium by the score of 28-15. By some clever shooting and floor work, our boys led at half time by ten points. Heyl was the out-standing star of the game, scoring eight baskets from the field.

At Turtle Creek, the following night, the fast-going Dukes were defeated, 31-18. The Preps were without the services of Murphy and Uhrine owing to the Christmas holidays. The injection of Captain Holahan in the second half added pep to the team, and the Bluffites threatened to tie the score.

Next, the "Hi" boys trimmed Shadyside Academy on the home floor. The visitors failed to make a field goal in the first half, and gardened only one two-marker during the entire game.

Heyl and Holahan were the leading scorers with four baskets each.

Sharpsburg High School was our next opponent. Friendly rivalry existed between the two teams owing to one of our former professors, Mr. B. J. Steggart, who is now principal of the institution. Sharpsburg led at half time by the score of 21-6, and had the game practically sewed up.

The contest turned out to be one of the best games seen on the local floor in many a moon.

The Dukes came back in the second half and tied the score, and defeated the visitors in an extra period, 30-28.

Heyl and Pickett were the leading scorers, with five baskets apiece, the latter's all-around team work stood out prominently, while the air-tight guarding of Murphy and Uhrine in the second half kept the visitors' score down.

Captain Holahan viewed the game from the side line owing to a broken finger.

### **Juniors.**

The "Little Preps" are rapidly rounding into form after receiving setbacks at the hands of Braddock and Turtle Creek Seconds.

The Juniors defeated Sharpsburg Seconds on the home count by the score of 20-14. McGerverey was the leading scorer, while the all-around team work of Captain Kiefer was noticeable.

*J. E. M., H. S., '24.*

## Exchanges.

*St. Mary's College Messenger.*

It is many months since the reviewer has encountered a college periodical which strikes him with the force of the *Messenger*. The young ladies of St. Mary's College and Academy deserve all sorts of congratulations for the excellent booklet produced by them to close the old year. Appearance, make-up, matter—all bespeak the feminine touch one hears of so often, yet discovers so seldom. The work of one girl in particular, a Miss Beattie of the Class of '24, is truly remarkable. To a chap tired of wading through copy, fit only for the scholastic scrap-heap, trash dashed off by more or less disinterested students merely for the sake of filling space, Miss Beattie's splendid efforts come rather as a draught of cool air to the perspiring toiler in a furnace-room. Her pageant of Ste. Therese, "The Little Way", is truly amazing. Frankly, the reviewer had lost all belief that such things were done in colleges any more. It is refreshing to note that in Monroe, Michigan, at least, there is one who combines the fervor to devote attention to the religious drama with the discrimination and taste to keep from it suggestion of that "milk-soppishness" which frequently mars it. The dialogue is in verse, but is not at all stilted. Through the piece runs an aesthetic strain that beyond shadow of doubt proclaims the authoress a person of poetic mettle. She, indeed, must have been one of those fortunate prodigies who "lisped in numbers."

But there is more to the *Messenger* than merely this. The prolific pen of the same Miss Beattie—she is editor-in-chief, too, by the way—furnishes delightful prose. A Miss Schmidt contributes commendable verse. Mention is due her "Old Year and the New". In point of fact, the magazine contains quite considerably more along lyric lines than any similar journal the reviewer has ever seen. All of it is above the average, too. "Results of the Norman Conquest" catches the fancy. The predominant note in the issue at hand is missionary spirit. An essay or two on general topics might be added without loss either to missions or to the balance of the paper.

*P. G. S., '25.*



*Ariston.*

The Winter edition of the *Ariston* may truly be called a college magazine. It is a publication of versatile scholars not lacking individuality.

"One Christmas Eve" is highly amusing in so far as it departs from the hackneyed plot of the average story. The writer shows skill in veiling the climax and keeping the reader conjecturing as to the outcome.

"The Problem Method of Teaching History" is a vivid exposition advancing convincing arguments for the "problem method."

"The Descriptive Sketches" are real gems of the imagination, they conjure up clear entrancing, picturesque images.

*The Niagara Index.*

*The Niagara Index* is a monthly of unusual merit. It contains poetry that is beautiful in thought and expression and prose that is of exceptional clearness and persuasion.

"Ahigh from the Southland" contains all the "home-sickness" of a loyal student for his *Alma Mater*. The Encyclical of Leo XIII., in which the writer shows the ways in which Capital and Labor can be conciliated, is written in a most masterly style. Aside from being a solution for labor troubles, it shows the great mind of the illustrious pontiff.

A. C., '24.

*St. Vincent College Journal.*

The January issue of the journal contains some timely and well-written essays. "Religion at the Breakfast Table" is a condemnation of the practice of fulfilling the Sunday obligation by listening to services over the Radio. "A Debate in a Smoking Car" is an explanation of the celibacy of priests. "As Shakespeare Represents Them" is a review of the characters of the play "Julius Caesar". The author criticizes Shakespeare for idealizing his characters. The principal merits of this treatise are its length and the number of quotations.

N. J. S., '24.

*Trinity Alumni Register.*

The greatest factor in keeping a school abreast of the times is an active alumni association; for graduates can (if they have the proper spirit) materially help the progress of the school either financially or what is more important by their moral sanction and support. The greatest factor in keeping an alumni association active is an alumni journal. The *Trinity Alumni Register* published by loyal "grads" of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., speaks volumes for the love which they have for their *Alma Mater*. The *Register* has a lively and interesting department devoted to "College News" which keeps its readers well informed as to the activities at their *Alma Mater*. There are several literary contributions of such high tenor that a mere student could not criticize in any but laudable fashion.

An interesting football history of the "Old Days" written by an old athlete is, if not exactly a literary master-piece, told in a delightfully interesting, and I might say, retrospective way, which when read by younger people, is found very pleasing.

J. A. N., '24.

*The Abbey Student.*

Much indeed can be said in adulation of the make-up and general run of *The Abbey Student*. Suffice to say that it is of the stamp, which encourages one to take a look a bit farther than upon its olive drab cover page.

We find its contents quite enjoyable; the delicious sunshine and country of Kansas lends much to its story, and more so to its poetic setting. Such are much in evidence; noticeably "laureate" in "Ezra and Ma" which to our mind takes the premium for short story attempts. Not for quality of plot and less so of style in an accepted sense does it eclipse contemporary offers. Ten or more years ago, rustic dialect so greatly the vogue of "Ezra and Ma's" lingo was funny. To-day the ordinary country inhabitant can as likely sport a College Diploma with its gift of straight English as a fourth grade certificate plus the marked "by heck" farmer burlesque of good Anglo-Saxon. In 1924 we must label such expositions of "old stuff" unusual and even pleasant, providing its research is not overdone.

"O Min—the Detectives", is neatly carved from a marked portion of Stevenson's genius but a deploring lack of the Pinkerton brand. To put constructive advice in friendly fashion: "The literary value of human stories means little more than reality and genuineness of story incidents; page Nick Carter for a few turns instead of Robert Louis Stevenson and try the 'detective' idea again."

In point of essays, "Newman and Emerson" and "Washington Irving for the Blues" are somewhat pedantic; quite too much useless quotation in proportion to useful comment. Anything worth quoting is worthy of comment, but leave the latter be direct and pointed, not figurative and aimless; sense out the primary meaning before starting. Both essays, indeed, show ability of authorship, but it is slightly misdirected.

The verse, while petite in quantity has a decided raciness well reflexive that much potency is behind it. In this department, *The Abbey Student*, as the majority of school publications is sadly negligible. Its literary lilt in general, however, quite approaches the eclat of premier school publications.

B. J. A., '25.

### *The Campion.*

The Autumn issue of *The Campion*, neatly clad, shows good judgment, both in its binding and its contents. One need only to look at its attractive covering to judge what the pages within are like. The note of attractiveness is maintained throughout. Believing in making the first impression as good as possible, the beginning is one of picture and poetry, which is quite an artistic blending.

"Resurget" a vivid little poem is as beautiful as the willow girdled rivulet opposite. "The Sky at Sunset" and "God's Trees" are almost gem-like in their beauty, and the only regret is that they are so short. It seems that the poetry is far happier in composition than the prose.

Among the works in the latter style, "One Short", is a story full of "pep" which does full credit to this age of "flappers and jazz". "Character" and "Reading" are well done. "The Sixteenth Century and America" is an essay that is handled with scholarly care.

S. J. T., '25.

The biggest boob of all is the fellow who thinks that a bull-rush is a cattle stampede.

"Now I've made my egg-sit," said the hen, as she flew out of the nest.

Waiter—"Does Monsieur desire garlic with his salad?"

Customer—"No, not a trace. Don't even breathe on it."

R. W. Fisher

R. W. Fisher, Jr.

Hermann Laub, Jr.

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# Duquesne Monthly

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Number 6.

## TO SAINT THOMAS.

### I.

☉ SAINT of Aquin, Light of Light Divine,  
Angelic Doctor, princely intellect,  
We beg thee on fair Reason's path direct  
Our steps toward following thine own design.

### II.

Thou foundst the world of thought with discord rife;  
Thou left it ordered, synthetized aright;  
But better far than this didst thou unite  
A Godly doctrine to a Godly life.

### III.

Thrice-scintillating mind was thine alone;  
To parallel thy work is not for us;  
Thy virtues we can practice, though, and thus,  
In some degree thine excellence may own.

*Paul G. Sullivan, A. B., '25.*



## St. Thomas, the Poet.

Thomas Aquinas.

**B**Y the great multitude, the poetry of St. Thomas, while most of it is well known and justly popular is not recognized as the product of his pen. He is to them only the supreme arbiter of Scholastic thought and the author of the *Summa*. In their recognition of him, is lacking the softer touch that more often deals with the fabric of dreams than the texture of reality. He was a philosopher; philosophy is a science; science is facts, cold, hard and pointed; and so it is this side of Aquin that is most often and clearly associated with his name. His eminence in the realms of speculation bars him from just recognition for his metric perfection.

Thomas, in his poetry, is called the "Champion of the Blessed Sacrament" as it was to the end of glorifying the Divine Lord, Who concealed Himself within the Sacred Species that Aquinas mostly turned his lyric pen, as gloriously shown in the living praise that moves and breathes throughout his holy Liturgy. The fullness of his own simple, whole and ardent love is like a gentle undertone that plays a background to the theme that is the subject of his verse. His own devoted application of intense and glowing love pervades all his writings and lend themselves in such prodigal profuseness that the hymns can never seem to be the results of ages past, but ever to be the expressions of to-day. And yet despite the splendour of his work there is a strange thing in the poetry of the Angelic Doctor.

He was not the born genius that are most of the world's immortals; his productions were not those of the blazing pen that is "fed by hidden fires" but rather the results of methodic and intense study and application aided and fructified by momentary inspiration. His was not the perpetually burning and all consuming flame that produced the "Illiad" or the "Inferno"; his was not the precipitate leap to matchless heights that bore us "L' Allegro" and "Comas"; his was not the effortless and unguided touch that produced the "Lady of the Lake" and brought about the charming beauty of "Evangeline"; his was not the uncontrollable hysteria that made the "Marseillaise"; no, his efforts rival none of these in their ungoverned flight. All his works are built upon a most painstakingly correct and very nearly perfect under structure of mechanical outline. His poetry, it may be said, came not with him, but from him. His choicest and most delightful pieces, while they are the utmost in beauty of construction and surety of expression, have not the living note

of spontaneity that marks those named above, but his are rather the perfect product of the master of technique. His pictured words do not leap forth to clutch the soul and to strike to the heart with needle pain of poignant and voluptuous joy that is the power of unfettered genius; yet, everywhere throughout his work is the glowing health of physical perfection. His beauty is that of cut and polished crystal, rather than the shimmering iridescence of native pearl.

Aquinas had too well-observed and too steadily practiced the trades of intellectual construction to be the free and flighty dreamer of fancied poesy. His results are ever built on foundations of trial and application, yet throughout all his poems there is a fineness and finality of workmanship that continually approach the realms, sacred to the tenders of the "Eternal Fires", as extracts from his works will show. In his office for the Feast of Corpus Christi is seen the almost divine beauty that marks Thomas's passionate love of the Sacrament of Life. Here is found the wondrous glory of the *Sacris Solemnis* of which no translation, however fine, can retain the metred beauty and classical perfection. Here is perfect mastery and almost fanatic zeal blending into a celestial symphony of beauty unbelievably inspiring.

Then turn ear to the hushed and reverent awe that marks the *Verbum Supernum Prodiens*!

"The Word descending from above  
Though with the Father still on high  
Went forth upon His work of love  
And soon to Life's last eve drew nigh."

In these, his praises of the "Blessed Sacrament", St. Thomas like an expert organist, touches all the stops and keys, drawing from the instrument all its notes and shadings with a skill truly marvelous. Nowhere is there in his recitation even the slightest suggestion of a moment's hesitation or uncertainty. Attend to the way in which from the delightful simplicity of:

"Down in adoration falling  
Lo! the Sacred Host we hail,  
So, o'er ancient forms departing  
Newer rites of grace prevail,"

he thunders into the triumphant jubilation.

"Sion, lift thy voice and sing.  
Praise thy Savior, praise thy King."

This, his *Lauda Sion*, gives to St. Thomas his greatest single line, a delicious poetic confection, a true gem of rarity and lustre;

"Faith, the law of sight transcending,  
Leaps to things not understood."

Note, too, how he achieves the truly great in the elusive and inexpressibly delicate shadings that make the almost imperceptible difference between the tones of the *Pange Lingua* and *O Salutaris*. Then once again he breaks forth as a master stroke with the victorious glory that throbs and trembles in the absolute perfection and swelling beauty of the *Sacrum Convivium*,

"Oh Sacred Bread that gives us God,  
That makes His death reality  
That fills our souls with praise and thanks  
And pledges Immortality."

C. V. O'Connor, '24.



## SAINT PATRICK.

BEHOLD, as one attains the student's age,  
And turns, at length, his mind to history's page,  
And seeks, until he finds the tale of old,  
And smiles with happiness, as it is told  
Of one, Saint Patrick, of immortal fame,  
Successor to Palladius, whose name  
Did good Celestine choose, to lead the way,  
That all within the Isle might see the day  
And learn of Christ, for He would have it done,  
So they would be united into one.  
And thus, does Patrick, saint and soldier grand,  
Invade the place, whose people and whose land  
Have since been known, in every clime, as good,  
Because they heard aright, and understood.  
And now, the day has come to us once more,  
And we are mindful of the trials he bore.  
So let us honor him with outward show,  
And tell this world of the friend we know.

T. Murray O'Donnell, '27.





## Hamlet, a la Barrymore.

“**B**ARRYMORE'S Hamlet!” What imagery the phrase conjures, what golden fancies, what visions of our theatrical best! This latest conception of the Danish Prince may not be the greatest the world has seen to date; but reviewers, even in criticizing, set it hard upon the apex, at least negatively, by refusal to place previous interpretation of the part ahead of it. Dale, Benchley, Broun, Mantle, satirical columnists all, cannot help but apply healing balm along with their rasping, barbed shafts anent the play. Press notices label the production the “finest achievement of the American stage,” a statement broad, indeed, and savoring perhaps of Mr. Arthur Hopkins' wish rather than his thought; yet, one hesitates to contradict, lest one be called upon to name the superior of brilliant tragedian in stupendous tragedy. Certainly one may say the combination warrants the deference of lovers of the drama, worshippers at the Muse's shrine who speak the words almost in a whisper: “Barrymore's Hamlet!”

It was with something akin to surprise that I received news of Mr. Barrymore's coming. That we of the provinces—intellectual mugwumps that we are—should be favored by the appearance of a man whose genius is usually reserved for the edification of Times Square intelligentsia, for the sophisticated children, born, adopted, and imported, of an effete metropolis, was well nigh unthinkable. I recovered sufficiently, however, to purchase a seat as near the front as a gracious management would accommodate me, and as near the rear as the same management dared sell tickets for. Consequently opening night found me waiting the curtain, rather awed by an unaccustomed thrill of anticipation, and vaguely disturbed that I had missed my guess in discarding the idea of formal attire—I feared to be confounded with various servitors about the establishment—only to discover that the dinner coat had attained unprecedented vogue with male members of the audience.

Then the curtain rose! For nearly four hours thereafter I forgot dinner coats and all else, save the plot unfolding before me. I had seen Hamlet done before, and done well, but never

like this. Barrymore, I had been informed, would be excellent, but he would always be Barrymore. So he was; Barrymore was decidedly Barrymore, and he was quite as decidedly Hamlet. The characters blended perfectly. The actor was born for the part. The only pity is that he had not played it a few years earlier. Young he still is, but it will not be overlong ere this magnificent portrayer of the Dane will have grown just a trifle too mature for the role. Already one may trace fine lines in his face that belie the youth in his figure. But that is beside the point. I write of the present, and at the present Barrymore is the Hamlet supreme.

The college critic may no more presume to pick flaws in this splendid new version of Shakespeare's immortal drama than he may presume to point a finger of scorn at the play itself. The Barrymore gesture, the Barrymore delivery, the Barrymore poise, are superb. The actor's early training in the school of light comedy has developed in him a lightness, a touch, that eludes the straight tragedian. As a consequence he brings forth from Hamlet possibilities that none but perhaps Booth had discovered previously in the character. The distracted prince is not made the ranting madman of Sothorn; nor yet the morose avenger of Mantell; nor even the moody, sighing creature of Hampden. Rather is Barrymore keen, spirited, at times even droll, in the part. His almost instinctive appreciation of the role he portrays enables him to discern crest of action from trough, so that from first scene to last there is maintained an air of naturalness altogether foreign to most productions of to-day.

Even in a performance so uniformly good, the star struck certain high spots which merit particular mention. Foremost was his version of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be—." Lines into which few interpreters of Shakespeare have failed to inject a note of artificiality he carried off precisely as one would imagine Hamlet himself, had he existed, would have spoken them. The two dialogues with Polonius were superb. Forbes-Robertson could have done no better. In the encounter with Laertes at the grave of Ophelia, Barrymore reached an emotional pitch worthy of his greatest predecessors, his passionate declarations standing out doubly accentuated in contrast to the rather inane performance of the young man cast as the brother of the heroine. The duel was slightly less impressive than that staged by Hampden, mainly because Barrymore is hardly the swordsman his younger rival appears to be. Yet the trifling weakness was more than atoned for by the electric strength, the virile pathos, of Barry-

more's conception of the prince, who dying, dissuades the suicidal intent of the beloved Horatio and passes into the beyond with the stoic phrase, "The rest is silence!"

Upon Barrymore's supporting cast, praise may not be lavished so unstintedly. Still it was perceptibly above the average. The aged Polonius could scarcely have been improved upon. The Queen offered a vigorous and most pleasing portrayal. Horatio, in a character of no great possibilities, was natural and thoroughly human, while the First Grave-digger helped along an amateurish partner in a scene that has won plaudits from time immemorial despite its rather gruesome run of comedy. Ophelia did well in an insipid part. The Ghost was lerie enough, but his intonations might have been a bit less sepulchral. The remaindor of tne company, including the King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern rose but little above comfortable mediocrity.

A paragraph may very properly be devoted to the arrangement and settings of the production. I was pleasurably surprised at the brief intervals between scenes and acts. Happy employment of the drop-curtain and perfect lighting effects eliminated far the worst of the wearisome waiting that has become almost proverbial with Shakesperian presentations. Much copy has been written commenting on the broad permanent stairs that well-nigh monopolize the stage throughout the performance. The steps are erected perhaps eighteen feet to the rear of the footlights, extend the full width of the platform at their lowest, and range upward pyramidally to an arched entryway a good five yards from the floor. The entrance untapestried, we have a scene on the battlements—or a hall in the palace. With the drop, we have a council chamber. A large curtain upstage, excluding occasionally all view of the stairs, served as background for various minor settings. All in all, an impression of beauty and harmony is gathered, though it must be admitted that the almost ever-present vision of steps grows a trifle monotonous, particularly after Ophelia, in maddened frenzy, has raced up and down them half a dozen times. Technically, a superfluity of Ophelia distraught is the sole marring feature of an exceptionally well-chosen book. But that is nothing compared to the excellence of the composite. To twist a phrase of the Bard's to the usage twentieth-century vernacular, "the play's the THING!"

*Paul G. Sullivan, '24.*



## Aquinas On Instrumental Causality.

THE underlying principles of all things, of things real, and of things that exist only in the mind, all find their determination in the theory of causes. A cause, considered purely in itself, means anything that may have an influence in the production of a thing. It is the "what", "why", "wherefore", and "how" of anything produced, or of any effect. Causes, however, may be of two kinds: intrinsic to the thing produced, or extrinsic to it. The intrinsic causes are the material cause and the formal cause; the extrinsic, the final and efficient causes. The material cause of anything is that passive element out of which the thing is formed; as, for example, wood is the material cause of a chair or a table, because this or that particular chair or table was made out of wood. The formal cause of a thing is that intrinsic element that makes the thing be what it is and nothing else. For example, the statue of Napoleon is a statue of Napoleon because it is his statue, and not the statue of Caesar, of Hannibal, of Moses. These two causes, the material and formal, are rightly said to have an intrinsic connection with the object, or effect, they govern, for in both taken together, there exists the very make-up and essence of the thing. The material cause, on the one hand, gives the elements out of which the thing may be produced; while, on the other hand, the formal cause shapes these crude elements into some one specific order of being, making the thing be what it is in such a way that it cannot be anything else.

The two extrinsic causes of things are the final and efficient causes. The final cause determines the "why" of a thing, the reason, purpose, or end of its existence. A person going to church always has a reason for doing so, be it vainglory, pride, or praise of the Lord—or, perhaps, some other reason than those mentioned. Yet, no matter what purpose he has in mind for going to, this motive that draws out from him the action of going is called the final cause of his act. The efficient cause of a thing is contained in the being that gives existence to the thing. The efficient cause of the world is God; of a poem, a Milton, a Shakespeare, or a Dante; of a statue, Michael Angelo. This cause is the most extrinsic to its object, for it is entirely outside the being it brings into existence. But the connection of the efficient cause with its object is one of paramount importance, because if this cause were taken away nothing could be given



existence. Thus, whatever exists, must have its efficient cause. This axiom of causality holds good for all things, with the sole exception of God, Who is the only uncaused Being. With reference to created beings, there is no effect where there is no cause, *Non datur effectus sine causa*.

Our chief considerations of efficient causes will be those of the Principal Efficient Cause and the Instrumental Efficient Cause. The former is that cause which can bring about the existence of an effect by a cause lower than itself. The latter is that cause which acts only, when it is governed by a cause higher than itself, i. e., by the principal cause. These definitions will become more clear, when we adduce one of St. Thomas's oldest yet most honored examples,—that of a person who takes a pen and writes. We say that it is the person who does the writing, for it is he who takes up the pen, places it between his fingers, and wills everything that is written; then, finally, he writes upon paper anything that he sees fit. Yet delving more deeply into the case at hand, it must be admitted that the pen goes through the motions of writing, and thus it also is a cause of the writing. But taken in itself, the pen never can acquire the ability to produce written characters unless some person picks it up and wills to write. The pen will write only then when it is moved from without by a cause that is higher than itself. Once it is moved by the person to write, it does so, and in this way becomes a real efficient cause of what is put down on the paper. It, however, is not the principal cause; for if it were permitted to lie upon the table for a thousand years, it could never raise itself and begin writing. The principal cause of what was written is the person, while the instrumental cause in this case is the pen. On all such questions of instrumental causality the teaching of Aquinas is of the most excellent order. All his doctrines on this subject show forth the splendor of clearness mixed with beauty of thought.

The Angelic Doctor shows that the instrument has its own proper functioning and its own operative power. But this *virtus propria* and *actio propria* must be elevated in such a manner that the instrument will be enabled to obtain an end that is above its original powers of production. He holds, then, that this instrument must have, besides its own natural faculties and powers of operation, an imparted or superadded functioning and power of operation. He, thereupon, goes on to illustrate this fact by another of his well-known examples: the use of a hatchet. As we look at this household implement we are at once impressed by

its shape and figure. These qualities of the tool convey to us the purpose for which it will be used. The reason for its existence is clearly portrayed by the sharp steel, fashioned upon a handle in such a way that we are naturally led to infer that it was made to cut. Let us now give our attention to the course of action that this hatchet takes when it is employed by a carpenter to form a majestic throne. We can remark the motions that it passes through as the carpenter applies his external force upon it. It flies through the air, and actually cuts or chips the wood out of which the throne is to be made. Wherefore does it cut? This question seems rather simple and perhaps too evident to answer; yet, the philosophical answer to it carries with it such import that the entire theory of principal and instrumental causality stands unraveled when the answer is fully understood. Granted that the hatchet has the capability of cutting, it does so—first, because its *virtus propria* is to cut; this *virtus propria*, or its own proper functioning and power of operation, we can see in the arrangement and make-up of the parts of the hatchet, especially in the sharpness and natural adaptability of the edge for cutting; secondly, because this *virtus propria* was elevated and put into action by the principal cause, the carpenter. In this elevation of the natural energies of the hatchet, there is the superaddition of an imparted functioning and power of operation to the instrument. There is a concurrence of natural energies of both the principal cause and of the instrumental cause. The result of this combination is a throne—the work of an artist. This communication of an imparted functioning and an imparted power of operation to the *virtus propria* and *actio propria* of an instrument is what makes it be an instrumental cause, in the full sense of the word. For, it is only in this manner that the instrument can be elevated to such a degree of perfection as to be able to produce an effect greater than its original energies, or powers of operation.

There are two differentiating notes between a principal cause and an instrumental cause. In the first place, the instrumental cause produces an effect that exceeds its natural forces of production. A principal cause, on the other hand, always begets an effect that is in proportion to its powers. Then, in the second place, the instrument can never operate by itself, but can act only under the influence of some outside force. In other words, it must be moved, raised above itself, and then put into application by this superior force. The principal cause is not

moved, but is the mover. It is that which moves the instrument up to the level of a cause. This external motion is the chief characteristic of the instrument. The motion, received from without, is what makes the instrument be an instrumental cause. The reason for this can be seen from the fact that, since the end is always above the energies of the instrument, the instrument could never attain this end unless it be moved by the principal cause. The principal cause fixes the end, and employs the instrument toward the attainment of the purpose. It is therefore, a natural inference that the effect, although proceeding from the forces of both the principal cause and instrumental cause, is always to be found in the principal cause and not in the instrument.

Now, with regard to the explanation of the *virtus propria* of an instrument, we have St. Thomas's opinion that it is a real, truly able, and physical motion. It is a real motion because our senses record its existence as a reality and not as a philosophical non-entity; for it is a well-evidenced fact that the entire order of the world, with the exception of God, must in some way or other find a connection with instrumental causality. That this *virtus* is a truly able motion is shown from the fact that it does not fail to bring the instrument out of inactivity into a position to act as an efficient cause. It is physical because it gives to the instrument the physical capability of obtaining the effect that is higher than the operative powers of this instrument. Therefore, upon the union of the principal and instrumental causes, this *virtus propria* is the all-powerful motion that carries the instrument up to the level of the principal cause. The strength of this motion is shown from the fact that the action of both causes is on the same level, even though at first the principal cause stood on a much higher plane than did the instrument. The result produced is effected by the combined actions of both, and not more so by the one than by the other. This *virtus propria* of the instrument is so powerful that it renders the instrument an efficient cause. It is this perfection of the instrument that gives it the actuality of a cause.

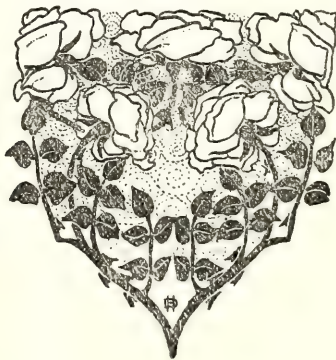
The last phase of this question has to deal with the *actio propria* of the instrument. The instrument, in order to be able to receive the action of the principal cause, must have besides the *virtus propria* an *actio propria*. This *actio propria* is the disposition to receive the action of the principal cause and to concur with this principal cause in the production of an effect. For, if the



instrument were incapable of concurring with the principal cause for the attainment of the effect, it would never become a cause. Reverting back to the example of the hatchet, we can readily see that, if the edge of this tool were not fashioned for cutting i. e., if the edge were blunt rather than sharp, it would never cut. And, therefore, without this capability of action, the hatchet would lose all its specific usefulness. and could never be joined to any principal cause, for the carpenter would not use it. Wherefore, we can readily see the necessity that falls upon an instrument to have this *actio propria* besides its *virtus propria*, if it is to coincide with the principal cause in the harmonious production of an effect.

In this fashion, St. Thomas conclusively proves that in the theory of instrumental causality there is always contained a *virtus propria*, an *actio propria*, an imparted *virtus* or functioning, and an imparted power of operation. When all of these are present, the instrument can act as a cause. If any of these were absent, the instrument would not lose its individuality as an instrument, but it would lose its causality. For, it could not bring about an effect; thus, it would not be employed to attain an end. And having no end to acquire it could by no means be a cause, for *Omne agens agit propter finem*, i. e., the end is the reason of the action of the efficient cause. This Thomistic doctrine, without doubt, has a meaning as deep as the deepest, yet it is so clearly put forth by the Angelic Doctor that it is the only doctrine on instrumental causality that sufficiently explains all the facts connected with the instrument and its relation to the principal cause. And for this reason it must be held as the most apparent and correct teaching upon the subject.

Joseph M. Rozenas, '24.





## Aquinas, the Educator of the Intellect.

THE thirteenth century is aptly styled the Golden Age of Scholasticism, that period when Christian Philosophy, shorn of the paganistic tendencies occasioned by Arabian influences, was built up and perfected by a number of master minds. The preeminent name of the century is that of St. Thomas of Aquin, his doctrines gave strength and stability to the embryonic Christian thought and have served as a beacon by which the succeeding helmsmen of the bark of Christian Philosophy have been enabled to steer it safely through the depths and shoals of error which have beset its course. In spite of his great service many have arisen who endeavored to discredit his doctrines, but in every instance St. Thomas has withstood the attack.

Of late years the intellectuals have declared that the teachings of Aquinas are old-fashioned and wholly inadequate to meet the demands of their so-called advanced thought. But the folly of such an argument is at once apparent if we but keep in mind that the aim of the Angelic Doctor was always truth, and truth can never be old-fashioned. Perhaps the real reason why some of the declaimers of St. Thomas do not accept his doctrines is not so much because they are old-fashioned as because there is a woeful lack among moderns of an old-fashioned virtue, diligence. The student will find that in order to perceive and understand the doctrines of St. Thomas he will be forced to put forth a great intellectual effort. The Angelic Doctor is not the author to be taken up when, ensconced in an easy chair before the hearth one wishes, as it were, to inhale with his tobacco some ethereal doctrines. But rather his works should be concentrated on in the private sanctum of one's study, for in St. Thomas's writings there is no flowery language or figurative expressions. He sets down his theses in a cut and dried way, without any florid introduction, proves his point and cuts off suddenly: no literary "padding", no poetry, no eloquence save the eloquence of sound reasoning. Consequently, the less intellectually inclined are tempted to go to a more romantic philosopher who couches his puny thoughts in a maze of figurative and high sounding expressions.

The works of St. Thomas are characterized by an extreme precision of thought; so that in order to see exactly what is meant the thesis must be read over and over again and each time new vistas of thought are laid bare which at first remained unnoticed.

He is thrifty of words and each one that he uses has a precise meaning which in translating must be brought out so that the exact thought of the Master be translated, and not a mere agglomeration of words, which might admit of a variety of meanings. Coupled with this precision is a simplicity quite extraordinary in philosophical treatises. It is hard to believe that such profound thoughts could be adequately expressed in such simple style. Yet it is easy to see that simplicity makes for clearness in philosophy, because long complex sentences are apt to confuse one, and render it well nigh impossible to get at the author's true meaning. However, the simplicity and precision of his style do not necessarily mean that his philosophy is easy to master; on the contrary, it is very difficult to interpret. He occupied himself almost entirely with metaphysical doctrines and this branch of philosophy is, without doubt, the most difficult of all.

It is a universal axiom that the value of a thing is in proportion to the pain required in obtaining it; and hence by the expenditure of a little intellectual effort we reap the reward of being able to grasp the great truths of Aquinas. The first act of our intellect is the simple apprehension or idea, and is nothing more than a representation in the mind of the exterior thing. But when it comes to joining or separating two ideas by affirmation or negation we are often at a loss to determine which is the right course to pursue. By studying the Angelic Doctor we are able to see the inter-relation, connections and dependancies of ideas and of different parts of the same idea. He justifies the why of the various elements, seizes the predominant factor and traces it to its last cause. If we follow him in his line of sound reasoning the clouds of ignorance gradually clear away until the thought reveals itself with all its fullness.

Prior to the time of St. Thomas there were a number of philosophers who pursued one line of reasoning with intemperate zeal and were inclined to regard as spurious any doctrine that did not conform to their pet ideas. Consequently their doctrines often strayed from the path of truth and they fell into numerous errors. What a contrast to these extremists are the moderate doctrines of the Angelic Doctor. In the doctrine of universals he was a moderate realist, avoiding both the exaggerated realism of Plato and doctrines of the Nominalists. He admits that the soul is the *forma substantialis* of the body, but will not sacrifice one or the other, saying that "complete substantial nature belongs neither to the soul alone or to the body alone but to a compound

of both." In his apologetic works while he admits that the mysteries of faith are credible, he nevertheless maintains that reason cannot show the intrinsic truth of our dogmas. He never claimed infallibility, but humbly admitted and retracted his errors, and if an opponent brought forth the truth, Thomas was the first to admit its validity.

These are some of the attributes which gain for St. Thomas the name of "Educator of the Intellect", a title justly deserved when we consider how the power of his reasoning has shown countless thousands the true from the false. The work of honoring his name should be the happy task of all those who have had the privilege of studying his illustrious Philosophy.

*J. A. Nee, '24.*



## THE FRIEND WHO UNDERSTANDS.

WHEN your dreams in life have failed you,  
And you're feeling sad and blue,  
When your trouble adds to troubles,  
Till you don't know what to do;

And you seem to lose your bearings.  
Through the storms and blinding sands,  
Then, oh, what a consolation  
Is the friend who understands!

When some misapprehend you,  
Or scoff as they pass by,  
When all your hopes have crumbled,  
And there's only left a sigh;

Oh, the joy and holy comfort!  
As you feel his gentle hand,  
And he pats you on the shoulder,  
And says: "I understand!"

O Father! high in heaven,  
As I hark to Thy commands,  
May I never cease to thank Thee  
For the friend who understands.

*Paul F. Marso, '27.*

## Immigration.

**I**F our American legislators hope to reform conditions, they might withhold new laws and make an inventory of the old; in a century and a half the national legislative bodies of the United States have about covered every phase of the country's need, and the time has come when old laws should be improved and complex and synonymous new ones immediately checked. Take for example the three per cent. immigration law; rescind the three per cent. and America would experience a laudable reform without necessarily intricating her legislation on so vital a question.

A half century ago or even ten years past indiscriminate immigration was constructive to the American Government; to-day even though restricted to three per cent. it is sadly destructive. The reason can well be laid to present world conditions in contrast to those of pre-war days. The Europe of yesterday had reached the acme of sound polity; government ethics were fairly Christian; laborer and peasant enjoyed good living; public education and other utilities were well conducted. In fact, the attitude of the average European citizen aimed at respectability. The war, however, reduced this well-governed Europe to a chaotic state never before experienced. All government obligations are to-day lost to the interests of a few special individuals; labor and capitalism are sorely distraught; public utilities and resources are wretchedly neglected; in short, the proletarian of the old country has little or no prerogative in political matters; hence all Europe holds little incentive for its average citizen to retain respect for government, church or fellow-citizen. The influences of the war upon the less docile and civilized has its pathetic expression in the anarchy and savagery so rampant in Teutonic and Slavish lands, in the degeneracy and agnosticism of the more cultured peoples.

Millions of the most undesirable type, too cowardly, unpatriotic, barbarian and self-centered to anchor themselves to the scenes of their recent failures and trials at least simulate the initiative and ethics of the worthy citizen whose primary duty is to preserve the interests and weal of his mother country; yes, it is such a class of mental, social and moral non-entities, treacherous leeches, ready to suck the life's blood of good government's morals and culture that flock to America on the three per cent. ratio, in hopes of preserving their own worthless selves.



If these libertines could respond to the influences of an orderly and sound Christian government, America might perhaps realize some of their negligible worth; but on the contrary, the usual undesirable, thankfully in some ways, hies himself to the nearest colony of his own kind and there adds to the pollution and cheapening of our American city; as far as naturalization is concerned, about two per cent. of this post-war type deem American citizenship as something of significance. Dead wood is always noxious and no more venomous to a government, the form of which has been universally initiated and always unsuccessfully. Europe has copied our political cult but has never had the citizenship that might attune itself to it. What can we then expect of that individual who forsakes the land of his birth and family tradition in her post-war days of need to save himself? What more then can America anticipate but the scum of European civilization?

New York is listed as one of the largest Italian cities of the world; our greatest American cities are beastly cosmopolitan. Restriction of immigration would be labeled by some as an outcome of prejudice. Yet fair-mindedness and other abstract virtues likely belong to those who speak little about them. Would it be fair-minded and altruistic to allow a diseased person to associate with healthy individuals? Likewise, is it just to the American citizen that the Government accepts so many undesireables, two per cent. of which are prospective citizens, for his society?

Let us remember that Rome declined with the curse of indiscriminate immigration; her fall came when foreigners became legion and patrician families history. Three per cent. immigration sounds good, and especially so, when supplemented by so-called physical examination of immigrants by government authorities. Why not facilitate matters and be more just to our American citizen by posting on our side of the pond a mammoth placard with the following words deeply embossed which forever shall be to American posterity the "Sesame" of all its success and glory: "NO IMMIGRATION"!

*Bernard Appel, '25.*





## An Indian Bowl and Clusters of Wistaria.

**W**HEN I see that quaint bowl, displaying such exquisite workmanship and gleaming duskily under its bands of vivid coloring, fashioned and painted by copper-tinted hands long ago, my heart is filled with memories of a certain summer day.

The hot June sunshine poured down upon the flower-sprinkled earth and the velvet winds swept softly through the sunkissed foliage of blossoming shrubs and trees. The air vibrated with the music of Nature's orchestra,—the thin gurgling sound of wind-swept leaves, the droning of many bees, and the riotous melodies of thrushes, larks, robins and many other feathered songsters. From the shadowing woods came a solemn murmur—the only note of sadness in the symphony—and upon the azure dome, the clouds hung gorgeous shapes.

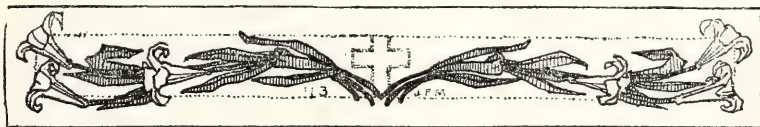
The voluptuousness of summer had me under its spell and I became drowsy. The balmy air, the rich scents of myriads of flowers and the pleasant noises calmed and soothed my spirits and before I knew it my eyelids became heavy. A low murmur as of rustling leaves came to me, but thinking that it was only the passing wind through the shrubbery, I paid little attention to the sound. Soon it seemed that there were two distinct tones; one somewhat hollow and mellowed with age, the other rich and melodious, and that they issued from a great bowl crowned with clusters of fragrant wistaria. Listening intently, I perceived that the sounds were words which came from flowers and jar. To those clusters of perfumed lavender tinted loveliness, the large stone vessel which had been hollowed and polished until it shone smooth by Indian hands ages ago, told the following tale:

“Not always have I been a bearer of Nature's lovely ones, the beautiful flowers, but long ago in the dim recesses of a great forest, where soft breezes fresh from shaded dells and nooks of ferns, and fragrant with the odor of pines caressed me, I was just a boulder doing nothing, but lying and waiting—always

waiting. Then one day a strange creature appeared; a creature long-limbed and graceful, smooth and hued like myself. Not long after, others came and around me arose strangely shaped structures. The neighborly trees had to leave me and a great open space was formed all around my naked sides.

"Then one day there was much excitement about and I soon saw what it all meant. Huge fires were built and there arose to the cloudless sky, sounds of tom-toms and monotonous chanting. A beautiful creature was brought out to my place of rest, and its frail shape soon hid the light of the sun from me. When first it touched my rugged sides it was breathing, but in a moment (it seemed to me) that that palpitating body became quiet and cold as myself, but over my sides warm red streamlets trickled to the dull brown soil. Not long after, there was excitement of a different sort which affected me greatly. Hordes of creatures different in dress and more noble of form but still resembling the others in color descended upon the village and destroyed all. My cold body they took with them carrying me far away from my beloved forests to the banks of a mighty stream with its smiling bays and winding creeks, whose bright waters seemed to be sprinkled with living diamonds. At their hands I received rough usage, and you can observe for yourself what a transformation was wrought. Here I am—a bowl. My abode on the shores of the gleaming river was quite long; but, however, one day while being in use for drawing water, I felt myself slipping and with a deep gurgle the cool waters closed over me. How long I remained there I do not know, but one day I found myself in the warmth of the sun's golden smile. The flowers and vines guarded me and lovingly embraced my muddy body. The great river had changed its course, and where once the surging waters reigned supreme, there were beautiful smiling meadows. One day I was roughly torn away from my loving companions, and after a severe bath, this is where I came, to hold the lovely blossoms like some gentle nurse, her charges."

*Stephen J. Tushak, '25.*





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Teapot Dome.*

**F**OR the past month the chief news item in the country has been the Senate's investigation into the affairs of the lessees of Teapot Dome, the choice government oil field.

Such a scandal coming as it does just before election has cast a decided doubt as to the choice of another Republican to succeed Coolidge. The affair has practically destroyed Coolidge's chances of re-election.

Many startling disclosures have been made, involving high government officials and the traitorous manner in which they have discharged the duties of their office. The matter rests entirely with President Coolidge and will not be concluded until he has decided it one way or the other.

Secretary of the Navy Denby resigned from office last week and saved Coolidge some slight annoyance for the time being; but there are many more who should either follow the example of Denby or be ousted from office.

Chief among these is Attorney General Daugherty whose name has been mentioned in connection with the scandal from the very beginning. He has steadily refused to resign and Coolidge will not oust him, so it seems that the Senate will have to continue its plan to bring about his impeachment.

Coolidge not only refuses to release Daugherty from office but in the face of all criticism supports him as the Republican delegate at large from Ohio at the coming Republican Convention.



Coolidge has been placed in an unenviable position on account of the scandal and, unless some means can be found to put a quietus on the Senate's investigation, it appears certain that a Democratic President will occupy the White House next March.

*John Garrity, '24.*



### ***The Immigration Question Again.***

**H**ISTORY repeats itself. The verbal barrage at Washington continues with unabated intensity. A similar condition existed just three years ago; much talk and little headway in any direction. The result was that, in May, 1921, a "temporary" bill was hurriedly drawn-up and passed with the understanding that a suitable measure would be agreed upon in the future. That more suitable and lasting code was never agreed upon and the "relief" measure is in effect to-day.

Nor has the end of the sad affair been reached. The present legislation, commonly known as the "Three Per Cent. Law" expires in June, 1924. Various plans have been discussed at length, as in 1921, and no definite step has been taken in favor of one plan or another. Meanwhile the days slip by and, as before, the time for words will be over. At such a stage Congress will have nothing to offer in place of the so-called "temporary" law.

Unless something occurs in the near future to bring about a change in the situation, a repetition of the 1921 fiasco will be inevitable. The time for action is not May 30, 1924, but March 1, 1924.

*Thos. A. Sullivan, '25.*



### ***Preventing Accidents.***

**A**S a result of the firemen's fatal accident, a storm of indignation has stirred up the populace of the city.

The citizens of Pittsburgh have made their feelings evident by indignation meetings and by subscribing a huge sum to the firemen's relief.

But, just as a whirlwind tears everything in its way and then subsides leaving a mass of wreckage in its wake, so was the recent catastrophe; people soon forgot the mishap and they are calm until the next accident shocks their sense of justice.

The question that should agitate the minds of all citizens is: how can these ghastly accidents be avoided ?

Inquests have shown that the majority of mishaps have occurred through carelessness on the part of employers. Modern business men in their mad rush to wealth forget that they are responsible for the welfare of their employes. They do not give proper protection; and, consequently, are guilty of a grave injustice.

One way to lessen accidents would be for the State to pass a law, fining all employers a large sum, say \$50,000 for any serious accident that could be traced to a company's neglect. In this way the corporations would cover this liability by insurance; and the insurance companies would insist that adequate provisions be made in order to insure the welfare of workers. If such a law should be enacted, corporations would come to the realization that workers are human beings, and must not be used as mere tools to accumulate wealth for an unscrupulous employer.

*A. M. Connelly, '24.*



### ***Needed, a Bridge!***

**A**LLEGHENY County is about to float a bond issue for thirty millions of dollars, to be used for much-needed improvements. One of the contemplated renovations is the building of a new bridge across the Monongahela River at the Point. Although the present Point bridge belongs to the city of Pittsburgh, yet the County will have to promise to erect a new one, in order to secure the vote of the city for the bond.

The bridge that at present spans the river at this place is a rickety structure that has been all but condemned as unsafe for vehicle traffic, indeed the officials allow only a certain number of street cars on it at one time. It has been repaired several times, but the span is in such condition that repairs cannot make

it firm enough to withstand the strain that is daily put on it.

There is no doubt that the community needs a new and larger bridge at the point mentioned. It is the main, or, I might say, the only artery connecting the city proper with the West End and the outlying boroughs on the South Side of the Ohio River. If this structure collapses, and it cannot last much longer, the west-bound traffic will be forced to use the already crowded Smithfield Street bridge. This will tend to make the traffic of the city more congested, an evil which the city is now trying to remedy.

Norbert J. Schramm, '24.

## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

THE last days of January were given over to the mid-year examinations, and in the excitement of it all, we lost track of other events, set aside our social activities, and forgot basketball.

It pleased me to find an exchange editor so attentive as to give me special mention even though it was to correct. If he happens to see this note, I would advise him that I was *right* in being *wrong*, as Armistice Day was celebrated last year a day later than usual. Thanks all the same.

As I am on that track, I must tell our friends that our editor forgot to mention that the article of a couple of months back, "Encounter with a Bore", was more than a mere essay: it was Paul Sullivan's original translation—a very good one too—of Horace's *Ibam forte via sacra*.

The students of the High School and College departments entered on a three days' Retreat ending on February 1st. The Rev. N. O'Laughlin, C. S. Sp., of the Irish Missionary Band conducted the Senior divisions exercises. The eloquence and sanctity of this youthful pulpit orator profoundly impressed all his hearers: the keen interest with which they followed his inspiring words was proof of his success.

Father Carroll conducted the exercises for the students of the First and Second High classes.

FEBRUARY 1—The results of the mid-year exams were made public to-day. The following students obtained first place in

their respective classes: (College) J. M. Rozenas, P. G. Sullivan, J. F. McCaffrey, P. W. Rice; (Pre-Medical) J. S. Meier, L. Murphy; (Pre-Legal) J. M. Jarvis; (Commercial) C. A. Janda, J. Ryan, C. Kasprzyk, J. C. Dawson; (Scientific) K. M. McInerney, R. J. Walker, A. McMaster; (Academic) V. D. Deer, J. F. Henninger, J. F. Strini, R. J. Callahan, J. P. Desmond, Mt A. Dravecky, C. B. Gearing, R. P. Driscoll, A. A. Miller, A. V. Blahut, J. C. Thompson, E. L. Breining, J. R. Callahan, A. J. Mangold, J. Hudak and L. Domaracki.

Three hundred and five honor awards were conferred.

The following averaged at least ninety per cent. in their examinations: J. M. Rozenas, N. J. Schramm, P. G. Sullivan, R. M. Murphy, J. Meier, L. Murphy, C. A. Janda, C. Kasprzyk, R. J. Walker, B. Forsyth, C. Haney, J. W. Lauler, J. S. McDonald, M. A. Dravecky, R. P. Driscoll, A. V. Blahut, J. C. Thompson, E. L. Breinig, J. S. Witigartner, G. W. Hobson, M. P. Mack, J. G. Murphy, S. J. Burdis, R. C. Baumann, W. A. Mahler, R. J. Rooney, L. Domaracki, B. R. Klavon, J. L. Kruk, J. Pulnar, S. Flandro, T. F. Lisowski and L. J. Blackston.

The Dukes added the final touches to their practice previous to their encounter with Bethany college at West Virginia. It is quite probable that the Dukes will try their outmost to make amendments for their recent defeat at the hands of Theil.

The 'Varsity made good its threat when it defeated Bethany College, the score 26-22. The game was very closely fought, and abounding in long and spectacular shots. "Fagan" Tracey, our elongated center, furnished the main attraction for the mountaineer adherents when he capably displayed his manner of playing the mid-floor position.

FEB. 2—(Wheeling, W. Va.). While spending the day in Wheeling, we gladly accepted the occasion of viewing this small, but rather prosperous city.

"Lou" Alman, our stellar guard, bears the earmarks of a magician of repute. He has mastered and displays a trick which tends to stamp him as a coming "Thurston". His principal act consists in producing sixteen cents from a nickel and a penny. That's going some.

The Dukes continued their good work when they decisively defeated the strong aggregation representing the Carroll Club of the Wheeling K. of C. by the score of 40-39. The brand of ball



displayed by the squad in this game was the best seen so far this season.

FEB. 3—The date for the annual Euchre and Reception of the University's Athletic Association has been set for February 25 at the William Penn Hotel.

FEB. 4—Mr. Chas. V. O'Connor, a member of the Senior class of Arts, was chosen general chairman for the Euchre and Dance at a meeting held in the students' library at noon time.

The following students were elected to assume charge of the numerous Committees: Reception Committee, Martin Flannagan; Euchre Committee, Peter Kilday; Prize Committee, Thomas Thornton; Door Committee, Leo Schneider.

FEB. 5—The weekly Tuesday Mass was celebrated in the University Chapel for the members of the College Department.

FEB. 6—An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the new gymnasium in connection with the coming dance of February 25.

FEB. 8—Duquesne will be presented her first great opportunity of advancement in the athletic world when she meets the powerful and well-known combination representing Penn State on the latter's floor. The Duke squad has been practicing faithfully, and it is certain that the Nittany Lions will be forced to the utmost to win.

FEB. 9—The Duke 'Varsity left Pittsburgh at 8:40 A. M. in quest of laurels in foreign territory. Having the greater part of the afternoon at our disposal, we watched the local institution lads defeating a group of mitt-wielders from Philadelphia. The bouts were rather interesting but, in my opinion, "Dan" Rooney, our only available pugilistic representative, worthy of note, could have easily expounded the fundamentals of the boxing game to those demonstrating their wares in the light-heavy and heavy-weight class.

Staging a last period rally the "Lions" in our game, managed to emerge victorious from a battle which hung in the balance throughout the forty minutes of play. The final score was 43-30.

The treatment accorded us was of the finest kind, and each one of us fully realized that better sportsmen were never met before. We sincerely hope that our good relationship with Penn State shall continue in the future.

FEB. 11—The "Campus Club" held its first formal meeting

in the students' library. A council to the executive staff was elected as follows: Mr. P. Sullivan and Mr. C. O'Connor of the Arts Department; Mr. Dwyer and Mr. O'Brien of the Account School; Messrs. Gallagher and Murray of Pre-Medical Class; Messrs. R. O'Connor and Cunningham of the Pre-Legal Class.

FEB. 12—Bethany College decided that the best manner of celebrating Lincoln's birthday would be to descend from their lofty mountain seclusion in West Virginia and entertain the Duke followers. Well, it so happens that they did visit us, but so far as the entertaining end of the question was concerned, they returned home happy and content, while we sat somewhat dazed and disappointed at the manner in which they nosed out our Dukes in a thrilling, hair-raising and well-earned 29-28 extra five-minute period encounter. The inability of the Dukes to locate their men on passes can be looked upon as the real cause of their downfall.

FEB. 14—One of the most sumptuous dances ever held in the history of old Duquesne will be the first venture of the newly organized "Campus Club". A nationally famous orchestra, decorations and novelties, the eclat of well-known patrons and patronesses, speeches by prominent college men, will all mark and add to Duquesne's collegiate prestige, ere the Lenten season begins. All this was made public property to-day.

FEB. 15—Coach Campbell has been working hard within the last few days in an effort to deliver the Dukes from the slump which they have fallen into.

The new gymnasium is being elaborately decorated with banners and pennants representing the numerous schools and academies that will attend the huge C. S. M. C. meeting tomorrow afternoon.

FEB. 16—Waynesburg College fully determined to obtain revenge for the recent defeat dealt to them on the Duke floor, found great delight in snatching the "bacon" from our Dukes. The Dukes' failure to locate the basket netted only 18 points for them, while the "Yellow Jackets" playing a superior brand of basketball, to that which they displayed on the Duke floor, garnered 28 points.

FEB. 17—Despite the bad weather conditions, a fair-sized crowd presented itself at the entertainment given by the First High B Class. The programme was exceptionally interesting and very well conducted by the students of this class.

The debate between the Junior members of the College Department resulted in the decision being given to the negative side. The subject was: "Resolved that the call of the foreign mission is more urgent than that of the home mission."

FEB. 18—The prizes for the nearing Euchre and Reception of February 25 are coming in quite fast, and it shows that the work of making this affair a great success, is being given the full consideration of the entire student body.

FEB. 19—To-day's practice of the 'Varsity marked a change in the line-up. Johnny Serbin, our diminutive forward, replaced Harrison at forward, while "Lou" Alman has worked his way into one of the guard positions. This new combination displayed signs of better team-work than that which we have had in the past, and it is almost certain that the line-up will remain in this order for to-morrow night's game against Salem College.

FEB. 20—An excuse for tardiness in reaching the morning class will hold good in the majority of cases during this period of ice and snow, which tends to make the usual climb to the Bluff somewhat difficult.

My, what a treat for sore eyes! Dukes 53—Salem 29. Coach Campbell, in experimenting with his new combination, finally discovered a floor machine that can hit on all eight cylinders. Playing a style of ball that the Duke adherents had failed to see during this season, the 'Varsity piled up enough points to make the score-keeper believe that he was a book-keeper in Childs'.

After dropping three consecutive games, our gallant basketballers decided to take on new life, and to demonstrate how basketball should be played, *a la celtic*. They completely out-classed their opponents, and almost managed to score at will.

FEB. 21—The writer received a letter from our distant but loyal supporter, Father "Mack", who sends his best wishes to all. He is very strong in his encouragement for a successful season on the floor.

FEB. 22—George Washington's birthday. No scholastic activities were conducted to-day, thus enabling the scholars to enjoy a day of rest, and the opportunity of disposing more tickets for the dance on Monday evening.

On the last legal holiday, the Dukes and their adherents contemplated celebrating the occasion by defeating Bethany—but their hopes were somewhat shattered when the Bisons returned



home with the much-coveted "bacon." Things surely took on a comparatively different change to-night, and we delighted in watching the Dukes hadding out a clever lesson of basketball to the members upholding the colors of Marietta College. Employing a similar attack as that used against Salem, the Dukes soon took the lead over their rivals, and were never headed throughout the encounter. The final score was 44-30.

FEB. 25—The annual Euchre and Reception at the William Penn Hotel proved to be a huge success. An exceptionally large crowd attended this social affair and apparently found the greatest satisfaction and delight in the general management of the big event.

*Charles J. Cherdini, '25.*



## Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Pittsburgh Crusaders, on February 16th, had the pleasure of having their national leader, the Rev. Frank A. Thill, present at a meeting held in his honor at Duquesne University, the great stronghold of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Western Pennsylvania. Other church dignitaries whose presence encouraged the two thousand young men and women representatives from the various Units were the Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., LL. D., President of Duquesne University; the Right Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., Archabbot and President of St. Vincent's; the Right Rev. Msgr. W. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp., National Director of the Holy Childhood Association and the Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., President of the Pittsburgh Local Conference.

Sisters interested in Crusade activities filled the main section of the spacious new gymnasium, while flanked on both sides were the students grouped according to their Units.

Overhead, from the heavy iron beams of the gymnasium, flying banners and insignia hung defiantly as emblems of the



strength of the Pittsburgh Local Conference; on the high west wall, half-way up, could be seen Bishop Boyle's heraldic coat-of-arms with the upturned sword of St. Paul, the dauntless Crusader of Christ's own day, and a model for every Crusader to-day.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the Right Rev. Bishop, after which a kindly welcome was extended to the Crusaders and their distinguished guests by the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of Duquesne University, who throughout his address, constantly reminded them that Prayer is the one great power and machinery of their organization. A most interesting programme followed consisting of the usual "order of the day," orchestral numbers furnished by Duquesne University; an excellent chorus from the Cathedral High School, directed by Professor Joseph Otten; a violin selection by Miss Angela Stybr, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Fisher of Ursuline Academy, while the remaining Units rendered in one powerful voice the Crusade hymn—"The World for the Sacred Heart".

The Right Rev. Archabbot announced that he is ready, with heart and soul, to entertain the Crusaders at the old Archabbey of St. Vincent's, where they may hold an open air initiating service similar to the conclave recently held at Notre Dame. Duquesne, also, offered her roof-garden for this purpose.

Many interesting talks were given, particularly the Right Rev. Archabbot's, with its clear ringing notes on the "Love of Christ"—Father Thill's eloquent plea of "Sacrifice", "Sacrifice" "and God grant, my dear Crusaders, that you will be big enough to imprint the nails of Jesus Christ on your hearts and follow your King to the ends of the earth." The closing words were given by the Bishop who saluted and congratulated the Crusaders as those who hold aloft the banner of spiritual idealism in his diocese. "I have been inspired," he said, to be present at this assembly by the great work already accomplished by the C. S. M. C. I expect and look forward to noble things of the C. S. M. C. The spirit is more precious than gold and diamonds, and I hope that this spirit will continue, thereby forming and shaping your character to those spiritual ends so much needed to-day. The challenge to you is one of those on the score of worldliness and rank materialism. You must steel yourselves against it, and go forth as true knights of the Cross—and conquer in the name of Him Who died on it. Only then, will you realize your motto "The world for the Sacred Heart".



Chuck Cherdini and his 'Varsity basketballers bumped a bump or two in the course of the past month; but despite the temporary and lamentable let-down, managed to emerge with a mark of four wins against but three losses. Bethany and Wheeling Kaceys went down before the Bluffite onslaught on the West Virginia tour early in February. The Bisons took a 26-22 count on their home floor, and the Knights fell 39-29, at Wheeling, a day later. Then came the journey to Penn State. The Nittany crew is a tough nut to crack in its own back yard as anyone will tell you. The Dukes amassed a total of 30 points in the teeth of Lion opposition, but the flying Staters bettered the Steel City count by 13. The tilt was most satisfactory from a Duquesne point of view. The players returned with glowing reports of State College hospitality. The final score was quite close considering the psychological disadvantage under which the Campbell Clan was operating in taking on the Nittany outfit for the first time and on a foreign court.

But the low spot of the campaign was yet to be reached. Bethany came up here a few days after the State clash. Whether the Bluff passers were still under the ether from the wicked trek to Center County, or were merely the victims of general debility, we know not. We are aware, however, that they blew a 12-1 first-period lead to drop an extra session contest to the invaders, 29-28. It was sad, pretty sad, but even worse was in store. Bethany had furnished at least a bit of tussling in their initial joust with the Dukes. Though they had no right to win the second, their doing it was less of a blow than what transpired the following Saturday night at Waynesburg. Duquesne had literally massacred the Yellow Jackets here a few weeks previously. To lose to them by a 28-18 margin was "the most unkiudest cut of all."

Having dropped a trio in a row, the Red and Blue slipped quietly back to earth again. Salem College and Marietta, strid-

ing manfully onto the Hill rectangle, evidently hoped and expected to bite a piece of the same cake messed so frightfully by Bethany and Waynesburg. Disillusionment was in order for the visiting contingents. Salem was used as more or less of a mop with which to wipe up the dusty boards preparatory to the regular post-bellum dance. The verdict read 53-29, with the Bluffites on the ponderous end. Marietta was handed a similar walloping, 44-30, thus bringing to a close a trying fortnight for the hosts of Campbell and Cherdini.

#### A Word Or So On Confidence.

Much, oh, yes, very much, has been remarked anent the recent Bethany and Waynesburg disasters. The tenor of all comment is rather the same: Duquesne had no business losing to either the Bisons or the Yellow Jackets. Now we didn't see the latter contest and will pass no judgment upon it. But we must declare that in the Bethany affair, the Dukes had a superfluity of the confidence that does a team no good. Forging ahead to a gigantic lead in the opening stanza improved their mental attitude nary a whit. Beginning chapter two they seemed to feel that, well, maybe Bethany will hang up a few baskets on us, and make a respectable game of it; but, of course, there'll be nothing to it but us when the show's over.

As was pointed out in this column last month, a basketball mix-up consists of four ten-minute periods. A point tallied in any of these counts exactly the same as a point tallied in any other. As a loyal student of Duquesne, we honestly believe that our quintet is the best in district collegiate circles. As an equally loyal student of Duquesne we admit that our tossers are not twice as clever as any opponent they may face. It is well to believe in oneself. It is well for a floor aggregation to realize its full potentialities. It is well for such a squad as Ollie Kendricks led in 1923 to do battle in full knowledge that it is superior to the rival on which its attentions are centered. But confidence of the airy cloud species is bad stuff. A crew that imagines it can go out and trim all comers, and loaf two quarters in so doing, is in for a rude awakening. The Dukes had theirs this year and are better off for it. Having absorbed a sock or two from Dame Fortune's capable right, perhaps they will settle down to fight, fight, and fight again for 40 minutes of every fray.

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*



**DUKE-PREPS.**

The University High five, although handicapped by sickness and injuries, has shown gratifying form in its recent contests.

The "Hi" boys have succeeded in winning seven of their last nine games. The two setbacks being at the hands of Carnegie and Sharpsburg.

Sacred Heart High was met on the home floor and were simply out-classed by the Dukes, the final score being 34-6. The second team played the second-half and performed their duty nobly. Murphy and Callahan led the Dukes with five baskets apiece. Captain Holahan also put up a good game at guard.

At Clairton, the Dukes succeeded in downing the high school of that place, 21-20. The score was tied no less than four times. However, the superior all around team work and sensational shooting by the Dukes in the last quarter proved too much for the up-river lads. Pickett played a neat game at Center, besides scoring three from the field.

The Preps triumphed over Ben Avon High on the home floor, 27-19. The passing of both quintets in the first half was spectacular, with the Dukes holding a slight edge. Murphy was the chief scorer with five two pointers, while Holahan and Bacik put up a neat game at guard.

With five successive victories to their credit, Father McCarthy and his men went to Caruegie in an attempt to make it six straight. The Dukes could not get started and as a result Carnegie led at half time, 13-6. With their old pep and team work the Dukes started off in the second half and tied the score. Some excellent foul shooting on the part of the home boys in the fourth quarter spelt defeat for the Dukes. Score 24-22.

The Preps came back a few evenings later and trimmed the Pitt Sophomores in an extra period, 38-33. Pitt led at half time by the score of 19-6. The Red and Blue came back in the second half, and by some clever shooting on the part of Murphy and Holahan, succeeded in tying the score.

"Next" the Dukes crossed the river into Sharpsburg and lost a fast one, 33-28. The home boys piled up a lead in the first half which the Preps found too stiff to overcome.

A return game at Shady Side was next in line for the "Hi" boys. After a long and rough ride through the snow-clad country the Dukes landed at Shady Side Academy. The "Bluffites" ran up a lead in the first half and won easily, 25-19. Bacik led the Bluff attack while Vogel and Holahan held the opposing forwards to three baskets.

Clairton furnished the last preliminary to the 'Varsity on the home floor and the Preps made a gala farewell romping home with a 40-16 victory. Bacik and Callahan rung up seven two-pounders each. The passing and all around team work of the Preps showed an improvement over former occasions.



The Dukes took to the "rattlers" and journeyed to "Hippoty's" neighborhood and administered a second lacing to Ben Avon, 31-21. The lack of playing space failed to hinder the Preps from doing their stuff. The Callahan, Murphy and Holahan combination bewildered the opposing players, while the guarding of Uhrine and Keefer helped the Duke cause.

Five games remain on the Duke schedule: those with Edgewood, Carnegie, Sacred Heart, Westinghouse, Tech and Connellsville. To date the Preps have won eleven out of fourteen and regardless of the outcome of the remaining games the Dukes have compiled a record not to be ashamed of.

#### JUNIORS.

After a rather poor start the Bluffites have hit the right track at last. The "Future Greats" have added a number of games to their win column, the most important of these being the proteges of Mr. Quinn, the Senior Boarders. The Dukes were there that night and simply ran away with the Boarders, 33-6. McGervey was the leading scorer with seven baskets. Captain Keefer has been out of the line-up owing to an injury sustained in practice.

*J. E. M., H. S., '24.*

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# Duquesne Monthly

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## SPRING.

SPRING, come near, advance a pace;  
Chilled our souls, of winter weary;  
Come, we pray, like soothing grace,  
Lighten hearts, sore burdened, dreary;  
Free the streams from winter's bonds,  
Bring the feathered songsters cheery,  
Urge to life the ice-locked ponds;  
Purge the air of spirits eerie.

Vivify the deadened sod,  
Wake the glen, gay gladness raising,  
Turn our hearts in joy to God,  
Nature's Author, loudly praising;  
Beautify the landscape bare,  
Human artful efforts dulling;  
Scent the balmy zephyrs there  
Fair enchanting softly lulling.  
Strike a chord, with true responsive ring,  
And voice in gladness the approach of Spring.

*G. Doran, '25.*





## The Most Important Word in the English Language.

A CERTAIN university professor in a questionnaire recently addressed to a number of his associates inquired which, in their opinion, were the six most important words in the English language. Passing over the striking similarity of the replies as suggestive of preconcerted agreement or else of a pathological condition that should prove alluring to a specialist in mental disorders, the present writer would take occasion from the discussion called forth by publication of the questionnaire and of the answers thereto to state that the psychology of the interrogatory was altogether wrong and that from that original sin springs all the topsyturvydom of the ensuing wrangle.

The professor should have quested for the most important word—not words—in the language and then his fellows of the staff might have been able to maintain their mental balance. Sanity is appropriately defined as ability to keep two ideas in the mind at the same time, or again, as sense of relative values, but to ask anyone, even though he be a professor, to keep a whole half-dozen conscious states cooped up together each on its proper roost in his cerebrum or cerebellum is preposterous. The construction of an orrery is a comparatively simple affair, for it sets forth merely the relative positions and actions of heavenly bodies as they interweave their orbits severally or in conjunction. Ideas, however, are not mechanical, they are organic and subject to the laws of that activity which is known as life. Hence the analogue in the extra-mental world for the professor's procedure can be found only in the old practice among pious Romans of putting a wolf, a wildcat, a rattlesnake, a Christian martyr and a nest of hornets in the same gunny sack and dropping them from the brow of a cliff to the surface of the sea; although even at that the analogue is not perfect, for cruelty was never carried to such refinement as to require the martyr subsequently to give an account of his experiences and evaluate the psychic factors to the degree in which they were operative during the forced cohabitation. That the professors preserved their solemnity throughout the ordeal



and came forth from it like the three youths from the fiery furnace with their breezes intact proves that America need not go to India for fakirs or to Egypt for Tut-Ankh-Amens.

The point latent in the foregoing is of such general relevance and relevance in regard to the whole subject of academical instruction that it deserves to be formulated and given articulate expression. It is this: Insight on a professor's part as to the proper way to grapple with a problem is an essential requisite and as an accomplishment far outweighs in intrinsic educational worth all the self-satisfaction that flows from viewing the confidence of his pupils in his *Ipse dixit*. In other words a teacher should be in reality what he is according to the etymology of the name—not: one who says or tells, but: one who shows.

The preceding remarks have been made by way of introductions to the delivery of a great truth that long has been weighing heavy on the writer's chest and which he feels the time is now at hand for enunciating to the world. He wishes, however, beforehand to thank the professor and to congratulate him on the noble part which destiny has allotted to him to play of being the blind force preparing the souls of men for reception of the stupendous revelation. Sensing that the professor was but the forerunner of a greater than he, expectant humanity has focused and exposed its mental cameras to catch the message wherewith the present writer now rives the darkness of ignorance with the lightning of the skies and inscribes on the heavens of intellect in letters whose brilliance blackens the sun the sublime though simple truth: The most important word in the English language is Nothing, NOTHING, N-O-T-H-I-N-G, En-O-Tee-Aitch-I-En-Gee. "That is all you know or need to know."

The writer is, of course, aware that many will start up at once and demand that he substantiate his statement. Proof, however, is only of secondary consideration alongside a far more important task the writer now intends to take up and will be given only incidentally to an exemplification of the genetic method of intellectual discovery. So then to begin. The professor being a creature, instead of a creator, of his time uses the questionnaire method. He made two mistakes: first, he used the questionnaire on others instead of himself; second, he wanted too much information at once instead of being content to get it on the instalment plan. The right procedure would have been as follows: First to have emulated the example of Kant and emptied out the contents of the mind, supposing of course that

he could rise to such sublime heights of naive assurance and assume that he had such container and contained. Next he should have asked himself, What do I know? and the answer would have leaped to his consciousness with the inspiration of genius, Nothing. By this time he would of course have been talking out loud to himself so that upon formulation of the next question, Which is the most important word in the language? Echo would have returned the vocalization of his previous thought in the word which coming from without would be pregnant with meaning. Priding himself on immunity from superstition he would have regarded the occurrence as an omen from the skies as an indication that the gods, needing a mouthpiece, had singled him out as their oracle. Here he would have stopped and asked himself, Why go further? Every branch of knowledge deals with a positive and a negative: medicine treats of health and illness, which is the nothing of health; the legal profession has for its object justice and its negation; music studies harmony and discord which is its negation. The various forms of human activity are concerned with Nothing as an essential part of their preoccupation; though of course the imperfection of human language make the direct study of Nothing in other branches of knowledge less amendable to conscious celebration than it is in Mathematics, where the perfection of notation is such that the negation of quantity is not only given a separate name and symbol, but also subjected to special consideration and envisaged in its unique character in the rules for the use of zero. In fact not only in Mathematics is the negative more important than the positive. The negative seems to be the fountain source of science and art and the very pivot of all the forms of human motivation: medicine would not even exist except for sickness; law would have no reality were it not for injustice; and likewise the arts owe their origin and development to the desire to negative their negatives. The whole science of sociology has its germinal idea in the fact that most people have Nothing and don't want it; finance itself functions solely because of the desire instinctive in the human heart to get as far away as possible from nothing,—to such an extent indeed that leadership in the race is estimated not so much by propinquity to any definite goal as by degree of remoteness from the starting point—Nothing. In fact the whole dynamism of human life finds its orientation in Nothing.

The more the transcending importance of Nothing dawned on his mind the more clearly would he see into its nature, essence and quidditative attributes until at last it would reveal itself as a knot-hole through which he saw reality in its fourth dimension. Then indeed could he sing his *Nunc Dimittis* for he would have felt like stout Cortez standing silent upon a peak in Darien and poised for flight and the entrancing loveliness of the virgin ocean of hitherto unexplored knowledge would have seen him in his intellectual B. V. D.'s diving into her bosom to plumb the depth and height and length and width of Nothing. And in later years when he returned to himself and his fellows and walked through the streets of his native town mothers would point him out to their offspring and say: "Look, children, that is the man that learned Nothing," and when the children grew up and became his admiring pupils and asked him how he succeeded in getting so many learned bodies to vie with one another in conferring D. F.'s upon him he would sweetly smile and reply: "I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little questionnaire."

John A. McDevitt, '26.



## Infamous Pictures.

**M**Y position was that of secretary to the secretary to the president of Infamous Pictures, unlimited. How I ever came to seek employment from the company is altogether beyond my intelligence to unravel. Certain it is that my quest did not originate in any influence streaming from blind fate or an all-seeing providence. I suspect at times that the suggestiveness of the name held out promise of release to a Freudian complex of whose existence I was unaware, but if such was the case, I was doomed to disappointment for I soon found that the title belied its lure. The name may have been originally inspired by a desire to reap large and quick profits through appeal to prurient curiosity, but at the time I joined the organization it served as a misnomer for a concern the tone of whose productions sharply differentiated its patrons from the sucker class.

On applying for work as an actor I was put through an examination that revealed to me my soul in a way I had never seen it before. The secretary to the president listened with an



amused smile to my palaver and then put me a series of questions that caused my former conception of myself as a figure radiant with inspiration to dissolve into the hideous nightmare of a human imbecile bloated with aspiration slowly turning into a donkey stewing in his own perspiration. The experience had a wonderful moral value. I determined then and there I would never commit a crime or do aught that would subject to grilling by the X-ray minds that ferret out wrong-doing,—no, sirree, unless, of course, I was sure I could get away with it. I saw that my soul, despite all my supposed genius for camouflage, was transparent, and I arose to go—a chastened, humble and thankful man.

When the secretary changed his tone and bearing. Bidding me resume my seat he handed me a literary bouquet of verbal exotics on a jeweled salver of glistening gold and made me feel that I was Jove himself receiving a votive offering from some worshipper that wanted to get hold of Teapot Dome. It may have been mere reaction from the previously induced depression but the exhilaration caused by his glowing encomiums as he dilated on the wonderful qualities of my personality made me feel that I was treading the stars. I was, he said, the one man among thousands, the one he was looking for. He had been worrying for some time over the problem of disposing of applicants for positions with the company. Their number drew larger as openings grew fewer and he felt it was only a question of time when he would break under the physical strain unless he could get someone competent to take over the bulk of the work and give him more time for his other duties. However it was not a question of hiring the first one that happened along. He had seen so many cases of poignant tragedy on the part of applicants at the sad moment of disillusionment that to ease the blow he had personally discharged the task, hoping for the day when he might get a suitable assistant. And now that day had dawned. Would I accept?

Would I accept? No, I would not accept, I would take. When one man is thrilled by another in a way paralleled only by the way he is thrilled by his wife as the two walk together to the altar on their wedding day, he will grapple that other to his soul with hoops of steel and that is what I determined to do. In the world of business, however, contracts have their own formalities and a conventional language that eschews the personal and sentimental as irrelevant and unwarrantable. So with a "I thank



you; I should be very pleased to accept the position." I found myself at the threshold of my official relation to the company. The secretary now turned into a Mentor and roughly outlined the duties of my position.

"Perhaps, he said, it would be well for you to keep a mental record of the change of outlook you are now undergoing. You came here to act and take the role of depicting others; but your future with the company will have for its sole purpose to live your own personality. It will take some time to adjust your mentality and grow content merely to be. But when that is accomplished it will be a great achievement and the crown of all your other qualifications for your position. The company has definitely set for its aim to bring more and more contentment into the home and social life of America. You will undoubtedly be increasingly impressed with its plan as you gradually become acquainted with its details, but in the meantime your part will be to do all you can to disillusion the great mass of aspirants and point out to them the folly on their part of shutting their eyes to the facts of the work-a-day world in which they live. Most of them lack the advantages of heredity, environment, education, previous training and other factors necessary to qualify them for the parts which they envisage for themselves in the world of motion pictures. It will therefore be incumbent on you to bring about in their minds the same change that has just begun and will shortly be completed in yours—a recognition and acceptance of the fact that it is better to be than to act and more commendable to develop their own personality, howsoever little, than to win success in depicting others, howsoever much. I shall now have the attendant prepare the office for you and if you will come with me I shall introduce you to the president and have him confirm the appointment."

Our interview with the president was brief but increased my enthusiasm for my prospective employment. To the quiet charm of the secretary he united a dignity arising from maturer years, and I left his office wondering why the gods had been so kind to me.

Preparing my office consisted simply in removing a few filing cases to the secretary's inner office. The secretary however, returned with me to the office which was to be mine and said that for a few days both of us would remain there as he would continue the work of receiving applicants and gradually turn the work over to me.

The procedure followed at Infamous Pictures, Unlimited, in the matter of receiving—or, rather, rejecting—applicants for positions as actors or actresses was the following. The girls working in the outer office put the skids under most of the applicants in ways that were effective yet gentle. Doubtful or difficult cases or cases of aspirants that seem likely as candidates were admitted to me. It was my business to do the second sifting. Generally it consisted in varyingly successful efforts to send them away happy in their disappointment. In the beginning I entered into the work with zest but soon the novelty wore off and I began to be extremely bored by the farce of going through a pantomime of pretending to take intellectual and moral interest in the dreams and heartburns of a lot of mental imbeciles. Catching myself slipping I determined to have it out with myself and as a result of self-examination I began to perceive that there were possibilities of satisfaction in the employment after all. Things then began to mend. Slowly the matter took on a new light until at length I became conscious of a nascent enjoyment in the work and finally became once again whole-souled for it. With love for the work it became a work of love and at last I was entirely engrossed in it.

Right from the start I made up my mind it would be far more effective to look sympathy than to vocalize it. That thought was a germ that grew like the prophet's gourd. The initial phase of mere ocular delinquencies was soon followed by a tossing back of the head to bring the face into a horizontal position as if to let the lachrymal chloride of lime run back to its source. The ebb and flow however were delicately controlled so that there was always a surplus of the latter. Provision for looking after this consisted in an immaculately white handkerchief whose extraction from the pocket and application to a dripping proboscis marked the terminal point of a return movement that brought the face from horizontal to vertical in token of abject surrender to the hopelessness of trying to control my emotion. No time however was given the interviewer to interpret the visual image in her mind and possibly sense out that the proceeding was a fake. The visual image was clarified and reinforced by a nasal efflation into the handkerchief done pretendedly in as smottering a manner as possible but in reality with as much noise as politeness would allow. The denouement was now at hand and the interview was to fall away to a swift close. Following up the principle of giving the interviewer apparently

ample time to register accurately and clearly but no time to examine and test the mental registration I would suddenly return to mastery of myself and rise with an expansion of the chest that preluded what seemed a suppressed sigh struggling with an attempt on my part to regain power of vocalization. My rising started automatically the same movement on the part of my vis-a-vis and setting myself as if on the way to accompany her to the door I made a few soulful remarks of a non-committal character as regarded giving her employment but bubbling over with happiness at the thought that she had, if anything, greatly underrated her accomplishments, and had every reason to rejoice at the great possibilities that awaited her. My talk and motions were so regulated as to have us both standing by the door at their close. This position was expressly designed to avoid any feeling of abruptness and to ease her out in either of two contingencies. If she had nothing to say a hand unconsciously reaching for the doorknob was followed by a deferential bow that bade her an eloquent good-bye. If however as generally happened she wanted to increase her favorable impression by having the final word she was welcome to it. Absent-mindedly restoring the handkerchief to its folds I stood with downcast eyes glazed with abstraction as I drank in with attentive ears the rapture of her voice,—being careful of course while flattening out the handkerchief to let her have full opportunity to view the moist evidence of my soul's devotion. The termination of her talk was followed by a sudden recovery of consciousness on my part, by an abrupt and guilty-looking restoration of the tear-absorber to its pocket and finally by the doorknob-and-bow trick.

Returning to my desk I opened the lower drawer at the left, shed the used handkerchief, opened the drawer on the right, took a fresh substitute, put it in the strategic pocket, went over to the waste-basket, took out its sole contents—a comic supplement, spread it out on the desk, sat down, registered happiness in face and eye, pressed the button sounding the buzzer in the outer office, and became seemingly absorbed in the comic. Apparently half-aware of someone come into the office I continued for a few seconds to read on to the end and concluded with a faint laugh. Glancing up I was surprised to see a stranger and shame-facedly checking my merriment I half rose to greet her. Bidding her take a seat I threw the comic into the waste basket and started all over again the great process of illusioning one whom it was my sole business to disillusion. Soon the white flag was flying and I was marching exultantly to victory through defeat.



Many times a day and day after day it continued until I loved weeping for the mere pleasure afforded by the exercise. In fact it soon grew to be so morbid an obsession that when the skids were working with a hundred per cent. efficiency in the outer office I frequently experienced regret that I had no human material to work on and to keep in trim I sometimes in sheer desperation practised on the cat. I could not bring myself to send the discarded handkerchiefs to the laundry. To me they were replete with a charm not possessed by the new ones. They were after all trophies of victory whereas the others were at most mere enticements to hope. My loathness to dispose of them increased with their number until sometimes I would open the compartments into which they were stuffed and would dote on them insanelly.

My infatuation should have taken warning from the adage that whom the gods would destroy they first set crazy. Nemesis was on my trail and I knew it not. She gave me all the rope I wanted to store up fuel for the day of wrath. At the moment when infatuation with my deceptive powers reached its highest, her fury broke, and I crashed through victory to defeat. As I lay stunned while the whole universe seem to swim round the hideous spectres rose from the ground about, terrible as an army in battle array with banners flying, They were the ghosts of rejected applicants, mocking the prostrate figure with their studiously sad eyes and silent nasal efflations into a forest of white handkerchiefs.

This is the first of two instalments in the recital of my experiences with Infamous Pictures. I wanted to publish the story complete and thereby remove consciousness of guilt and redeem myself in the eyes of my readers by portrayal of the agony of soul I endured when my palace of deception collapsed and buried me in its ruins. But my wife who was the principal factor in my undoing has steadily refused her consent and has made her forgiveness conditional on my following her instructions to the letter. To all my pleadings that confession is good for the soul she retorts that she wants to make it better. In fact, she says, she hasn't yet decided whether she will have the second instalment published or not. What her game is I don't know. I tried to reason with her but she won't listen to reason. She is like all other women, her motto or slogan or rather instinct being: *Stet pro ratione voluntas*. Till she makes up her mind and changes it twenty-five times readers will have to be content with these partial revelations of doings at Infamous Pictures, Unlimited,—a misnomer, by the way, for a concern the tone of whose productions sharply differentiates its patrons from the sucker class.

Joseph M. Maxwell, '26.



## The Murderer.

**A** LOYSIUS Pencer Mortimer Brown was as long as his name and twice as thin. One winter night he glided along Main Street with steps fitted to his swaying height. The rattle of his bony frame was strangely similar to those of the spare guardians of the cornfields. His pants were creased to a razor edge against his bony shanks by the constant gusts of wind, with a low pulled hat and a flying muffler around his thin red face he made his way into his dingy drug store.

Having locked the doors he stooped into the back room and shed his elongated clothes for a flowing night shirt and tight fitting cap. Half dead he fitted himself into his little cot and was just beginning his nightly concert when the village doctor roused him by hammering threateningly against the house. He ordered medicine for the mayor and Aloysius after he had sleepily filled the prescription for the doctor again twisted himself into the proper knot renewed his nasal duet for the night.

In the morning he awoke and crawled shivering into his clothes. As he went into the store he noted with alarm two weights on the scale. Alas, he had given the doctor wrong measure. The mayor was surely dead by now. Aloysius Pencer Mortimer Brown shook from head to foot and then back up again. His wiry hair stood up like a paint brush and his freckled body was covered with goose flesh. A murderer, lynching, tar and feathers, jail for life, the electric chair, these thoughts raced through his frenzied mind and his body responded by performing the latest contortions and his bones crackled like the wood fires on winter nights and the house shook to its very foundations, so the bottles fell from the many shelves. Then he heard the fatal words from the street, "The mayor is dead."

Aloysius Mortimer like a startled hare sprang through the door and down the alley with a lope characteristic of elephants. Urged on by fear and encouraged by present safety he tore up the road, so as to escape pursuit. But as he reached the station he was confronted by the doctor, the sheriff and a body of men. With a sob he stopped. His blood froze in his veins and his face grew so pale that a bucket of water had to be applied to distinguish it from the snow.

When his blood warmed a little, he fell at their feet and told the doctor he didn't mean it. The doctor answered him by saying, "Its all right but the next time show more speed, I didn't get there till he was dead." And Aloysius Pencer Mortimer Brown rolled over in the snow.

*Thomas Reilly, 3 Hi C.*

## "Dinner with a Nouveau Riche."

(A free and easy translation of Satire viii.,  
Book 2, of Horace.)

Scene: The Roman forum. Fundanius is seated languidly on a fire-plug. He is munching with superb *sang-froid* upon a last year's smoked herring. Horace enters from rear and playfully pushes Fundanius from fire-plug into garbage heap in gutter. Horace laughs. Fundanius rises from garbage heap and removes stale fruit from beneath collar of handsome *toga virilis*. Herring-bone stripes are noticeable on chin where fish's spinal column scraped as Fundanius strove to swallow it whole before landing in goo. The pair strike up amiable conversation.

### DIALOGUE.

Horace: Well, how did you do at this welathy bird Nasidienus's tee-party ystday P. M.? I was at yr. boarding house to take you for a feed & they told me you been ginning up there since about noon.

Fundanius: You ought to of been there. I have not had no such hot time since Nero set the place on fire wile I was having my toga pressed wile-you-wait and got scorched running down the Appia Via in my red flannels.

Horace: Suppose you tell me if you can do it without you die laffing what was the first stuff he dished up.

Fundanius: It was wild Lucanian pork. They ought to be arrested for selling such meat. It must of been 2nd-handed and I guess this bird thinks, well they are hungary after sitting here so long, so will not notice if I slip one over. We was hungary, alright, but did not have no cold in the head and this here pork would of made a yearling cheese curl up when it come to smelling. Says Nasty as I have nitch-name Nasidienus. The air is kind of floeey in here on acc't the southwind is blowing from the slotterhouse down the Tiber. But I have worked in a slotterhouse and know what they smell like and this was not no slotterhouse but the pork.

Nasty is quite the speaker at dinner & tells little anickdoats about this in that vegetable or fish & so fourth. They bring in a lot of green lettuce & ankovies & what not and Nasty remarks. This will provoke an empty stommack. Yes, I reply, it would provoke any kind of a stommack & I hope you have got a mop handy.

A couple young kids come in to clean things off. One has a purple shirt on & all he does is wipe the table off with it. The

other picks up a lot of left-over things, Nasty declaring he did not want no one to be offended on acc't their laying there, but it looks more to me like soup for to-morrow.

The gests gets all exited a minute later when in comes a big noobian slave with 2 or 3 kinds of bottles of wine balanced on a trey on his head. My gods, says somebody down near the end, soppose he spills it before he gets here!! But this dinge is a mean jugular and don't spill nothing. Nasty turns to your welathy friend, Maecenas, who pays all your bills (Horace blushes furiously) & says trying to put himself over big. If you don't crave these kind of dage red, I have got some Albanian & Faler-nian downstrs. which I assure you is very good and quite expensive.

Horace: (guffawing). This guy is a screem. I got an ocean to rite about him in 1 of my celebraited Satyrs. But which of the gang was funniest when lit up?

Fundanius: Don't get exited, I am coming to that. But first I got to mention how they was seated at the table. Counting down from me, next was Viscuous Thurinus, then Various and this Servilius Balatro who is a screem when pie-ide, then Vibidius who Maecenas brought along I guess to help him laff. Momentauus was rite above me and after him Porshus & you know what a card the latter is. Well he was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  passed out. He begins eating pancakes hole & is having a grate time till Balatro hands him a poreselane plate which he bites and they have to remove him on a stretcher. This is the cause of a harty laff from all except Nasty who is thinking of the broken plate, so I cheer him up by ejackulating jokefully, you ought to be glad you don't live in no boarding house like I and if you broke the plate there you would haf to eat off the table or else not a tall till the old one was glued together again.

Nomentanus got a hungary jag on & got kind of mean about it. If he saw something behind something else he would holler for it or reach and yell, What and the h—— are you trying to do, hold out on me? He ate more than anyone there, being too far gone to notice the taste much, so would hate to be in his place to-day. The rest of us was given different kinds of birds & fish & oisters & etc., done up like I guess they never was done up before. They didn't go so bad but I got wondering is these things leftovers from some other banquet & if so how long ago till I had to quit with 6 fish-heads still in front of me which is what I get for having too delicate stommack.



About this time Nasty sidles up and pulls a lecture on how apples is sopped to ripen under the wain of the moon. I gaze at the sad-looking piece of fruit they give me and answers, Well you shouldn't of left the moon wain so long wile this one was getting ripe becane it's a little overdone. Nasty hands me a dirty look but don't send for no other apple for me & I had to eat the one they left in the first place which by the way was so bad even a couple worms had abandon it.

Then Vibidius whispers to Balatro, They is only 1 way we can make out on this party & that is drink evrything possible only the water. The water is not possible either, says Balatro and falls to hartily. Vibidius calls a waiter and says bring on what you got. Nasty pales at this as besides being costly and all that a pr. of stews is hard to manage & are likely to make a lot of wise cracks about the dinner which a sober guy would not have the affrontry to get off. But these boys is tough ones to stop when started & Nasty could not have them thrown out on acc't it might get Maecenas peevish. They must of downed  $\frac{1}{2}$ -doz. goatskins of this brand in that before passing out for better or worse and meanwhile the poor devils at the other end of the table practicly cashed in of thirst as nothing got that far with them two on the job.

Next come more fish which you'd think Nasty was one of these cristians and it Friday the way he kept piling on see-foods. This partickular fish was in some kind of sonse. This, announces the hoast is a trout. Sewr-trout, jeers Balatro waking up for a minute. Nasty don't take no heed of the interruption & goes rite on, I will give you the recippe for this kind of souse as it is a grate favorite of mine st your wife will no doubt want to make it once or twice a wk. when she hears how to do it. You take the best oil you can buy & mix it with juice from an imported Spanish mackerell, then pour in 5-yr. old wine—. Here Vibidius comes to & cuts in, My gods he must of balled up the ages & put a 5-yr. old mackrell in this stuff. But the hoast goes rite on as if nothing happened & continues, the wine is sopped to be also imported & all this is to be boiled. However you can put in home-ade wine st if you boil it rite nobody will know the difference. Then add white pepper & grapes & all will be finished. Finished is rite, chokes Maecenas almost strangling, you ought to of removed the bottle corks from this, I have just swolloed 1. This so exited evryone that Nasty got no chance to talk about the oisters & other bipeds brought in then, which I



was glad of as oisters look bad enuf themselves without no one desribbing them.

Well so far things is bad but you have not heard nothing yet. Nasty has hung a lot of draperies around the dining rm. & soppose they was not hung very tight for the first thing you know, z-zopp-p!! and one of them falls landing on the table in a big dish of gravy & souse. They is a dust raised like you would not see on Saturday A. M. when they are cleaning the forum here & I don't think no more sanitary. Evrybody thinks Vesuvvius is at it again & dives under the table where they is a mad scramble what with the fact the gests had been throwing things under there before & they is quite a bit of food on the floor to say nothing of the gravy & souse spilled in the mee-lay. When they find evrything is O. K. all begin to laff & wipe themself off in the drapery.

Then Rufus who is o-such-a-cut-up lays his head on his hands & begins to cry like you'd imagine his son was dead only he has not got one. The gods only knows what would of hap-pened here if Momentanus had not began to sympathize with Nasty. Their is the h—— of it, says he, lady luck has not no busness monkeing with us huemans but what can a guy do about it?

Poor Various almost swollos a napkin trying to keep from laffing rite in Nasty's face. Balatro is pretty sobered up by this time & acts like the hole busness is a joke. Such is life, howls Balatro, you never get what you are working for. Why & the h—— should you worry because the bread is burnt too much to eat it & the souse tastes like glew & the service is feirce just to hand this hungary mob a blowout? Also why has the d—— curtain got to fall & dirty evrything includding the food? I guess the first thing you know one these noobiams will flop & spill ankovies down the back of yr. shirt. But a hoast is just like one of these boxfitters at the collisayum & it takes a sock on the chin to make him fite so at the rate things are going at this diner you onght to be a majer-league hoast by the time it is over.

Nasty is greatful for this and replies, You are O. K. & I hope the gods give you whatever you ask for.

Alright, says Balatro, get me a pr. of shoes.

This crack gets a heavy rise from the gests and they is well nigh historical with merth.

Horace: This must of been better than a couple crysters mixing it with a lion. What happened after that?

Fundanius: Well Vibidious hollers to the slaves, What is the matter is the barrls broken, I been asking for wine for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and have not got it yet. Balatro helps things along by wanting to know what Nasty is going to do now. Nasty comes back by ordering in a doz. different kind of meet. One slave drags in crane which it must of been a travling crane it was so tough, and another brings goose liver with gravy & figs. I said it's a wonder he don't bring in the foul's head too, but Various answers I guess you got that in the soup befour this, and maybe I did at that. They was also a hare's hindlegs with gibblets & blackbirds brests with pigeons which would of been alright if Nasty had not insist it on talking about them & where they come ect. like you'd think we came for a phisiologuy lecture instead of mearly to eat.

Horace: How did it finely come out & where did you go afterwards?

Fundanius: Come out! We come out when Nasty was  $\frac{1}{2}$  through his lecture on gibblets & went to a cafeteria to by some food after the show!

*Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.*



## REVERIE.

"WHAT," I once queried, "is the perfect stage  
of Life?" Then up there spake an ancient sage:  
"'Tis not the period, but the man," quoth he,  
"Who knows the fullness of both Youth and Age."

Some petty spite doth make us cry, "Alas!"  
As though 'twould e'er endure instead of pass  
Like sparks that glow and die—We dole the span  
Of ills by seconds, not an hour-glass.

'Tis strange, indeed, how often doth the march  
Of Time the lowly raise and Glory parch—  
Imperial Rome redunds to Nero's shame—  
The rack's the martyr'd Saint's triumphal arch !

Waste not thy life regretting what is gone;  
Away with retrospect ! Good thoughts dwell on  
The Future, not the Past; all things must change—  
The old day dies before the new can dawn.

Lo ! In the West beyond yon gothic spire,  
Descending Phoebus spreads his Cloak of Fire,  
And hurls one last defiance at the Night  
Ere setting torch to dead Day's funeral pyre !

Wake ! to the Golden Glory of the Morn !  
Wake ! as the homing shepherd sounds his horn !  
Rise from thy tardy couch, thou Child of Dreams,  
And greet the splendor of the Day new-born !

Full oft I ask myself, "How dost presume  
To inflict upon thy Friend this senseless spume  
Blown from the crest of idle thoughts that flood  
Thy empty pate from now till Crack o' Doom ? "

Myself replies, "What office or what end,  
What use be there, or reason for a Friend,  
Unless to con such pot-pourri as this  
And, playing Duty's hypocrite, commend ? "

We dream and, dreaming, conjure out-of-hand  
Objects of grandeur—ne'er do we demand  
The smaller things of Life—yet Life itself  
Is measured by a falling grain of sand !

My faith ! This Life more questions can propound  
Than Seer and Sage philosopher have found  
The explanations of—What wonder if  
We ordinary mortals flounder 'round !

What wonder if we're given to berating  
Our neighbor's theories, gesticulating  
In scorn—when men of wisdom are at odds  
O'er truths whose clarity seems past debating.

*P. G. Sullivan,*

## Punctuality.

IT is readily conceded that time and tide wait for no man. Who doubts the veracity of this saying? All can see that our mighty oceans are never still and all, perhaps, have heard this Latin expression, *Tempus Fugit*. And so in our lives it is a good policy to be on time; it is a better policy to be a few minutes early. Then, too, we are reminded that the early bird catches the worm. A despondent soul who considers "a miss as good as a mile" should be informed that it is "better late than never;" all of which does not excuse the tardiness in the first place.

If I intend to travel to school daily on the 8:21 A. M. at Homewood, and perchance linger over my coffee and newspaper, even at that early hour, I doubt the possibilities of my boarding that train. My doubt increases as I see the train hove into view while I am yet some distance away. I am still some distance from it as it begins to leave and this small distance is increased at an alarming rate as it picks up speed, precluding all hope on my part of entering its flying portals. If this is a daily occurrence for a sufficient period of time, there is a process of deep thinking progressing in my *medula oblongata* or thereabouts. Here is the gist of it: I must seek a solution to the quandary, which engulfs me, whereby I may be in a position to board that train—with dignity for a change. I will seek the answer among the proverbs, for instance—"If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain." In a like vein, if my train will not tarry for me, I will tarry for my train. The issue is now tangible. While I am skeptical as to the success of my new resolve, I have implicit confidence that my will shall surmount all obstacles in my path. I will endeavor to become a paramount example of punctuality and thereby hope to be the edification of my fellow students.

I am unable to imagine either Eternity or this Seething Mass of Energy to cease functioning for a few brief seconds while I might run to my train. If these few seconds are so important and precious to the Universe, should they not be of some value to me? Hence I will ever be in time to wait for the tide.

Edwin B. Ross, 4 Hi A.







# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *The Million Dollars and the Secondary Schools.*

**A**S the April MONTHLY comes from press the Diocese of Pittsburgh completes an educational drive for three millions of dollars. That, one might remark, is rather a tidy sum of money; but Western Pennsylvania Catholics have given liberally and whole-heartedly for the furtherance of a noble project. The designated goal has been reached . . . and passed by an amazing margin. Thus encouraged, our Bishop and Clergy are about to inaugurate a campaign of school-building, such as this city and section have never witnessed before.

Perhaps the most truly important angle of the programme is that which has to do with the development of an adequate system of secondary schools. Our parishes have as a rule their eight elementary grades. Our colleges and universities are capable now, and will be capable for many a year to come, of supplying the demand of Catholic youth for the arts and sciences. But there is a gap, and a most lamentable one, indeed, between grade eight and freshman college. The four "preparatory" years must be spent by the average boy or girl graduate of our parochial institutions in a public high school.

Now the public high school is an excellent thing as far as it goes. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred its faculty members are men and women of as high ideals as one will find in a week's travel. But their viewpoint is of necessity at

variance with that to be found among clerical instructors. For obvious reasons the note of religion must be kept in the background where numerous denominations are represented. Persons in authority at a public high school must keep this fact in mind. Even were such not the order of the day, the majority of the good people have themselves matriculated at secular institutions, and it is but natural that they favor their own *Alma Mater*, and what they represent.

Four years away from religious supervision, during the most impressionable period of a child's life, is pretty certain to leave him bereft of any particular desire to re-enter the fold of Catholic studenthood. He is not prejudiced against it. Neither has he been encouraged toward embracing it. Most frequently he is carried away by the glamor of the name of this or that famed university and, as the saying goes, "falls for it." One cannot altogether blame him. He has been more or less neglected when he should have been protected. The sad part of it is, that too often, by the time he has absorbed the advanced ideas and pseudo-philosophical doctrines of a legion of half-baked college professors, his faith has grown luke-warm, or has been lost completely. Let us make the Catholic high school as universal as the Catholic parochial school.

*Paul G. Sullivan, B. A., '25.*



### ***The Radio Interference Problem.***

**T**HERE is of late a considerable interest being shown in the achievements of radio transmission, which success has progressed by leaps and bounds in an unusual and surprising manner.

Five years ago radio was comparatively speaking in its infancy, but during that brief lapse of time, it has like a babbling brook increased into a raging torrent, a torrent whose tide must be checked if we are to obliterate a Babel of confusion.

Radio now constitutes a potent factor in commercial interests, a dominant means to further industrial activities. Its waves penetrating far out into the recess of unexplored and uncivilized regions now opens up, as it were, new avenues of adventure, progress and exploits to science and art.

However, like all other great projects whose latitude is incommensurate, radio has fallen prey to disorganization, and thus hampered by unstable conditions, interferences and confusion, it now seeks a solvent, an answer to its problem, namely, adequate legislation for protection and regulation by which its future activities shall be guided.

The radio enthusiast, as he manipulates the dials of his receiving set in various combinations, is continually "turning in" to a jumble or conglomeration of sound waves. This is due to the fact that there is little or no definite distinction in wave lengths of broadcasting ships, transmission of government and commercial news, special musical concerts or amateur transmission. Consequently, important news was sometimes lost or smothered by unimportant broadcasting, which served to make general conditions most unsatisfactory.

The folly of continuing activities in such a manner was obvious to all interested in the welfare of radio. To cope with the growing evil a radio conference was called by Secretary Hoover. After much discussion the meeting arrived at certain vital conclusions that will in time entirely remove all discordant elements. Its definite decision was to endow the Department of Commerce with unrestricted authority, to specify the wave frequency, time of operation, power and type of transmission in licensed radio stations. This means that in the future two stations will not be heard working on the same wave frequency, which is the sole means of perfecting a system of broadcasting economically and permanently.

*John E. Monaghan, A. B., '25.*



***Spring Fever.***

I N spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . . well, most anything else but hard work.

When the first gentle zephyrs coax the buds and tender shoots to free themselves from winter's choking grasp, when drab landscapes begin to smile with signs of life, when song-birds are all aflutter with the joys of nesting time, in a word when all nature seems to be vivified, man, nature's paradox, just slinks down to the depths of inactivity. His movements become slow, his eyes dreamy, and his thoughts drift lazily from place to place, smiling fields, virgin forest, sparkling water, foreign lands all form the varied theme of his protracted day dreams. So, dear reader, if you feel these symptoms slowly growing on your winter-worn body, take care, they are the signs of the dread spring fever, a malady which grows wondrously fast. Take steps to check its progress by imbibing the rather disagreeable, but nevertheless effective tonics which nature prescribes, Ambition, Industry and Activity.

*J. A. Nee, '24.*

***Oil and Our Next President.***

S INCE "Teapot Dome" boiled over and flooded the nation with hot indignation, the American voter has been aroused from the semi-coma of political disinterestedness to his social obligations. As a result the voter has been critically surveying every man that looms across the horizon of presidential candidates.

Each prospect will have to run the gauntlet of public scepticism, and it is not unexpected that many will bear the remarks of the run. Governmental proceedings have done much to eliminate traitorous men from the candidacy for political offices. And it is reasonable to suppose that the next chief executive will be a man of integrity and of excellent executive ability. Let us hope so !

*Anthony Connelly, '24.*



## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

The Dukes finished their home basketball season in the blaze of glory by decisively trouncing West Virginia Wesleyan, claimants for the sectional honors of that State, to the tune of 50-16.

This contest marked the third consecutive and overwhelming victory of the new combination which has proven a stumbling block for the defensive tactics of opponents.

MARCH 3—Plans were made public to-day that on March 17, 1924, Father Carroll, Dean of the College Department, will deliver a lecture in the new gymnasium. His subject will be "The Isle of Destiny". The affair on this night will also include a few vocal and musical numbers.

The initial dance of the Campus Club which was held in the new gymnasium proved a great success. A very large crowd presented itself. The music that Harrison's musicians furnished on this occasion surely was most instrumental in encouraging even those who had never graced the slippery floor to make their first attempt.

MARCH 4—The 'Varsity is patiently and earnestly turning its attention to the final game of the year, which will take place on March 7, at Greenville, Pa., against Theil College. Theil, if we rightly recall, was the first team to hand the Dukes their initial setback in the new gymnasium, and the first at home for almost three years.

MARCH 5—This day, Ash Wednesday, marks the beginning of the Lenten season. Ashes were distributed to the students before the Solemn High Mass which opened the annual Forty Hours' Devotion at the University.

MARCH 6—Throughout the entire morning confessions were heard in the Chapel for all the students of the University.

MARCH 7—The students received Holy Communion at the eight o'clock Mass in the Chapel. After Mass breakfast was served in the Cafeteria, and it was rather noticeable that no time whatever was wasted in reaching that place.

At 2 P. M. the ceremonies of the Forty Hours' were brought to an end by a procession and solemn benediction.

Revenge is sweet especially when it is had on foreign courts. Despite the fact that the 'Varsity arrived in Greenville in the midst of one of the severest snow storms of the year, their hopes in quest of that one thing, victory, did not suffer in the least.

The game was a thriller and one that the supporters of Theil will remember for quite awhile. Trailing by a margin of a few points throughout the game, the Dukes seeing that the time was somewhat limited and that immediate action was necessary to attain what they anxiously sought, decided to grab things while the grabbing was good. Three successive field goals and one foul registered within the period of two minutes gave the Dukes enough points to carry the "bacon" home to mothers. The final score was 27-24.

MARCH 8—The achievements of the 'Varsity representatives for the past season may be considered as fairly successful. Although the team failed to establish a record to compare with that of last year's team it must be taken into consideration that most of the material at hand was entirely new, and thus time was needed to experiment and develop a winning quintet.

MARCH 9—It has been officially confirmed that Duquesne will support a tennis team. This step has proven most satisfactory to the student body, and from present information the array of talent that is available in this branch of sport should guarantee the Dukes a team quite capable of holding more than its own end with local institutions.

MARCH 10—Negotiations have been closed with W. Va. University, whereby on April 4, 5, the 'Varsity baseball clan will be the main attraction for the folks down in Morgantown.

MARCH 11—The weekly student Mass was celebrated in the College chapel. The Very Reverend President Hehir addressed the students of the College department.

The initial call for baseball 'Varsity candidates was issued to-day, and from the odd twenty-three that responded the chances for a winning team are very encouraging indeed.

All of last year's players, with the exception of James Carl, who was graduated, and Paul Kramer who is now successfully pursuing a military course at West Point will be available for the squad.

MARCH 12—The 'Varsity basketball players paying their

last tribute to their uniforms of the past season, again donned them—not to play—but to smilingly pose before the shot of the camera.

A banquet for the team has been arranged for the near future in order that the distribution of letters, and the election of a captain may take place.

MARCH 13—Homestead High School's basketball team which finished first in their section has been using our spacious gymnasium for their practices in preparation for the elimination games. It is only a small favor which we are granting to the town which has given us Coach "Bill" Campbell, and stellar forward Ray O'Donovan, and perhaps in the near future more men of this caliber.

MARCH 14—Devotion of the Way of the Cross was conducted in the Chapel at 12:30 to-day. This opportunity appears to be most convenient for many students who, for some reason or another, find it impossible to attend the Stations during the remaining part of the day.

MARCH 15—The faculty and the student body, for the second time this year, received a bit of sorrowful news, when they were informed of the death of Father Danner's father in Chicago. We all unite in extending our sincerest sympathy to our genial econome, and to the Very Reverend Chancellor of the Diocese on their bereavement.

MARCH 17—St. Patrick's Day. High Mass and Benediction in honor of this great Saint opened the day's work. The afternoon, as per custom, was declared free, thus affording the students an opportunity of spending the remainder of the day in the manner most suitable to them.

The lecture given by Father Carroll managed to draw a large crowd to the hall despite the numereus social affairs and entertainments that are customarily conducted on this night. The crowd numbered in the vicinity of a thousand, and it was very evident that the affair was a hit, socially and financially.

The feature of the lecture was that it was brief, and still it set forth enough interesting matter to give the outmost satisfaction and gain the approval of the audience, which generally becomes tired and disinterested when forced to listen to something entirely too long. But the elaborate, brief, concise and

sensible arrangement of Father Carroll's lecture was highly enjoyed by all present.

Thomas Sullivan, member of the Junior Class of the Arts department, and Peter Higgins, tenor of the Pittsburgh Council of the K. of C., rendered vocal musical selections, which won a place for them in heart of every Irishman that heard their melodious voices.

MARCH 18—A Solemn High Mass of Requiem for Father Danner's father was offered up this morning at 9:30 A. M. in the College chapel. Mr. Danner's sons, daughters, relatives and friends were present. The Seniors of the College department acted in the capacity of pall-bearers. About sixty priests were present.

MARCH 19—The Feast of St. Joseph. Mass was celebrated at 8:30 A. M. in the Chapel, followed by an address by the Rev. Father William J. Keaney.

MARCH 20—The initial outdoor baseball practice for the 'Varsity team was conducted to-day. It is necessary that the squad work hard in order to be in the best shape for its encounters with West Virginia U.

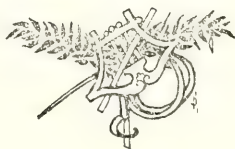
It has been announced that the high school department will be represented in the future by an aquatic team.

Edward Ross, crack P. A. A. swimmer, has been chosen to captain the tank artists.

MARCH 21—Although this day marks the first day of spring, still one would hardly think, judging from the appearance of last night's snowfall, that spring is here.

Just as the 'Varsity baseball candidates happen to begin their outdoor practice "old man" Winter decides that he has forgotten something, and again returns.

*Charles Cherdini, '25.*





## Exchanges.

IT may appear strange that on receiving a sheaf of Exchanges for review impulse seized the Editor to treat them from the standpoint of the advertising they carried. At any rate the Editor acted on the impulse and reaching out took up *St. John's Record* for February. Strange to say, on turning the front cover he found no advertising but instead a table of Contents with one of its articles entitled: Too Much Advertising. Needless to relate he went at once to the designated page and soon was as absorbed in it as hypochondriac reading patent medicine ads. The bird that wrote that article has surely got all the symptoms and will need watching. But one who has himself gone through the agony can easily forgive. It is justifiable homicide to run amuck when at the very climax of a story and on the very verge of breaking the altitude record for emotion to read: "the spotlight of heaven shone on her face and she nobly dared for her heart was filled . . . (Continued on page 126)" and on seeking for the indicated page to be confronted with the mocking words OXTAIL SOUP spread over the vis-a-vis of the shrine of revelation. It enrages one to the point of fury until he feels with the slow return of reason that according to the law of probability so well capitalized by Boyle such things can happen only once in a lifetime and he puts the thing out of his mind. Then two days later he wants to kick himself for putting it out of his mind, because he finds himself the butt of ridicule again when after following the lovely heroine to the very crisis of her fate and trembling with her in the balance he is told that she met the situation with a silence surpassing in pathos all words of human eloquence, because, as explained, "from childhood on all her thoughts had been . . . (Please turn to page 184) ! But, alas, page 185 first greets his eye with the blatant scream AGED IN WOOD. 'Tis sad and 'tis sad 'tis sad. But as the fellow said when the newcomer complained about the heat in hell, What are you going to do about it? Hence our motto: KEEP COOL WITH COOLIDGE.

The *Holy Cross Purple* for February measures up to its high standard set by its achievements in the past and by the regal connotation of the noun in its name. Essays on Pope and Minor Augustans are worthy performances in discharge of its obligation to acquaint youth with who's who in the literary hall of fame. "What Makes a Business Man Tired" is a model of diagnosis in mental pathology. The writer should have accompanied the article with an equally convincing prognosis.

The *Columbiad* comes from its seat by the western sea and refreshes with its air of mental spaciousness and light-heartedness. The valentines to various females must have been written by one who wore either a six-shooter or a smile at the time of their delivery, unless of course he resorted to the dirty eastern trick of sending them anonymously by mail,—a possibility suggested by the fact that the author's name is not given. Freedom from the trammels of convention is seen in the generous space devoted to humor. When the comparatively slight gap intervening therein between good will and attainment shall have been covered by the *Columbiad* may well feel proud of its accomplishment.

The *Labarum* besides some dainty "verselets" has some vignettes enchasing little gems of thoughts worthy of keeping. The inclusion of "Porculus Classicus" in a young ladies' magazine is explicable presumably in virtue of the Law of Opposites. But what we want to say particularly is this: After reading the plea of loyalty to the advertisers in the *Labarum* we made up our mind that when we get our patent for extracting dyes from the rainbow we are going out to Dubuque to set up a silk factory and spend our life clothing the lilies of the field.

The *Viatorian* has a format that is decidedly homey. Its February issue sounds the same note in its contents and makes you feel that all formality is laid aside and that you have been invited for the nonce to a regular family meal. The articles on Kipling, Carlyle and Pater bear evidence of desire and aptitude to cater to he-minds that want something to crunch and want plenty of it. Even the verse is sonorous with masculinity, softened however in "Beatrice" to such exquisite loveliness as makes us wish we could meet the author and alleviate his distress by showing how much more hopeless it is to describe our girl.

The *Trinity College Record* has essays on Pater, Howells Newman and Carlyle. The more delicate touch of the feminine hand is unmistakable throughout. Miss (March, 1924) McMahon's use of visual, auditory, olfactory, etc., images and of other terms borrowed from psychology is winsome flattery to our ability to perceive that she has ideas more lovely than their names. (Keep Out: this means YOU. Dear Miss Jackson: I read "Love" and liked it. I always felt that love was just as bad

as that, but I never knew it was so bad as that. It's terrible what love does, isn't it? Suppose we have a meeting some time. I'm sure your heart is where your thought is and my heart is there too. We could be joint authors and get out a book on the subject, warning people away from it.)

The *Pebble* for December has in "The Season of Hope" a charming lilt in its description of Nature's moods. Those who like to see idols smashed will find the lie effectively given in "Clarissima" to the old dictum that love is blind.



### When We Are Old.

"While the heart is young and joyful  
And the sound of laughter cheers,  
While the love of friends and kindred  
In our nature perseveres;  
While the soul responds to music,  
To the song that's sweetly sung—  
We to age have not surrendered,  
On our youth the curtain rung.

But when nothing longer pleases  
And our views are all askew;  
When all things in life we picture  
In a dark and somber hue;  
When the rose has lost its beauty  
And our hopes have run to seed—  
Then, though years be small in number,  
We are old, quite old indeed."





## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

### In Regard to the Spring Sports Programme.

The athletic year of 1923-24 should close with the proverbial "bang" at Duquesne. As we go to press prospects for baseball are brighter than they have been at any time since before the war. Tennis, the greatest pastime in the world for the individual, will be maintained as a 'Varsity activity for the first season in the history of the school. Net candidates have flashed promising form in preliminary workouts. Father McCarthy, diamond coach, and Grant Siverd, racquet mentor, are men conversant to the "nth" degree in the games they teach. Both are to receive the whole-hearted support of faculty and student organizations and with half an iota of good fortune will turn out teams worthy of wearing the Red and Blue. Schedules embracing the majority of the Bluffites' sectional rivals have been arranged, and though not as extensive as one might wish, they will offer fair estimates of the standing of horsehide and court representatives.

Baseball, of course, has the call. With numerous veterans of last year returning for another campaign and several brilliant performers who have entered college since then ready for the gong, there exists every reason to hope for a most successful two months of it. Captain Pete Kilday is most optimistic of his outfit's chances to annex the Tri-State title. So is everyone else around the Hill. The fact is, Duquesne has the cleverest nine in the district—on paper. Advance dope has a habit of going wrong, we will admit. Still it is hard to figure how any squad the Kilday crew is billed to encounter can logically expect a triumph. It is hardly probable, perhaps, that Pete will lead his followers through from early April to mid-June with a single set-back; but on the other hand, a baseball team needs not a spotless record to merit recognition for the championship.

As to the personnel of the aggregation, it is a trifle early to go on record with any sort of definite predictions. There are, however, quite a few chaps on hand who strike the casual



observer as being fairly certain of regular berths. First and foremost is Kilday himself, whose center field job is mortgaged, and we don't mind remarking to that effect. Dan Rooney is sitting pretty for the catching assignment, and we'd like to place a small wager that Jim Reilly will take his turn on the mound now and then. Elongated Bill Tracey, of basketball fame, is another hurler of promise. The Oaklander is wild, but shows a willingness to learn the fine points of his art that bodes well for the big fellow's future. He has plenty of smoke and is developing a fast curve-ball. Chris Titz, brother of the noted Billy, and a former student here, is back in school of a lapse of two years and will also try out for box staff. Chris, as most of the gang will remember, is a southpaw. Joe Ward had him under his wing on the Finkelhors last summer and initiated him into the mysteries of fast company twirling.

Chuck Cherdini, leader of the floor five, has signified an intention of taking a shot at first base instead of the keystone which latter post he held down in 1922 and 1923. The loss of Paul Cramer to West Point left a gap at the initial sack and Chuck, realizing that the advent of Joe Doherty would account nicely for second, decided upon the advice of the authorities to move an angle nearer to the plate. A knee injury sustained many months ago has caused the cage star to switch from the right to the left side of the platter for hitting purposes, and although the sudden change may throw him into a bit of batting slump for a few weeks, in the end it is apt to prove beneficial both to himself and to the squad. Paul Keefe, smartest short-stop ever seen on the Bluff campus, has been ill and has not yet reported for practice. His coming will be welcomed by his mates, for he is an essential unit in the Duke machine and will be needed for every contest on the card.

The hot corner, for once, appears well supplied with top-notch material. Ambrose Conley should be on deck again for his old position there. In addition, Ick McShanic of the Law Department take a whirl at it and McDonald, halfback on the grid crew, is said to be casting eyes on the same bag. Neat Tenney has recovered completely from the football injury that laid him on the shelf throughout November and is in line for an outfield berth, while any number of ambitious but unheralded youngsters will make the going spirited for the favored few.

Tennis presents more of a problem than does baseball. As Duquesne has never had a racquet contingent before, Coach Siverd has no data on past accomplishments to judge his men by

Dick O'Connor, number one man of last spring's informal team, is flashing excellent stuff. Hank O'Brien looks good for a crack at Wash-Jeff in the opening tilt here and Bill McLaughlin of the South Hills Tennis Club can scarcely be kept from the line-up. Jim Creighton has promised to work toward perfecting an orthodox service and backhand, which, with his steaming drive should round out a versatile attack. Felding of Pre-Med, and Rihn and Wilhelm, Freshmen show aptitude for the sport but lack experience. The lad who may set 'em all on their ears, though, is Lam who comes all the way from Shanghai, China, to pick up economics on the Bluff. The Oriental luminary is not a sensational player. His pace is not particularly fast and his service is no "killer". But my word, what a steady-shooting racqueter the young man is! That peculiar Trans-Pacific stroke of his seems able to keep putting 'em back forever. Lam is personally acquainted with two members of the Chinese Davis Cup contestants and has cavorted with many of the ranking netmen of his native land.

The court coach will devote much of his attention to bringing out potent doubles combinations. Mr. Siverd rightly reasons that it is in this branch of the game that college outfits are usually most deficient. As an intercollegiate match consists of four singles and two double clashes, it is to be readily perceived that victories in both two-man events will necessitate only a 50-50 split of singles to annex the verdict. Several prospective pairings have been tossed together, and it is believed that ere long Duquesne will be quite on a par with rival institutions at dual tussling.

*Paul G. Sullivan, '25.*

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### Try It On Your Ford.

"There was a man of Coue's faith  
Who wished with much avail,  
He "Coue'd" to his car for speed  
And landed in a jail;  
And, when they put him in a cell,  
He learned, beyond a doubt,  
That one could "Coue" into jail,  
But could not "Coue" out.  
Still, while he's held in durance vile,  
The new thought comes to bless—  
For "day by day in every way,"  
His time is growing less."

**A Lenten Thought.**

Alone with Thee, who canst not be alone,  
 At midnight, in Thine everlasting day;  
 Lo! less than naught, of nothingness undone,  
 I, prayless, pray.

Behold—and with Thy bitterness make sweet—  
 What sweetness is in bitterness to hide—  
 Like Magdalene, I grovel at Thy feet,  
 In lowly pride.

Smite, till my wounds beneath Thy scourging cease;  
 Soothe, till my heart in agony hath bled;  
 Nor rest my soul at enmity at peace,  
 Till death be dead.

*Father Tabb.*

R. W. Fisher

R. W. Fisher, Jr.

Hermann Laub, Jr.

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# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXI.

MAY, 1924.

Number 8.

## Queen of May.

© VIRGIN, Dawn before the Sun,  
Thrice-happy herald of the Light,  
A suppliant people claim thy help,  
Engulfed in sorrow's stygian night.

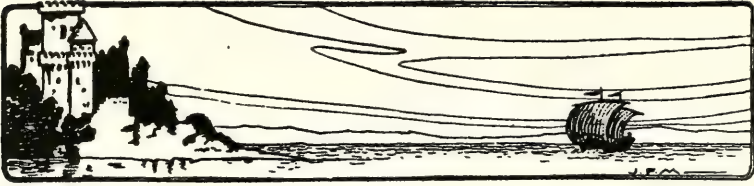
Turn back the turbid wave of sin  
As did the Ark in Jordan' tide:  
Becalm the torrent's avid swirl,  
Our steps through life in safety guide.

The world about thee burned with hate;  
By greed and envy Earth lay wrack'd;  
'Twas thou that spread the cooling dew,  
'Twas thou alone remain'd intact.

The serpent poised repulsive, coil'd,  
With deadly virus-tainted breath;  
Thou crushed the monster's baneful head,  
To save us from eternal death.

O Mother spotless, pity us,  
Thou conqu'ress of th' infernal snare;  
Cast down embattled Satan's host,  
O heed thine harassed children's prayer.

*Paul G. Sullivan, A. B., '25.*



## The Constitution of the United States.

**T**HE Constitution is the base and foundation of the system of fundamental laws governing the nation. It is a skeleton around which is woven, not only the laws of the nation, but also her very existence. Closely is an efficient silver thread of Amendments entwined around our Constitution, so as to enrich the nation in justice, in power, in dignity and in grandeur. Vainly have the tempestuous, stormy times battled to conquer and overpower our country, our pride, but with this bulwark of defense their assaults have proved futile. For our nation is built neither on the bare, naked earth, nor on the treacherous, treasonable sands, but upon a rock, the Constitution, which bestows equal rights to all. The nation, clad in the constitutional armor, has conquered all obstacles placed in her blazing path of glory, chiefly among which was the Civil War, besides many other impediments which she has swept aside, in her triumphant march to progress.

Everything that we do is done for some reason or purpose. The Constitution was ordained, established and adopted by our forefathers, the founders of this glorious nation, to form a more perfect union; to establish justice; to insure domestic tranquility; to provide for the common defense; to promote the general welfare; and to secure the blessings of Liberty to the inhabitants of this nation for all time.

*First:* The states are no longer angry, snarling wolves ready to venture at each other's throat, but now they are linked together in fraternal embrace under the guidance and obedience of a strong federal government composed of selected and chosen representatives of the people, whose duty is to promote the interest and welfare of nation, according to the desire and will of the majority. The power of making, executing, and expounding laws is vested by the Constitution in the people, indirectly, through the federal and state governments, according to whether it tends to benefit the entire nation, or a particular state. All these laws have the same end in view—to guard the rights of the people. By this actual, living bond of unity

existing between the states and by the individual efforts of each state, we are at present the most flourishing, the wealthiest and foremost nation of the world.

*Second:* Justice has established her indisputable power within our portals. For from the tall, majestic pines, to the refreshing shades of Palmettos, from the turbulent waters of the Atlantic to the calm waters of the Pacific, there exists a network of courts presided over by elected judges of the people, who prudently administer justice, rendering to every culprit his right dues, after a fair trial by an impartial jury; and towering above these in stately majesty, is the Supreme Court, the foremost judicial power of the nation, whose members are the most honorable, most upright and unbiased in the practice and exercise of their judicial power.

*Third:* Domestic Tranquility has been insured on the basis of an honest and liberal policy. In every city and village of the nation, whether it might be in the agricultural lowlands, on the cold, bleak mountain tops, in the wild, barren, uncultivated plains or in the sunny, cotton-growing lands, officers enforcing law and order can be found. This false, transient world of misery, trials and tribulation has always been afflicted with sinister, horrid, loathsome crimes, countless and innumerable as grains of sand on the seashore. Neither kingdom nor nation, regardless of what height of glory it has attained, has been or ever will be exempted from this malady. The earnest and unremitting efforts of our government have been crowned with more than ordinary success in preventing the extension of crime. Religion, morality, and other sound principles which are necessary to insure Domestic Tranquility, from childhood are instilled into the youths of the nation through our educational system. Thus they are given a firm foundation in order to become law-abiding and honorable citizens so as to be able to lead the destinies of the nation when the time presents itself.

*Fourth:* The federal government is vested by the Constitution with the power to declare war, to raise an army, to maintain a navy and to provide fully for the common defense. There was a time after we had won our independence, when unprotected we were a tempting, enticing prey to any foreign power which would have desired to seize a choice morsel, not only of our territory but also of our natural, inborn wealth. But that time is now passed and we are able to withstand the attacks of any foreign power which would be so rash as to embark on such a proposterous and ridiculous enterprise. Only recently, in the last war, we have given more than

ample proof and evidence of our strength, having acquitted ourselves with the lion's share of the honor and glory due to the invincible allied army. Triumphantly does the Star Spangled Banner, emblematic of victory, in its charming, fascinating, resplendent colors, wave defiantly to the breeze, unmolested and unrivaled over all.

*Fifth:* We have laws which regulate our commerce, industries and the levying of taxes. These, together with the development of mineral resources, irrigation of arid plains and countless other improvements, have promoted the general welfare. We are the wealthiest nation, industrially and financially, of the world. The nation is a huge beehive, whose products are exported to every foreign port, bringing cheer and gladness to forlorn, bereft and less fortunate sister-nations. The hustle and bustle of men going about their work or business reigns supreme from the early morning dawn to the dark shadows of night, when the toilsome, laborious day is superseded by the evening shades, accompanied by merry laughter, joviality and conviviality. All this takes place under the watchful and vigorous care of the powerful arm of Her Majesty, the Law.

*Sixth:* The maiden queen, Liberty, hovers above us in her celestial regalia, with a crown of valuable, sparkling gems encircling her tresses of golden hair, and in her right hand she holds aloft the victorious banner, emblematic of her undisputed power, as she showers blessings upon this fortunate, twice-blessed nation. For in this government of the people, by the people, for the people, every citizen is allowed to express his own private, personal, individual opinion, if he so desires. The press, the mouthpiece of the people, can criticize the actions of our government, if they are not satisfactory to the masses. Furthermore, we are given the privilege of assembling together to discuss and judge the actions of the government. Moreover, we are made secure against unreasonable seizure or searches, and no warrants are to be issued but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, particularly describing the person or thing to be seized, and the place to be searched. Every man, without regard to what depths of baseness he has stooped to commit a crime, can demand a fair and just trial. And also, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall exist within the United States or her possessions. These are the principal, the foremost and huge massive pillars of Liberty's blessings secured to the inhabitants of this nation for all time.

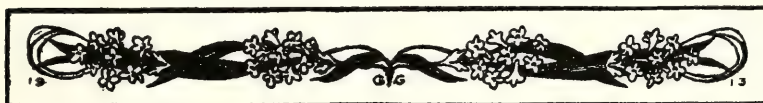
The Constitution has efficiently done what was required and expected of it. Its metal has been proven and we are convinced of



its usefulness and of its inconceivable benefit to the nation. It is the lawful duty, not only of citizens but also of aliens who are making their abode within our boundaries, to assent to and comply with the laws laid down by the Constitution, since if harm befalls the nation it is the masses that suffer. If within our heart there surges a burning flame of unfettered love toward our country, and if we possess the exalted passion of patriotism, we will always be prompted to promote the interest and welfare of the nation by every righteous means within our power.

From our illustrious predecessors, whose incomprehensible sacrifices have made this Republic possible, we are entrusted with the sacred duty to preserve and safeguard this Republic from the deadly fangs of vice, corruption and dissension which may threaten to undermine its very foundation, so that with time it should crumble to earth, as other famous republics of the past; and we, in turn, yield this same sacred duty to our prosperity. Therefore, it is our obligation to stand loyally and faithfully by the Constitution, the rock upon which is founded our present greatness, and upon which rest not only the excess of the glory of our beloved and renowned country, not to be obscured in time to come, but also the future security of the American Democracy.

J, G, LAGNESE, H, S., '24.



## A Price From Heritage.

WIMPTON, as most English hamlets of pre-war days, was astir with the first crimson touch of morning. Early May found the prolific gardens and well-tilled fields of the village quite consistent with the neatly laid and modest houses; bourgeoisie was the keynote to everything. Just beyond the north-western skies of the pretty shire prominently stood the manor of Grik, now belonging to Henry Grik, untitled, yet sporting this priceless heritage which dated to the days of the virile Elizabeth.

Grik stood in his study room, near the open window, this blithe morning, enjoying the aroma of a mild cigarette. He looked askance at the mellow tidings of the morn, wondering and musing upon

the beauty of the new day; regaling upon the narcissus scented air, gently wafting from the wide stretch of rose gardens beneath the window. A gentle knock diverted the young man's whimsical thoughts yet he continued at the window while Kamo entered in his native ease, placed a litter of mail upon the oblong oak table in the centre of the room, speedily arranged it, and departed.

Grik cast away his cigarette and pensively smiled as he turned to the desk. Having cursorily viewed the morning paper his next obligation was to review the morning mail; the usual miscellany of bills, invitations, petitions and all that the mail of a young, independent and elite Englishman might include. He noticed quite a few social invitations; although the manor strangely was never a rendezvous for the ultra smarts of Wimpton, nevertheless Grik was always beset by the sycophancy of the socially ambitious. As a voluntary recluse the young man was content with such life; wholly satisfied in his solitude and the interesting company of his Indian valet Kamo, a human trophy of his days with the royal army in the Sepoy settlements of India.

The young heir discarded many of the letters but finally paused with an intent look upon the postmark of a typed missive. "Chane", he mused and hastily opening it, eagerly murmured:

Chane, Willby Downs,  
May 10th.

My Dear Henry:

Cheerio! It is indeed long since I've seen you. The weather is now quite clement and we've planned a mardigras for the whole of next week. Consider yourself a guest and come, old thing. Please.

Jimmie Namoth.

"England is becoming beastly democratic," sighed Henry, carelessly tossing the letter upon the mass of papers strewn about the table. Of course, Jimmie was a decent chap, even an erstwhile chum, but too much of a liberalist. Yet Grik found Jimmie's friendship quite valuable in his college days; Namoth was a brilliant student, generous sportsman and a fair athlete. Altogether he was the type of man that made friend but to Grik's prudish mind was rather indiscreet; Henry's attitude was largely the result of his aunt's tutelage during his youthful days. She was now dead, poor soul, but even so her inculcations about family tradition and position were never lost to the young bachelor. However, isolation had become rasping with the advent of the glorious weather and the in-

vation was indeed enticing. "I think I'll play incognito and motor up to Chane!" soliloquized Grik, as he lit a fresh cigarette. Ringing for Kamo he began to tidy the room and within an hour was comfortably seated at the wheel of a staunch roadster.

Twilight slowly settled as a dust laden car rolled up the sandy driveway of Namoth's vast country estate. The machine scarcely merged into the facade shadows of the building when a stalwart, pleasant looking man of nearly thirty years strided across the terrace to the now silent motor.

"Grik, old thing, I'm pleased at your coming," stated Namoth. "The cricket tournament begins next week, eh? We look rather strawy, don't you think so?"

"Grod will win the race; betting is pretty hot and that shows indiscriminate opinion. Chane seems a cock for fourth at the finish; ought to be second in my estimation. Bother the old game; you haven't aged a day though, Jimmie, what?"

Grik stepped from the car while Kamo trudged ahead with the luggage; the friends walked a few paces behind.

"Jimmie, you must excuse me, but I'd like to play incognito; your crowd does not know me and it is—er—so preferred; all habit, don't you see"? Namoth had feared this but knew his companion to that extent of his foolish likes and dislikes.

"Come now, Henry; we perhaps are a lot of commoners yet—er—don't you think it an honor to live even for the sake of your historic family name, no"? Namoth was astute as his well timed words reflected.

"My dear Jimmie, please do not hold me as so great a fool; demarcation in social class is all tommyrot. But I'll do as you say; I'm Henry Grik; how's that"?

"Neat enough," rejoined his companion, leading him from the portico into the house. Namoth led the way to an extreme south room on the right of the second floor.

Grik found the room quite pleasant, enough to bring temporary forgetfulness about his promise to Namoth. He wondered why he had made it; surely he was not as naive as so easy a concession would imply. Not even a single remonstrance. "Not altogether myself tonight," he mused, assisting Kamo to unpack.

Henry found dinner a strange yet pleasant procedure. Strange—the formality of this function was lost here, that mythical something of which he occasionally read seemed to assert itself. Was it

home life or merely an illusion of new environment or plain weariness? Few guests had arrived, yet he found them a part of that novelty which surrounded him. He could not explain it and naturally the inexplicable always fires the imagination. Simplicity was there but not in the monotone which Henry had always experienced. His companions talked, ate and laughed in a way wholly unknown to him; it was all done with such informality and sincerity that it mollified his heart, hardened with the ingrained prejudice for solitude and the things which it included. A couple of Americans were included in the party who perhaps accounted for its unusualness; Americans always seemed extraordinary to him; his experience with them was brief but not without interest. Grik discovered himself with one of their number in the drawing room after lunch—a certain Miss Celeste Brighton from Virginia. She was deucedly American and this first impression stimulated the penchant to express from her some of the effete history of her fatherland, which obligation the average American traveler only too gladly assumed. He heard many of them tell it in their own style; they all were so simple, matter-of-fact and even naive to his satirical mind. It was amusing and quite hilarious at times to listen to that frank and straight talk which only an American can give. It had a tang for Americans as zestful as satire for the English; to him it was decidedly funny. His inclination soon lost itself, however. Lighting a cigarette he leisurely settled himself in a wicker next to her.

"Er—how do you find England, Miss Brighton? It lacks the picturesque marvel of your America but I hope that it holds other things for you."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Grik, mother and I have been here only two weeks; it is so much like home and yet there are so many new things. I've always longed to visit your wonderful country but school continually interfered. We are here at last, however, and I'm certainly satisfied."

That indefinable something which he had felt at table still persisted; she brought it with her and seemed to parade it before his very eyes. It was soothing yet his ignorance of it irritated him. "Glad to know that you are enjoying yourself. I planned to vacation in America last spring but as usual circumstances hindered me. I hear so much of your land and I am ever so eager to see it."

Miss Brighton smiled appreciatively and simply remarked with a quizzical air:



"Really, you would see England, only a more expansive one, but yet not without novelty."

He indulged in that pensive smile so characteristic of him; anyhow things were pleasant, even more so than at Wimpton. The people about him seemed a reflex of his own humanity; here he held dialogue with a young lady of a mere hour's acquaintance. Something irresistible drew him on, making him one of them. He felt himself applauding Jimmie for a piano solo, laughing at the sharp raillery of a couple of obese Northerners, talking cricket, national affairs, and exercising charms of speech and a glamour of manner which had become lost to his memory. He found Mrs. Brighton a young, neat and soberly American type near forty years of age; a more mature counterpart of her daughter. The loss of a devout husband and her other child could account for the dark furrows about her pleasant mouth; a tinge of grayness was the other symptom of middle age. Otherwise her girlish figure and blithe temperament connived at no more than thirty. Sunday at Namoth's meant that rigid observance so well expressed in the rustic shire by the weekly church gathering, where all put on their best clothes and manner, prepared to do the Lord worship and afterwards, to proceed with the gossiping of the week previous.

At Wimpton this function was linked with much greater urbanity and to Grik the change seemed an indispensable part of his new environment. After services he met Miss Brighton and together they headed toward the deep woods leading to the house.

"Mother has the megrims this morning; too much strain in continual change from place to place, but she will soon respond to this delightful country. Beautiful day, isn't it, Mr. Grik?" she added, lithely tripping her way over the uneven path.

Overhead the sun was fiery with that noon-day crimson, occasionally penetrating the maze of foliage encircling them; myriads of birds made the sumptuous woodland a living, a breathing thing; it seemed a temple of nature.

She was dressed in a sage green frock leisurely swooping to a seal brown selvedge; above her pretty rose-tinted face gracefully tapering to a sharp and dimpled chin, a few shocks of golden, wavy hair rested upon her pallid forehead. Her hair compared with the sun, the frock with the shrubbery, and the selvedge with the earth upon which they trod. The symphony of birds' voices, the rasp of insects, the rustling of leaves blended harmoniously with her own

sweet voice. The witchery and glamour of the likeness enthralled Grik whose view of last night held her as somewhat *outré* but not necessarily beautiful. A new sense of loneliness crept upon him; she was a part of that 'nature which was above, beneath and about him, laughing and mocking because of his inconsistency with it.

Grik expressed condolence for her distraught mother and then managed to reply that the weather was quite clement. He inhaled his cigarette deeply; he needed stimulation of body to temper his inverted mind.

The memory of this revelation clung fast to his mind all that day, amid the arrival of many new guests, the bustling of preparations, and the joviality of the crowd, all in anticipation of the coming celebration, and at nightfall personified itself before his weary vision, as he sat beneath the moon's silv'ry caress in a cozy wicker amid the sighing pines, long into the magic and witchery of the humid night—wondering, fearing, dreaming what few mortals ever dare—a family secret. As though in response to the troubled mind of the young man, a pair of beady and 'malicious eyes riveted themselves upon his bowed head and then turned askance to a crinkled paper; folding it, a shadow momentarily flicked near a window of Grik's room and the profile of Kamo, as his master slowly retreated toward the house, speedily vanished backwards into the gloom of the room.

B. J. APPEL, '25.

(*To be concluded*)



FROM quiet homes and first beginning  
Out to the undiscovered ends,  
There's nothing worth the wear of winning  
But laughter and the love of friends."

—Belloc.

## John Marshall and the Constitution.

OUR Constitution, which is a development of history and an unbroken and continuing chain of developments, grew with nation's growth and is responsive to its needs. All the violent emotions against the judiciary, in years gone by, have lost their vigor, because the sane second thought of the people ratified, in the end, the same determinations which the people in their first irritation had condemned.

The call which sounded over hill and dale, since the functioning of the first chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was answered most advantageously in the year eighteen hundred and one. The judicial appointee in this year was John Marshall.

To be sure, such an appointee must be a good lawyer, but he must be more—he must be a publicist and have the qualities of statesmanship. John Marshall was a greater statesman than lawyer and his work was one of great importance because it dealt with the interpretation of laws pertaining to profound national policies and with the passing upon questions raised on the proceedings of lawsuits. Furthermore, Marshall had a full and clear knowledge of the philosophy of law and the principles which must be regulated for developing society. One of Marshall's outstanding characteristics was the control which he exercised over his court on all constitutional questions and his distinguished influence over his associates, most of whom, even though of different political beliefs, when appointed, soon fell under his fascination. Marshall's experiences and personal connections had united to intensify his distrust for the political capability of the masses, and to convince him of the necessity for a strong central government. He was led to consider early and deeply those perplexing problems of government that distressed the country in the dark period after the close of the war and during the first dozen years of the Federal Constitution. Marshall acted on his convictions and determined to give full effect to all the positive contributions of power that went to make up a great and efficient national government. We owe to Marshall that predominance of sound constitutional opinion and belief in the North that held the Union together. It was Marshall's belief that the principles of good government, consisted in an exact observance of justice and public faith, and an attentive adherence to virtue. To a very great extent, it was Marshall, and these traits in him, that have wrought out for us a great and strong nation, which men can love and die for.

It is neither the life nor the characteristics of John Marshall that place him on one of the highest pedestals in the history of this nation, but rather his unsurpassed decisions on constitutional difficulties. The question in that well-known *Marbury vs. Madison* case was—whether a court can give effect to an unconstitutional act of legislature. Marshall openly stated that the power of the Supreme Court and the authority of written constitutions over-ruled legislative acts. In this action, Marshall placed the monument of liberty on a permanent footing so that a durable written constitution has a governing influence over a temporary Congress. Chief Justice John Marshall is said to have publicly declared that the practice of the judiciary was that the court would not, except in cases of absolute necessity and then only in the majority of the whole vote, make decisions where constitutional questions are involved. Accordingly, fundamental criticism that constitutional decisions of importance had been made by a minority was over-thrown.

Marshall's interpretations of the Constitution have always been recognized as some of the foremost and permanent features of our public law. Marshall was a man of simple manners, direct, upright character and of mighty intellect, but it was his strong prejudices that contributed most to forming the decisions which were to become the basis for the future extension of judicial power should a conflict arise between a law and a fundamental law. If we investigate critically the great cases, such as *Marbury vs. Madison*, the first action in which the Supreme Court nullified an act of Congress, also *Fletcher vs. Peck* and *Dartmouth vs. Woodward*, in which legislative concessions and an act of incorporation are held to be contracts, defended by the United States Constitution against state legislation weakening their bondage, the great importance of these cases, rises gradually into a prominent and impressive position just as the mountains loom above the horizon with their impressiveness.

Marshall's opinions concerning the Constitution were such, first, as treated of the condition and extensiveness of the Federal Constitution, and of the relation of the Federal government to the states; secondly, such as were affected with the restrictive condition upon the states; thirdly, those which were concerned with the inherent doctrines of constitutional law.

Marshall ruled his court on all constitutional actions; he operated his governing influence with surprising judgment and cleverness; he showed a thorough understanding of the principles of our constitutional government and avowed them unsurpassed for being strictly



accurate; his judgments were exact in point of logic and were not successfully opposed as to persuasiveness. If we give consideration to the greatness of the work and its superior operation, and also to any chances which Marshall had to fit himself for that work, we would readily acknowledge him to be one of the outstanding characters of history, who, on account of his natural genius has impelled this nation to some grand achievement. It was Marshall, then, who put the Supreme Court on a plane of real equality with the legislative and executive departments of the government and applied the Constitution, wherein the first principles of fundamental laws are found, to any defective actions in our government. It was through the interpretation and explanation of the Constitution by John Marshall that the seed of nationality was sown in this land of liberty, yielding a government as sturdy as an oak and topped only by the sky above us. Its firm trunk is the center of our inspiring entity, appealing to the affections and the reason of men, and in which, thus far at least, they have seen an ideal for which they are willing to lay down their lives; its branches are not swayed by the stormy winds, for altogether that oak is our indestructible Union of indestructible States. To quote Marshall's favorite adage would be a condensation of all that I have heretofore said. Marshall is said to have stated: "I have grown up at a time when the maxim, 'United we stand, divided we fall', was the maxim of every orthodox American, and I had imbibed these sentiments so thoroughly that they constitute a part of my being." What more, I ask, could he have said that would give a better manifestation of his character and prove his merit for such a worthy office as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States?

JOSEPH F. P. SRINI, H. S., '24.



"Sweet Sorrow, play a grateful part,  
Break me the marble of my heart,  
And of its fragments pave a street  
Where, to my bliss, myself may meet  
One hastening with pierced feet."

—Kilmer.

## America and the World.

SCARCELY five hundred years ago, the great roads over which countless automobiles now speed their noisy way to the most distant parts of our country were pathless forests and trackless plains. In that day no whirl of the aeroplane, no sound of the approaching train broke the stillness of the air. Streams and rivers which now are afloat with boats and barges conveying untold wealth then rolled undisturbed to the sea. Savage Indians stalked the land which today houses a hundred million men. Then no factories or mills filled the evening sky with smoke. All was peaceful and quiet, the silence that marks an undiscovered wilderness.

Into such a picture man thrust himself. Early in the seventeenth century ambitious souls began the colonization of America. The middle of the eighteenth century saw the colonies advancing rapidly in numbers and power. Free and independent as the land in which they fought for existence, the colonists opposed tyranny and oppression. And when on that April day in 1776 when the first gun of the revolution was fired a new nation came into being—a nation that was destined to be a torch bearer of liberty and to lead the other nations to a nobler understanding of life. The growth of the American nation has been amazing. From a group of thirteen struggling, selfish colonies the nation has become a strong union of forty-eight states.

What is the secret of this remarkable growth? The answer is evident. The United States has always been free from the petty squabbles which marked the onward march of other nations. Our aims and aspirations have been along peaceful lines. Peace has always been uppermost in the minds of the American people. The wars in which the United States have taken part are few in comparison with those of other nations. But America has not loved peace more than honor. Every American places honor and his just rights before peace.

In 1914 the greed of a dozen clutching, fighting nations drew the whole continent of Europe into a conflict, causing the loss of thousands of lives and all kinds of sorrow and destruction. The United States determined to remain neutral. But with the repeated attacks on our interests and the slaying of our citizens we were forced to enter the struggle. With all her resources, wealth and manhood, America set herself to the task of quickly concluding the war. A vast host of men were sent across the waters to save Europe and civilization. The faltering Allies were strengthened. New hope and

spirit was aroused in the tired and wearied allied soldier and the victorious Teuton army was pushed back. And unable to withstand the combined forces of the Allies, the German army was forced to retreat and finally to sue for peace. The Armistice was signed November 11th, 1918, and the great war was over.

But America's task was not finished. Nay, it had just begun. The smaller nations looked to the leadership of America, just as the bewildered seaman looks for the beacon light on the distant shore to guide him aright through the dangerous waters to a safe landing. But America failed them. The American nation attempted to go back to the traditional policy of isolation which she had left at her entry into the war. The United States refused to enter the League of Nations, the most practical step yet taken toward the settlement of disputes between nations by other means than war. Whether the League has failed as some so vehemently declare time alone will tell. Too much was expected of the League at the outset. People expected it to be a panacea for all ills and when like most things at the beginning it was slow to measure up to expectations it was condemned. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for a league. The teaching of Jesus Christ and a spirit of love for fellow man must find a responsive note in the hearts of both the masses and the rulers. War must be made a crime. Feeling against war must be aroused in every country just as sentiment against slavery in 1861. And only when all men shall be opposed to war shall the time be ripe for a really successful league. But the formation of a league to bring about peace was a distinctive forward step in international relations.

An opportunity of hastening the day of peace lies before America. Our country has, in the last hundred and fifty years, given two great contributions to the political progress of the world. The first, an experiment in self-government on a larger scale than ever attempted before. The second was the Monroe Doctrine, which guaranteed the freedom of the American nations. A third opportunity lies before the American people. Either it can cling hopelessly to the last vestige of its policy of isolation from world affairs as it is now doing, or it can promote, as no other nation can, a policy of internationalism which will bind together the nations in a union of mutual interests and will hasten the peaceful advancement of the world.

## Literary Emotion and Individuality

**F**ACTS are permanent; emotions are fleeting. Books containing only facts are temporary; books expressing emotions may be everlasting. What explains this apparent inconsistency?

To understand it we must clearly distinguish between facts and emotions as such, and the *expression* of facts and emotions. A fact or emotion by itself cannot be literature; it is only the expression of fact or emotion which can be literature. With this distinction clearly in mind it does not seem impossible that the expression of emotion may be permanent though the emotion is transient, while the expression of fact is almost always temporary even when the fact itself is permanent. But it may seem slightly unreasonable—it does seem unreasonable at first glance, and therefore calls for an explanation. The explanation lies both in the subject matter of each expression and in the human faculties to which that expression is directed.

The subject matter of all expression may be broadly divided into fact or emotion; and the reason why the expression of emotion may be permanent while the expression of fact may not be, is that a fact can exist separate and apart from its expression or from its expression by any particular author, while the expression of emotion cannot. Facts are facts and as long as they are accurately stated, the language in which they are clothed is immaterial. Emotions on the other hand rise from (1) personality. They are the reactions of individual temperaments to certain conditions or circumstances. Emotions, then, cannot exist apart as can facts; they can exist only in connection with the circumstance or condition which gave rise to them, and they can exist only in connection with the personality of which they are the expression. Emotions are the product of personality and some positive force or circumstance; they are not understandable when separated from their causes. Facts may be expressed by one author in a form just as acceptable as that of another. But the emotions being the reaction on the author's personality or individuality of certain events or circumstances cannot be expressed by any other person in the same way or with the same significance.

The other explanation of the difference between the expression of emotions and the expression of facts, lies in the human faculties to which expression of each type is directed. Each is directed to different faculties, or to different antenna or aerials of the human being (if the comparison may be used). The expression of facts is directed to the intellect, the repository of knowledge. But the volume and



nature of men's knowledge is constantly changing and enlarging, and the human intellect changes and enlarges with it. So that the manner in which facts are expressed and interpreted in one century may seem faulty or even ludicrous in the light of the knowledge of the next. The receiving instrument has been changed, it is no longer capable of receiving messages in the wave length formerly used. But the instrument for receiving the expression of emotion has remained unchanged since the time of primitive man. True, different circumstances of differing intensity or seriousness may be required to arouse the same emotions. But the emotions which man is capable of feeling or experiencing remain eternally permanent and unchangeable. The expression of emotion is therefore always directed to a sympathetic receiving instrument. Man cannot outgrow it as he may outgrow the expression of fact.

This does not mean that facts may not be so expressed as to also (2) show the emotions which they arouse in the breast of the relator. Even the events of history may be colored by the historian with his own personality. If this is so, what he writes is not merely a chronicle of events, it is also an expression of the emotion aroused by the interaction of those events and his own individuality. And it is only as his work is the expression of emotions that it has universal appeal and is of permanent value.

(3) Science deals with facts. It must therefore be cold, exact, even harsh; it must religiously exclude every colorable element of life, every emotion, every human reaction. Science being colorless, a scientific temper must be colorless. But literature deals with emotions. It must be sensitive to record light, warmth and change. Literature is a mixture of many colors, scintillating, evanescent. So must be the literary temper. One is like the clear, piercing gleam of the searchlight; the other is like the splendid beauty of the aurora borealis.

EDWARD M. BORGER,  
B. S. in E., '24





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Toadstools.*

IT is interesting at times to lose oneself in reverie and trace the manifold workings of Nature's law of compensations. Alongside the poison ivy will grow its remedy and from the iniquity of the Oil Scandal there has burst forth in increasing profusion protestations of concern that the innocent minds of Americans be not sullied with investigations of and by officials sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States. The outcroppings of zeal are suggestive, at best, of mushrooms and, perhaps nearer the truth, of toadstools. The analogy of course lies in the similarity between the soils in which the fungus and its analogue, the scandal, are engendered; but with that similarity it ends. There is no probability that it will extend to a likeness of deleterious effects. The American people have a strong stomach and can afford to sit back in quiet amusement and watch the wise boys hopefully tangle themselves in increasing hopeless endeavors to extricate themselves from the mess they got into from hitching their wagon to a will-o'-the-wisp.

While studying "Macbeth" at present in class it is fascinating to take the record of the Oil Scandal for collateral reading and jot down points of comparison between the lessons of both. The parallelism is almost perfect. Of course Shakespeare's genius has given the final perfection of form to his rendition of the old theme that "you can't get away with it." But Shakespeare's intricacy of pattern and all its inweaving of plot within plot as revealed in the masterly analysis by Moulton, would disappear into the simplicity of an Attic tragedy alongside the dramatized possibilities of the material gushing up in the shadow of the Capitol. We own up to the presence within ourself of a fast growing seed of ambition to rise to an opportunity that would have ravished the soul of Shakespeare

with ecstasy. We penetrate the veil of the future and envisage the day when human beings of every race and clime will gather in play-houses throughout the earth and rock with laughter at the solemn antics of pretendedly wise men opening their mouth and putting their foot in it.

In the meantime we can get a certain measure of comic relief from the hum-drum of the work-a-day world by gazing at the double-page spread in the March 22 issue of the *Literary Digest* devoted to "Character Lynching in Washington." An extract from a sermon by Masillon is boxed in the central part of the page with the caption "Of a Malignant Tongue." Catholics who have been in a quandary at times to puzzle out which of the two, bigotry or money, is predominant consideration when the fair name of the Catholic Church is concerned, will smile at the spasm of virtuosity that the *Digest* throws itself into in an effort to wrest thank-offerings from those it subserves. Catholics who have grounds for suspecting the existence of a whispering campaign to enlist their sympathy along with that of non-Catholics against the Senate investigating committee will smile at the transparency of the guile.



### ***A Desirable Constitutional Amendment.***

SENATOR NORRIS'S proposed Constitutional amendment should find ready and universal approval. According to the Constitution as it now stands the term of the newly-elected Congressmen begins March 4 and there must be a meeting of Congress at least once a year and that on the first Monday of December. The proposed amendment would advance by two months the date for the beginning of the term and would advance by eleven months the date for the opening of the necessary annual meeting.

At the time when the Constitution was adopted towards the close of the eighteenth century means of travel and communication were slow and an interval of four months seemed necessary to be let intervene between election and assumption of office. Numan nature being what it is Congress has almost universally failed to exercise its option to meet oftener than is required by the Constitution and hence the interval between election and entrance upon the work of office has been lengthened to a full thirteen months. Despite repeated efforts to get Congress of its own accord to assemble more frequently

than is required by the Constitution additional meetings have for the most part been extraordinary sessions summoned by the President in virtue of his constitutional powers. Hence at present there are only two sessions in the life of a Congress: the "long" session and the "short" session. The former begins on the first Monday of the second December following election and terminates not later than noon of the next December. The short session then begins and ends at noon of March 4 following, when the term of office commences for those who were elected the preceding November.

Senator Norris has in our humble opinion substantial grounds for his advocacy of the proposed change. It will do away with "lame duck" legislation. There will be no longer in Congress members turned down by the voters at home but serving in virtue of a prior election and bartering their votes in exchange for federal appointments. By the same token it will cut down the incentive to filibuster for the sake of preventing desirable legislation and will likewise diminish the temptation to clog the calendars of both houses with bills designedly multiplied to put jokers and bad laws on the statute books in the rush of business during the last moments of an expiring Congress. Furthermore, both annual sessions can be long sessions. The opening day in January will give plenty of time to do useful work before the heats of summer arrive in the capital. With a Congress already assembled and running in smooth working order for five months they will not prove the deterrent which they are at present when they follow so close on March 4. The impetus generated during the preceding five months would undoubtedly induce Congress to protract its sessions throughout the summer as it sometimes does now during the "long" session. In this way better advised legislation could be put on the statute books.





## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

MARCH 28—*The Pittsburgh Catholic* of this date has the following item:

In addition to the list of priests who gave large amounts to the drive over a period of five years, published last week in *The Catholic*, the following additional names are published. This brings the total number of priests to over 400, and the amount of their contributions about \$360,000. The Holy Ghost Fathers head the list this week with a total contribution of \$7,500, which represents the subscriptions of Duquesne University contributors and various other members of the Holy Ghost Order doing parish work in the city of Pittsburgh. This is a very generous contribution from this religious order, and the receipt of this contribution gave very great pleasure to the Bishop and to the executive committee.

MARCH 29—Brother Ammon in his latest undertaking is gradually completing what will form two beautiful tennis courts on the roof of the new gymnasium. The completion of these will be equally enjoyed by the faculty and the student body.

King Sol made his appearance, bringing with him a mild touch of warmth which was enough to prove the most agreeable and pleasing to the candidates of the 'varsity baseball team. We can only hope that in the near future he will continue along this pleasing course, and enable our team to take full advantage of his generosity and seeming thoughtfulness.

MARCH 31—Fr. McCarthy, of baseball fame during his collegiate years, has been officially assigned to guide the destinies of the 'varsity baseball team for the coming season. We are informed from reliable sources that before his ordination, he was tendered several contracts to try his ability in the big pastime. Such a pleasing recommendation for our new coach, coupled with a veteran aggregation which learned the fundamentals of baseball under the tutelage of Fr. McGuigan, and the numerous promising youngsters, should present to the Duke followers a combination which will hold more than its own with the leading colleges.

APRIL 1—The students' weekly Mass was held in the college chapel, followed by a brief talk delivered by the Rev. Pres. Fr. Hehir.

When we stop to speak about "April Fools" we should never forget today. Consider what a mean joke Nature played on us. As we were just beginning to entertain the idea that "Old Man Winter" had departed for good, again he covered our earth with his mantle of spotless white. Imagine the Dukes scheduled to play West Virginia University's baseball team within a period of three days and now forced to remain idle and lament this unfavorable change.

APRIL 2—The Campus Club held its regular meeting in the library. The club members pledged to promote the tennis future of the school financially. A more acceptable place for future meetings and also a social programme for the after-Easter season were the projects of discussion. The Club wishes to thank all students who have contributed to the success of its pre-Lenten dance.

APRIL 3—The annual oratorical preliminary round for members of the college department was conducted this afternoon in the students' library. Among those qualifying to participate in the finals which will be held in May are many who have gained considerable recognition along oratorical lines in the past, and will, no doubt, furnish an interesting evening for the listeners on that particular occasion.

The 'varsity, taking advantage of this rather fair and mild day, held a two hours' practice at least to limber them up for tomorrow's game against West Virginia University. It is rather untimely to predict the outcome of these games, considering the few days' practice which the team has enjoyed, but, nevertheless, you loyal rooters can rest assured that Ira Rodgers' West Virginia ball tossers will have their hands quite full in any attempt to subdue our confident and determined squad.

APRIL 4—Greeted by the early appearance of King Sol whose welcoming smile seemed to insure an ideal baseball day, the Duke clan left Pittsburgh bound for the "distant land of mountains." So anxious were our men to win the opening game, that they decided to conduct their real spring training within the period of two hours preceding the game. During this time we took advantage of all the hitting practice we could get, and I dare say that the good effects of it were fully shown in the game.

While "Jim" Reilly mixed his slants very much to the dislike

of the enemy batters, the remaining eight Dukes, to show their appreciation for his fine work, decided to see just how hard and how far they could hit the "old apple." After almost two hours and forty minutes of playing which really seemed like eternity, "Pete" Kilday blew the whistle and the Dukes marched off the field with a 4-2 victory for their day's work over the highly disheartened Mountaineers.

APRIL 5—The second game was a pleasing thriller, despite the fact that the R. O. T. C. regimental band of the local university appeared on the scene to add harmony and to urge the West Virginia clan to square things for the setback of the previous day. The Dukes placed their bats in the bag and with them a 6-5 victory. The pitching of "Chris" Titz, our youthful portsider, and the continued and timely hitting of the Dukes was responsible in handing out the second straight defeat of the season to West Virginia. Such an accomplishment will unquestionably aid in assuring a most successful season for the Dukes.

APRIL 6—The members of the Duke 'varsity basketball team were tendered a very elaborately prepared banquet under the direction of Mr. Sill in the new cafeteria, in recognition of their showing on the court during the past season. Fr. Dodwell, athletic director, acted in the capacity of toastmaster, and also presented the letters and tokens to the players. Among the speakers were Fr. Dodwell, Coach "Bill" Campbell, Eugene Boyle, Martin Flannagan, "Chris" Hoffman and "Coye" Harrison.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Our popular Captain Cherdini, chosen earlier as guard in the mythical Tri-State team, was unanimously re-elected to lead the 1925 squad].

APRIL 7—The Campus Club held a very important meeting at noon today to discuss the final arrangements for "Tennis Night" which will be observed on next Thursday in the new gymnasium. Some exceptional talent, highly recognized in the tennis world, has been secured to furnish the necessary thrills for the spectators.

APRIL 8—The regular weekly Mass for the high school and college students of Canevin Hall was conducted in the University chapel at 8:45 A. M. After Mass the Rev. Pres. Fr. Hehir addressed the members of the Holy Ghost Sodality.

APRIL 9—An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the gymnasium during noon hour in regards to "Tennis Night." The num-

erous speakers urged the students to turn out in full force, and to bring their friends with them, in order that enough spirit and funds might be had to support tennis on a large scale at the University.

APRIL 10—The first day of the examinations, or, in other words, we might say that the "horses are off." This day officially opens the turf season at Duquesne.

"Tennis Night" proved to be a success in every way and it is certain that, among the many who found their way to the Duke gymnasium, very few can say that they were not treated to an exceptionally clever exhibition of racket handling in that furnished by the various tennis luminaries who performed last night.

APRIL 11-15—During this rather long period, the attention and work of the students was solely confined to study, for, as I have already mentioned above, the third term examinations are at hand.

The 'varsity baseball team has been forced to remain idle due to the irregularity of favorable weather conditions, but since they are not scheduled to play until the 26th of April, there is still hope that they may have some opportunity in the near future to get the necessary practice.

We received numerous visits within the last few days from former Duquesne graduates who are now seminarians, but spending the Easter holidays at home. "Mike" Cusick and his faithful "side kick," "Yawners" Joyce are loud in their praises for our baseball team which they watched practicing a few days ago.

APRIL 16-22—Examinations having been brought to a close on the 16th, the students began their Easter vacation, which will continue until April 22.

APRIL 23—We were greeted on our return to school by the "Proclamation of Notes." The results:

In the third term examinations held in the college and high school departments, the following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) R. M. Murphy, J. H. Styka, P. W. Rice; (Pre-Medical) J. S. Meier, C. J. Shiring; (Pre-Legal) H. S. Fitzsimmons; (Commercial) C. A. Janda, J. F. Ryan, C. Kasprzyk, J. C. Dawson; (Scientific) R. R. Kreuer, R. J. Walker, P. C. Sweich; (Academic) V. D. Deer, T. F. Henninger, J. P. Hurley, J. F. Thornton, J. P. Desmond, M. A. Dravecky, C. B. Gearing, A. J. Mangold, A. A. Miller, A. V. Blahut, J. C. Thompson, E. L. Breinig, J. R. Callahan, C. F. Shields, J. Hudak, L. Domaracki.



The following averaged at least 90 per cent.: R. M. Murphy, P. W. Rice, J. S. Meier, C. J. Shiring, J. H. Carazola, H. S. Fitzsimmons, C. A. Janda, J. Ryan, C. Kasprzyk, J. C. Dawson, R. R. Kreuer, R. J. Walker, B. H. Forsyth, V. D. Deer, T. F. Henninger, J. W. Lauler, J. P. Desmond, M. A. Dravecky, E. Luba, J. J. Meiser, C. B. Gearing, J. M. Mishaga, D. W. Markey, A. J. Mangold, L. J. Scully, P. J. Trainer, R. P. Driscoll, A. A. Miller, J. A. Mansmann, J. C. Thompson, R. J. Donley, J. J. Mongille, W. J. Wierauch, J. S. Wittgartner, J. C. Kelleher, J. F. Burns, G. W. Hobson, E. Cosgrove, E. P. Mach, W. H. Markey, F. Quinn, C. N. Shields, H. C. Baumann, V. M. Leonard, L. Domaracki.



## Catholic Students Mission Crusade.

A report of the good works offered for the Missions during the quarter extending from December to April was made public during the meeting held in April. The record showed that 14,780 good works were offered by the Crusaders for the Missions. Various items of interest along Missionary topics were also discussed.

The debate recently held between the High School Unit and the Cathedral attracted wide spread attention. Many learned new things about the Missions and all who witnessed the debate returned to their homes filled with new ideas concerning both the Indian and Negro Missions. The debaters deserve congratulations on the marvelous manner in which both sides of the question were handled. William F. Kelly, John Lambert and Edwin B. Ross upheld the arguments for the Negro Race.

The Shield contest closed after recording 11,000 subscriptions for the Official Organ of the C. S. M. C. The Gold Cup offered by the Pittsburgh Local Conference was won by Detroit. We offer congratulations to them on their success.

The work on the Crusade Castle progressed rapidly and all was in readiness for the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Beckman which took place on May 1st. A great throng of dignitaries of

the Church journeyed to Cincinnati for that great event. Among those present was the Rev. E. A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., President of the Pittsburgh Local Conference.

Among the visitors from the district of Pittsburgh attending the reception honoring Rt. Rev. Bishop Beckman given by the Local Conference of Cincinnati on May 5th were William F. Brennan, John D. Holohan, and Joseph A. Johnston of the University.

Under the auspices of the Units two religious plays were given on April 29th and 30th in the University Auditorium. One, "The Gift" by Marie A. Foley, is a prize winning mystic drama; the other, "Crusaders All" by Edwards A. Ricards, President of the St. Vincent Seminary Unit, is a series of tableaux. A chorus of thirty voices chosen from the Senior and Junior Choirs furnished appropriate music for the occasion.

Congratulations to the Sophomore Class who responded 100 per cent to the call for subscriptions to the Shield. In all there were 300 loyal members who wish to follow the events of the C. S. M. C. through the official newspaper.

In a letter received from the Rev. Patrick J. McCarthy, C. S. Sp., who is laboring in the Mission fields of Africa, he relates that since his arrival he has been very busy evangelizing souls to the true faith of Christ. He has baptized more than seventy-five pagans. We wish him success in his noble work and hope that God will give him strength to continue this good work.

BRENNAN—BURNS



## Exchanges.

THE *Columbiad* for March, issued as the Philosophers' number, is an achievement deserving unstinted praise. The subjects and questions discussed cover the ground of dispute between Aristotelians and their opponents in regard to the principles determining the truth or falsity of their respective *weltanschauungs*. The main points of conflict are taken up and the strength of the Scholastic position is set forth in a manner remarkable for the degree in which it unites fullness with succinctness, depth with clearness, solidity of reasoning with unimpeachable testimony of those qualified to speak authoritatively. The performance of the young men whose

names appear in connection with the various articles is creditable to themselves, sets a high standard of excellence for their successors and should be a source of profit and delight to those among the patrons of the institution into whose hands the periodical will fall.

*St. John's Record* for March has an article "Adventures in Philosophy" in which the author, Andy W. Parnell, does a service to the Queen of Sciences by telling in neat but appreciative style how he approached her with misgivings but soon succumbed to her charms and henceforth is going to be a victim of love. The article could well serve as an appetizer for the essays in the *Columbiad* for those harassed souls whose inferiority complex has grown to alarming dimensions through perusal of advertisements with that humiliating question, What's wrong in this picture?

The winter number of *The Dove* lies before us in its appealing cover of baby blue and conjures up within us thoughts too tender for utterance. Heeding the behest of its motto, "Astra Quærite", we turned to the contents with a hope so great as to make us fear we were going to be disappointed and our fear turned into joy as we saw the young ladies acquitting themselves of their task with all the delicacy connoted by the lovely symbol of themselves. We want to congratulate "The Doves" on the palatial building that has been added as a crown to Mt. St. Scholastica's. Finally, if it be not too brash on our part, we would venture a request to the young ladies to hold off too liberal a fulfillment of their motto till we have a chance to qualify as operator at the switchboard controlling the multitudinous battery of telephones in their new home.

The *Abbey Student*, March 1924, affords a variety of dainty morsels to suit the palate of those who like to browse among college publications without feeling under obligation to partake of everything offered. We find pleasure in contributing our humble felicitations to the students of St. Benedict's on the completion of their new gymnasium. The city of Atchison is fortunate in its recent facilities for well rounded education for young Catholic men and women.

The February number of the *Fleur de Lis* is about all that could be desired as a college magazine. The material make-up and the contents should satisfy the most exacting. The serious and the humorous, prose and verse, fact and fiction, editorials and book notes, —all exemplify the scope of college publication with a richness and exquisite taste that augur well for the future. Knighthood struck

us as being the keynote of the issue although conscience accuses us of being extravagant in our interpretation of the mood conjured up by the perusal. "When Men Divide" by Fred Bromschwig is a story of the desert told in a manner thoroughly Poesque from its opening excitation of the atmosphere of the desert through the medial steps of allurements that becomes more effective as it becomes more voluntary until the victim is enmeshed in a concentration of envenomed fury that ought to satisfy the soul of any Missourian to whom Poe's finales might seem too tame.

The Freshman number of *The Viatorian* is consistent with its predecessors in the naiveté that makes the advent of the periodical so welcome. Gallantry asserts itself in "The Modern Woman and the Family" by E. H. Roy and wields an effective weapon in behalf of a cause whose adherents should arise from being mere devotees to being active champions. John T. Ellis's article on Thomas Hardy is replete with inspiration for those of finer fettle who aim at being something nobler than blotting paper to absorb the meagre pabulum of the sporting page.

*The University of Dayton Exponent* merits our hearty thanks for that soul-satisfying article "Bird Notes" by Barry McFarland. No longer shall the writer hold down his head in shame when the subject of birds is mentioned. In fact he intends to change an inferiority into a superiority complex by getting the article just as it stands into his system and introducing the subject in conversation until he becomes letter perfect in it so that he can revel in the joy of being a first-class pontifex in bird lore.

The FORDHAM MONTHLY for April does a service to all colleges of letters throughout the country by its article "Playshopping at Fordham" by Frederic T. Finnegan. The introduction attempts to explain the selection of the title but the reader can afford to forego determining whether it is an apology or an explanation. No matter how good a title were selected the recital of the various steps in the procedure of finding, selecting and organizing material into a play is the main concern of students interested in play writing and the Fordham method is fertile with suggestion for those in charge of college courses in dramatics. "The Cobbler," a one-act play, is fittingly given to show how easy it is to "roll your own."

Completing our trip from East to West we take up, not without trepidation, the *Holy Cross Purple*. It is a goodly tome and the lack of sophistication which makes the West stand in awe of the East



fades into the background of consciousness as we listen with delight to the classical note that makes us feel at home with the familiar friends of our school books. "A Day in Ancient Rome" by Thomas M. Lamb gives the atmosphere of ancient days while "*Solvitur Acris Hiemps*" by Thomas J. Murtha is a version in modern negro dialect of Horace's recountal of his symptoms of spring fever. "The Lawyer and the Classical College" is a statement of the great advantages the modern world foregoes when it turns aside from the ancients and disregards their experience and achievements in solving the problems of mental development.



### Springtime.

THERE'S a beauty in the fields of snowy white,  
 When the noise of brooks is still'd by Wintry blasts;  
 And we love the summer ev'nings starry light,  
 Autumn's color riot when the summer's past.  
 But methinks the fairest season is the Spring,  
 With its garments new to beautify scarred earth.  
 Then there's freshness and a charm in ev'rything,  
 For Dame Nature wakens all unto new birth.  
 O, the call is to the fields and green-clad hills,  
 Out where Nature's breath intoxicates the veins;  
 Where the ear is charmed by chant of brooks and rills,  
 And the budding flowers deck the smiling plains.  
 Feath'ry creatures sing in August as in May;  
 Summer breezes waft the flowers' perfume rare;  
 But the Maytime song is much the sweeter lay,  
 And the Springtime bloom is fresher and more fair.

—J. F. D.

# ATHLETICS

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

### AS TO BASEBALL

The path of the varsity ball club in its two tussles to date has been quite the avenue of success. The long-dreaded West Virginia nine, with a record of half-a-dozen diamond triumphs over the Dukes in a row, felt the ax of the McCarthy clan on its own Morgantown lot in both encounters. We do not aim to gloat over a fallen rival, but the fact that the Mountaineers have trimmed Duquesne so frequently—and regularly—in the past lends added sweetness to the recent brace of victories.

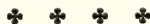
All hands deserve commendation for the dual success, but special mention is due the coach who whipped the nine into shape with but a few days' practice. Captain Kilday, and the twirlers, Jim Reilly and Chris Titz, likewise come in for heavy gobs of praise. The infield, with Cherdini at third, Keefe at shortstop, Joe Doherty at second, and Lynch at first, worked beautifully. Rooney was his cool, hard-hitting self in the receiving role, and Tenney, Kilday, and McDonald guarded the pastures in extraordinarily clever fashion.

Reilly served 'em up in the initial fracas, allowing the enemy sluggers but a paltry quintet of bingles. The result was 4-2 for the Bluffites. Titz southpawed his way to fame the following afternoon. The former Prep star eased along like a veteran, and 'twas well he did, for the Rodgers aggregation was out for blood. Five tallies the home pill-chasers garnered in the course of the battle. A heaven-sent mid-game rally, however, boosted the Duke total to half-a-dozen, and "Lefty" bore down, holding the rival host in fairly complete subjugation for the remainder of the conflict.

Kilday's stick-play featured both seances. Three bingles in each mix-up landed the fleet center-fielder's swatting mark somewhere around the .750 notch, and while he cannot hope to continue so spirited a pace throughout the season, at least he may derive satisfaction from the knowledge that a safe smack now counts quite as much as one lined out later, when it comes to compiling the averages after the final combat.

Barring accidents and bad breaks, the Red and Blue should enjoy the greatest diamond campaign in recent years this spring. Every man on the roster is an experienced ball-tosser. The presence of four topnotch moundsmen solves the hurling problem that proved so knotty in 1923. Reilly, Titz, Tracey, and Kenna are all slabsters who, as the saying goes, know their oats. Any one of 'em can be depended on for a fast performance, and what is equally important, the chap selected for a given joust can also feel safe in the realization that his supporting cast won't fall down behind him.

Thus, as we hop-skip-and-jump to press, we pause to warble, "Ho, for the Tri-State title!"



## AND NOW WE COME TO TENNIS!

Mentor Grant Siverd has had a rather tough row to hoe with his Varsity racquetters. This being inaugural year for the net sport at Duquesne, the instructor has been forced to contend with the difficulty of training comparatively green material for the rigors and pitfalls of intercollegiate tennis. The original band of court candidates numbered perhaps a score. Being thoroughly aware that time and playing space were limited, Siverd devoted the larger portion of attention to doubles, thereby gaining an excellent line on prospects within a fortnight after the opening call to arms. On April 16, the squad was cut to eight members. Dick O'Connor, forkhand ace, Jim Creighton of Olympia Park, Bill McLaughlin, South Hills Tennis Club luminary, Sandy Felding of Greenfield, Hank O'Brien who has been swinging a mean bat at Sheridan Avenue for quite a while, Chuck O'Connor, manager of the eleven last autumn, Jimmy Hackett, Jeannette sorrel-top, and we ourself who spend most of the summer busting racquet strings at the P. A. A., survived the slashing. Harry Lam, the Shanghai hope, was let go for the nonce, but advised to keep at the game until he had picked up a few more advanced points and then to present himself for another trial.

Wash-Jeff was the Hill opponent in the lid-lifter, April 23, on the Bluff. The Presidents, sporting Stump Friederichs, champion of West Virginia, Mel Knoepp, a past-captain, an elongated young man named Olmstead, and a dark-haired youth, Moore, cleaned up with neatness and dispatch. Nary a match did the Varsity annex out of six played. It was a conclusive walloping, all right, but in all fairness it must be stated that the Siverd proteges flashed a lot more stuff than one would imagine they had shown from merely looking at the score on paper. The men fought hard and earnestly, though patently nervous at their first taste of real competition. But before condemning the display of the Bluffites, one must remember that W. & J. boasts the most brilliant college team in the district, and that it is most unlikely that any outfit on her schedule will pull off a win from her. The Dukes made their rivals step and that is something for a starter, anyway. The coach was pleased with the scrappiness of his crew and declares that far better things are to be expected in the future.

The Duquesne-Wash-Jeff summary:

Singles: Friederichs, W. & J., defeated R. J. O'Connor, Duquesne, 6-0, 6-0; Knoepp, W. & J., defeated Sullivan, Duquesne, 6-2, 6-2; Olmstead, W. & J., defeated Creighton, Duquesne, 7-9, 6-4, 6-1; Moore, W. & J., defeated C. J. O'Connor, Duquesne, 6-0, 6-0.

Doubles: Friederichs and Knoepp, W. & J., defeated Felding and Sullivan, Duquesne, 6-1, 6-0; Olmstead and Moore, W. & J., defeated Creighton and C. V. O'Connor, Duquesne, 6-1, 6-4.

## MUSINGS OF THE MONTH

THE tennis squad wishes to acknowledge with thanks the kind-  
of Chuck Garland, Ray D. Johnson, Dr. T. W. Stephens,  
Shorty Cooper, George Beecher, J. Howard Moore, and J.  
Fulton McKillips, all of whom generously contributed their services  
toward making "Tennis Night" in the Duke Gym, April 10, a most  
gratifying success. Garland, former Davis Cup brilliant, Johnson, a  
nationally famous left-hander, Dr. Stephens, Pitt coach and several  
times winner of the Western Pennsylvania trophy, Cooper, captain  
of the 1924 Pitt team, and Beecher, mainstay of the Carnegie Tech  
net representatives tussled valiantly on the hardwood indoor court  
laid out by Brother Ammon for the occasion. Messrs. Moore and  
McKillips, both high officials in the Pittsburgh Tennis Association,  
performed the tedious task of umpiring. Mr. Moore, president of  
the local racquet body, likewise officiated as arbiter at the W. & J.  
contest, and has shown practical evidence of his good will toward the  
school by numerous suggestions on arrangements and so forth that  
have gone a long way toward making the Duke courts among the  
most popular in the city.



In dishing out credit, however, the lion's share must be appor-  
tioned Brother Ammon, whose interest in the latest varsity athletic  
project has yet to reach a limit. Brother Ammon it was who first  
conceived the idea of courts on the gymnasium roof, and Brother  
Ammon it was who marked 'em off, strung up nets, and erected  
weather-proof screening around 'em. When indoor play was pro-  
posed, he lined the gym floor, removed the standing-room bar at the  
entrance to the hall, and fixed things up generally. Had it not been  
for Brother Ammon, Duquesne would have had a tough time organ-  
izing the net game at all; and even had she been able to do so, she'd  
have never been able to progress at it as she has done.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25

## HIGH SCHOOL

## BASE BALL

THE baseball season of 1924 got away to an auspicious opening  
since the last issue of the MONTHLY. With but a few prac-  
tice sessions Father Dodwell led his charges to Ford City  
where the high school of that place was met and defeated by the over-  
whelming score of 8 to 3.

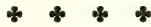
Out hit, out scored, but not out played, the Dukes went into  
the sixth inning three runs behind. In this inning the Preps man-  
aged to place three men on the paths. With two out, Manager Loe-  
big was sent in to bat for White and lifted one of the opposing  
pitcher's slants out of the lot. Final score, Preps 8, Ford City 4.



Answering to the call for Prep candidates more than thirty ambitious Cobbs, Sislers, Ruths and other big league aspirants answered the call for the first workout. The form displayed by the players in the practice tilts and the opening game was pleasing to all. With but a few regulars back from last year, numerous berths are open and it is up to each player to show the coach their stuff. Captain Karabinos, the snappy little shortstop whose spectacular play thrilled the throng last year, expects to pilot a winning team this year, and if the splendid material on hand lives up to expectations his wish will be fulfilled.

White and Callahan will uphold the pitching end while Bacik will do the receiving. "Pat" O'Shea, "the find of the season" by virtue of his early performances and ability to sock the apple, bids fair to handle the middle station.

Manager Loebig has not yet announced the schedule but promises to do so within the week.



### TENNIS

*"They used to rush to the Hand Ball Alleys,  
But now they rush to the Tennis Courts."*

The High School, not to be outdone by the College, has organized a tennis team. Little is known about the prospects of the team for the coming season. The squad at present is under the watchful eye of John Lawler, who is hailed as a Tilden III. A number of students have come out for the team and daily practice is being held. Matches are being booked with the leading high schools in this section.

J. E. M., H. S. '24.

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# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXI.

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Number 9.

## Lost.

THE splendor of the waking day  
Plays over all the world,  
And flashes from each lofty height,  
That in its rugged, jagged might  
Against the powers of the sky,  
Like challenge it has hurled.

It gilds the placid water's flow,  
That sword-like cleaves the green;  
It quick dispels the rolling smoke,  
That wraps the world in sable cloak,  
To mark the growth of human sway,  
Since Neolithic scene.

'Tis in the voice of woodland birds  
That through the thicket dart;  
And in the wild beast's lissome tread,  
To me alone its glory dead,  
For in my soul there is not peace,  
Nor love within my heart.

CHAS. V. O'CONNOR, '24



## Christian Schools.\*

**D**URING Christ's sojourn on this earth He breathed unto His twelve Apostles a divine command in the words, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

In giving this commission it was not that education had been neglected in the world at this time. Rather it was the golden age of Roman culture. The schools of Italy, Greece, Egypt and those in Asia Minor were famed throughout the civilized world, and the monuments of literature, law and art left by the peoples of those countries have perhaps never been surpassed or equalled. But the defect was that education was built on a false basis. No adequate thought had been given to God, the Great Educator.

St. Paul says of the teachers of antiquity, "In knowing all things that were in the world they knew not Him who was their Creator." The initial step therefore to put knowledge on a Christian basis was taken by Christ and so from the beginning we witness the Christian school rise under the shadow of the Church. The first one of which we have any definite knowledge was built in Alexandria. There followed a succession throughout the surrounding territory but after some years Julian the Apostate, that infamous ruler of the Roman Empire, issued an edict forbidding the continuance of Christian schools. A more decisive blow could not have been rendered.

The policy of that man has been adopted by the enemies of Christianity down to our own day. In defiance of God they are waging a deceitful attack on the Christian school system, endeavoring to overthrow that organization and establish a uniform school in which there would be no mention of God. These fanatics have for their battle-cry: "Education without religion." Now the basic principle of education is to teach the truths necessary for the pupil's advancement in life. Truths that will fit him for all things encountered in the world. We understand truth to be one vast whole and in order to possess truth we must have the whole truth. The whole truth is absolutely necessary. This new system, as I have said, excludes God. It excludes the Author of all knowledge. It seeks truth yet disregards the Source of Truth. Consequently it fails in its attempt at true education.

These people claim that Christian schools do not produce honorable men. Now when the Northern invasions alarmed the civilized world; when the hoof-beats of a million steed rumbled over all

\*Prize-winner in Oratorical Contest.



Europe; when humanity shuddered in fear of the Anti-Christ; who faced the Tartaric hordes nonchalantly? Who invaded the territory of Attila? Brought these migrating nations into the realm of civilized humanity? Was it Rome? No! Was it Briton? No! Was it Gaul? No! Who was it then? It was Ireland, the Isle of Saints and Scholars. She alone civilized these wanderers. Yes, Ireland sent missionaries into the very jaws of death to convert these peoples. Out of the whole world the Emerald Isle was the only nation to withstand the onslaughts of degradation that had now infested the Continent. And why did Ireland survive the decay? Because the land of the Shamrock was dotted with Christian schools wherein the Irish people received an education that fitted them for the trials of life. Their education instilled in them strong characters enabling them to encounter adversity victoriously. The renowned founders of this Republic possessed such characters because they too were educated in Christian schools. We see then from history that Christian schools produced honorable men.

The exponents of this move to suppress religious teaching in schools are like a cancer gnawing at the very vitals of the Constitution of this government. If we go back to that document, to the fundamental principles of liberty as enunciated by our forefathers, there will be no danger of our being deprived of our rights. They who try to combine religion with state are crying aloud: Away with Christian schools! Away with the doctrine: Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. We want the children of this nation to be instructed only in: "Give all to Caesar."

Their cries will echo down the ages of everlasting Christian predominance and when the Son of God, arrayed in awful splendor, shall appear in the heavens on that dread day when heaven and earth shall be moved,—when the Almighty shall judge mankind, there will be those on his left who tried to quench the flame of religious freedom. And when He pronounces that terrible decision of damnation to everlasting fire, these fear-stricken mortals will cry aloud as did Julian, the Apostate:

"Galilean, thou hast conquered."

JAMES McCaffrey, '26

## Developing a Personality

**P**ERSONALITY! This subject is so abstract that I doubt, sincerely, the expediency of my attempt to write upon it. Although it is futile to attempt a definition of the word, we know that one's qualities or characteristics help to form one's personality. For example, habits, modes of thought, morals, etc., are factors which enter into the development of a personality.

We all form habits—good or bad—consciously, or unconsciously. These habits have a direct effect upon our personalities. For example, if a person forms the habit of seeing only the sunny side of life his personality will be more pleasing. This is so because if he sees only the sunny side of life, naturally his frame of mind will be a happy one. Therefore, he will make his neighbors happy, because happiness tends to spread—it's contagious. (However, it is chronic with only a few). If he makes others happy, then certainly in their eyes, he has a great personality. And so he has, because it takes a great personality to spread happiness in these days of revolutions, reparations, anarchy, and bolshevism, when happiness is in such great demand. Perhaps the demand exceeds the supply. If it does, then more production is needed. Or, in other words, more pleasing personalities are needed. One way to get more is to form *good* habits. Bad habits will have just the opposite effect. I think this example illustrates the point that habits have a direct effect upon our personalities. I have illustrated by the use of only one habit, but the principle is applicable to all. Therefore, all things being equal, the formation of habits, good or bad, will have a like effect upon our personalities.

But habit is not the only factor to be considered. The mode of thought also helps to form a personality. Thought usually determines action. (The process is not always carried out in proper sequence). It is obvious that action is an expression of personality. For example, if a man shares his last dollar with a less fortunate individual, he is expressing the spirit of charity which is his, and incidentally displaying a lovable personality—for a spirit of charity and an unlovable personality are hardly compatible. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Thus we see that action is an expression of personality.

However, if the action is unnatural, that is, if it is the result of a false motive, the result will be a false expression of the personality. For example, if a man shares his last dollar with another, not because of a spirit of charity, but in order to make an impression on observers, he is conveying a false impression of his motives and

consequently of his personality. It may be said, however, that this impression will not be permanent. Sooner or later people will recognize the true worth of this person. True personality is expressed when we are least conscious of it. What we are is expressed best when we are not trying. A man may succeed in creating a good impression of himself when he puts all his energy and power into the task, but his real worth can be best judged when he is not trying to convey any particular impression. From this we can judge that *natural* action (the result of true motives) expresses our true personality. Considering then that action is an expression of personality and that our thoughts control our actions, we can readily see that logical thinking is essential to a likable personality. Since logical thinking is essential to a likable personality, it is obvious that any force which helps to determine our mode of thought will indirectly affect the nature of our personality. For example, education reading, environment, occupation, station in life, etc., all indirectly affect our personalities through their influence on our thinking.

In discussing this subject we must also consider the influence of morals on the personality. People do not all have the same moral sense. There is a higher and a lower plane of morality. The personality of one with a comparatively low moral standard is likely to be detracted from, in the eyes of a person whose moral standard is the highest, in direct proportion to the degree of moral deficiency. To illustrate, let us consider the bootlegger and the high-minded citizen. The bootlegger considers the prohibition law as an unfair depression of personal liberty. His moral standard permits him to abuse and break the prohibition law without the least strain on his conscience. He considers himself a "good Samaritan," and an alleviator of the burden of the depressed public. (I am speaking now, not of a vender of poison or "dynamite", but of one who sells good "stuff"). A big portion of the public will substantiate this conviction. Some men who know him personally are constantly praising him to others. They refer to him as a man with a wonderful personality. However, the high-minded citizen looks at the matter in a different light. Perhaps he is not in favor of prohibition, but since it has been declared by lawful authority, it must be enforced. He recognizes that disregard for one law will eventually breed contempt for all law and order. Therefore, he believes that a profound respect for the prohibition law should be held by the public. He discourages all petty breaches of the law by normally good citizens. As to the professional bootlegger, one who makes a business of selling the "forbidden

fruit," and thereby not only breaking the law, but encouraging the disregard of others for the law, and eventually corrupting public morals,—he is contemptible. We have seen how one set of men admired the personality of the bootlegger while another type of man despised him. But for the passage of the prohibition law, the personality of the bootlegger would probably have been admired by both types of men, providing, of course, that there was no other repulsive element in his make-up. However, the prohibition law was passed. The bootlegger's illicit activities thereupon had no detracting effect upon his personality in the eyes of the first group. The effect on the high-minded citizen, however, was such as to make the bootlegger despicable. Because of this moral decline the bootlegger's personality lost its force. What is true in this instance is true in similar instances. Also, it is logical to expect that better morals will have a directly opposite effect upon the personality from that resulting from declining morals. Therefore we may say that improvements and declines in moral standards have a direct effect upon the personality.

I have discussed three factors—habits, modes of thought, and morals—which contribute to the development of a personality. I have also mentioned some minor points which indirectly affect its development. Of course, this is not a complete dissertation on the subject. However, I think, that if these factors I have mentioned—habits, modes of thought, and morals,—are developed in the proper direction a forceful personality will be the result. When I say that these factors must be developed in the proper direction, I mean that we must acquire *good* habits, that our thought must be logical and in no way morbid, and that our morals must be of a high standard. To complete the development of these factors in the proper direction must necessarily take time. It cannot be done over night. If we are weak in any or all of these factors, we must keep everlastingly at the process of improvement until the weak point is eliminated. When this proper development is completed, then will a full, strong, forceful personality exist. If there is a weak point in the process, then the full personality cannot be expressed. To illustrate, let us consider the work of an author. A piece of literature is an expression of the author's personality. He puts his whole soul into the work. He cannot convey to the readers an emotion which he does not feel. He may try, but the result will be but a piece of fine or clever writing. He does not deceive his readers—he deceives himself. His words cannot cover up a defect in his personality. Emerson said that



"what you are preaches so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." Your personality is YOU. It is not covered by your skin. It cannot be suppressed with words. Its dynamic power permeates the whole atmosphere. Therefore, since we cannot express a personality which is not ours, we should develop the personality we wish to

LAWRENCE McGRATH, Pre-Med. '25



## "Red Head" Bronson

THE lad was a "newsy", but unlike the common run of fiction newsies, Redhead Bronson was neither street-urchin nor ragamuffin. Father and mother were both dead but the boy was fortunate in having his maiden aunt Mary to care for him. He was always neatly though not expensively dressed. He sold papers on the busiest corner in the large city. He was well liked by all his regular customers, because he was always courteous and very manly. "Red-head" as his friends called him, was one of the most intelligent lads in the nearby parish school. He was also boy soloist in the parish choir. His aunt Mary was not rich, but she disliked the idea of the lad selling newspapers. But the boy was ambitious. He wanted to keep busy and earn something towards his keep and thus he prevailed upon her to allow him to be a newsy.

Romance crept early into our hero's life. It may seem strange that a lad of but twelve summers should fall in love, even though he was highly attractive in personal appearance. But it is a fact that Redhead Bronson fell in love. The object of his affectionate interest was Dorothy Kemper, aged nine. The merest accident brought about their acquaintance. Near his business corner stood the towering Third National Bank building. Very frequently towards evening a handsome limousine would stop before the building and the most beautiful lady Redhead had ever seen would leave the car and enter the building. Most of the time this lady was accompanied by a little girl whom Bronson rightly considered the daughter of the beautiful lady. Often as he gazed at the big car and at the little girl sitting there all alone, Redhead felt a desire to go and speak to

her, but bashfulness prevented him from doing so. But one day as the lady left the building and hastened to the automobile, she let fall a small package. The boy saw it fall to the ground and hastened to pick it up. Returning it to her he said:

"Pardon, madam, but I think you lost this."

The lady took the package and smiled her gratitude.

"Thank you, my dear. You are very honest. This little boy contains a very valuable necklace." She fumbled in her purse and drawing out a crisp five dollar bill handed it to him.

"Take this, little boy. It is small enough reward for your honesty."

Now five dollars was a large sum of money to Redhead but he felt that he had not done anything to earn it and hence refused to accept the gift.

"Thank you, madam, I was only too glad to find it for you. You needn't pay me for a little thing like that."

She insisted but the boy would not accept and at length she desisted.

"What is your name, little boy?"

"I'm Charley Bronson, but the fellows call me Redhead, because of the color of my hair. What is your name, please? I've often seen your car stop here and sometimes I've wondered if it would be all right for me to come and talk to the little girl, when I'm not selling papers and you are in there."

"My name is Kemper, and this is my little girl. Her name is Dorothy. Of course you may come and talk to Dorothy. Shake hands with Charles, Dorothy."

The little maiden did as her mother had directed and she smiled at Redhead. In another moment the car moved away and as it passed him, Dorothy waved her little hand at the boy and for the rest of that day Redhead was very merry and whistled even more than usual.

Bronson availed himself of the permission to talk to Dorothy whenever he got the chance, so that soon they were the best of friends. Mrs. Kemper, too, came to like this intelligent, manly little fellow. She always had a cheery word for him each time she met him and sometimes would invite him to come to her house and play with Dorothy. But Redhead was too much awake to the difference in social standing between himself and his new found friends to avail himself of the invitation. However, when he received an invitation

to attend Dorothy's next birthday party, the invitation having been written by the girl herself, he decided that this once he would accept, because Dorothy had mentioned that particular party and had informed him that if he did not come she would never speak to him again.

At the birthday party were several children of folks living on Main Street, but none of them were dressed more neatly or presented a more attractive appearance than did Redhead Bronson, the little newsboy.

“Charley, you look wonderful. I hope you will feel right at home tonight,” said Dorothy as she shook hands and blushed after he had wished her a thousand happy birthdays. The lad presented her with a little token in the shape of a bunch of flowers and she was delighted. Nothing would do her but that she show the flowers to her mother and tell her who brought them. Mrs. Kemper soon made Charles feel quite at home and he proved a good mixer with the aristocratic lads and lassies who had also been invited to the party. They played children's games, they sang and they recited childish pieces. Indeed they had a very pleasant evening of it. In the opinion of Dorothy, Charles was easily the best performer of all, that night. Preston La France, aged twelve, failed wretchedly in his attempt to sing, because the music sounded much different from the sounds that came from that young gentleman's squeaky throat. Virginia La Mar recited a very nice piece, but when she got about half way through she got stuck in her lines and so had to take a seat whilst everybody else either laughed or sympathized. But Charles sang two songs in clear sweet tones in such a way that everybody was just delighted. He also recited two rather long but stirring poems and he never got stuck once. He seemed thoroughly unconscious of his marked superiority over the other children and revealed a charming personality. There may have been some childish envy aroused by his efforts to please but it was not manifested at all. Just before refreshments were served, Mrs. Kemper asked Charles to sing once more.

“What shall I sing, Mrs. Kemper? I do not know very many songs. If you will play for me, I shall try to sing Gounod's “Ave Maria.” I sing that in our choir sometimes at the Offertory.”

“Why, that will be wonderful. I have a copy here on the piano.”

So saying, Mrs. Kemper looked through a pile of sheet music and found the piece she sought. She played a few notes and then the boy began to sing. If his former efforts had pleased, certainly everybody felt that in this, his last, he had surpassed their fondest expectations. He sang with trained voice and his soul was in the song. Mrs. Kemper was, perhaps, more enthusiastic than the rest. She had never heard any child voice that sounded so sweet and she asked the boy to repeat the whole song. He obliged again. And when he had finished, as though he had done nothing at all worthy of comment, he sought out Doorthy and, hand in hand, the two children went into the dining room for the refreshments.

Just when prospects seemed fairest for Redhead, an unkind Fate interfered. The sultry days of August were doing their best to make city life unbearable. Dorothy and her mother were away at the seashore. They had frequently invited Bronson to come and spend as much of the summer as he chose with them. Redhead invariably gave the same excuse for not accepting—business was good on his corner and if he left it for any length of time another newsy would supplant him. However, he could no longer refuse after they had suggested week-end trips. Mrs. Kemper and Dorothy were highly pleased when he wrote to tell them that he could come down over the Sundays. Dorothy's mother very generously furnished the train-fare which Redhead accepted only because he feared he would offend her by not doing so. The last of these week-end trips for Redhead came towards the end of that very warm month of August. He reached Atlantic City at about four in the afternoon of the hottest Saturday in many years. He and Dorothy went off for a dip in the briny and they had great fun splashing around in the water and romping in the sand. In the evening, Mrs. Kemper had guests whom she wished to hear Redhead sing. Although Dorothy and the boy had planned to go to a movie, Charley agreed to remain at the Kemper cottage long enough to entertain the guests of his hostess. After charming them with several little songs rendered in the sweetest of soprano voices, Redhead and Dorothy went off to the movie.

On Sunday afternoon, according to a promise, Mrs. Kemper took the two children to the open-air riding rink. Here ponies could be hired by the hour. Dorothy had often ridden the ponies before, but it was Charley's first experience. He proved an apt pupil and ere long was able to manage his little animal as well as Dorothy. They



were having great sport when suddenly Dorothy's pony bolted and tore around the rink like mad. No one could quite remember just what happened to frighten the animal but in his anxiety to save Dorothy from serious harm Charley jumped off his pony and set himself to stop the mad career of Dorothy's mount. As the pony neared him, Redhead sprang at the bridle, was kicked by the brute's flying feet and rammed against the picket fence which enclosed the rink. The pony was subdued and the frantic Mrs. Kemper arrived in time to catch Dorothy as the child fell fainting.

Dorothy was soon revived and was none the worse for her experience, but about the prostrate form of Redhead a curious crowd had gathered and a passing doctor was administering to the boy's hurts. Dorothy and her mother forced their way to the lad's side and only then learned that he had been painfully injured. He was gently lifted from where he lay and placed into an auto. His two friends accompanied him to the hospital but Redhead was unconscious. Anxious moments for Dorothy and Mrs. Kemper followed their arrival at the hospital. A priest had been summoned and as he left the boy he informed Mrs. Kemper that he thought Redhead's chances of recovery were very slight. The lad was hurt internally beside being painfully bruised outwardly.

After perhaps an hour, Redhead's eyes opened and he gazed about him in surprise. His eyes rested upon Mrs. Kemper. He recognized her and in faltering tones asked:

"Dorothy?—is she alright—I did my—best".

"Yes, dear child. She is quite alright. You saved her from injury," Mrs. Kemper managed to gulp.

"I'm—so glad—".

Then he saw Dorothy, her eyes red with tears. Taking her hand in his he tried to comfort her.

"Don't cry, Dorothy. It is alright. You are not hurt. I'm glad."

Dorothy would not be comforted. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him and cried out:

"O Charley, you must not die. You must not die. You are the only one of all my friends that I really love. Try to get well." But the lad had again drifted into blissful unconsciousness. His two good friends remained as long as they could, but the Doctor and a nurse entered the room and told them they must go. The nurse assured Mrs. Kemper that she would tell her if any great change came in the boy's condition.

That evening at nine-thirty there was a telephone call from the hospital, summoning Mrs. Kemper to the boy's bedside. Dorothy accompanied her mother and they arrived just shortly before Redhead died. Dorothy and her mother were both frantic with grief. Mrs. Kemper had come to feel for the boy all the affection of a mother. Redhead could not speak, but feebly placed his hand on Dorothy's golden head and smiled a smile not of earth. Father X, who had been with the lad since seven that evening, had scarcely begun the prayers for the dying when, with the faintest sigh, Redhead passed into eternity. Dorothy's head sank to the bed with the hand of the dead boy resting on it. She was sobbing her little heart out. She and her mother were gently led from the room and once outside, Mrs. Kemper, turning to Father X., remarked:

"Father, I think this is one more example of 'Greater love than this no man hath that he give his life for his friend.' Dorothy and Charley certainly loved each other and he risked his life for her."

"The lad's was certainly a beautiful soul, Mrs. Kemper, and perhaps God takes him now whilst he is innocent, lest Heaven might be cheated later."

"Perhaps you are right, Father," replied Mrs. Kemper, "but we are heartbroken nevertheless."

They buried Redhead Bronson in Holy Sepulchre. The chief mourners were his aunt Mary, Mrs. Kemper and little Dorothy. And to prove that Dorothy was also in love with Redhead, we need only add that she always had flowers on Redhead's grave when the grass was green and the birds of the springtime and summer sang in the cemetery tree-tops.

J. F. D.



## A Stunning Stenographer

MUCH has been written concerning the faults of the gum-toting "stenog"; but, like the Ford jokes, the supply of these anecdotes is apparently inexhaustible. As evidence of this, allow me to tear but a single page from the daily life-book of a certain stenographer employed in the sales office of our wholesale hat firm. This girl I shall call Miss Effie Shensy; for if I were to reveal her true name, she would doubtless interpret the following as a rare tribute to her self-admitted genius, which situation could easily result in much embarrassment to us both.

As I have always believed in giving the other person the benefit of any possible doubt, I shall pursue that policy by selecting Wednesday, that day when all female power is ever at a maximum, reaching its glorious acme as evening shadows fall. Any Wednesday would answer the purpose; but to aid the memory (with no apologies to Roth's Course) I invite attention to Wednesday of last week.

That morning Effie surprised all of us, the Big Boss included, by arriving at work early. It was only ten minutes after nine when she flopped into her cushioned chair at the small typewriter desk. She immediately rubbed her dark-rimmed eyes to obtain a reasonably clear vision of Bill Snyder, "Second in Command," advancing with a batch of letters. Bill had already returned a cordial "Good Afternoon" to her lazy "Morning, Everybody"; so his next remark was "Take dictation." Effie obediently discarded her mirror and powder puff, and dived into a disheveled drawer for pencil and pad. These she succeeded in locating before young Snyder had mentally reviewed more than three of his letters. Then, glancing coyly in the general direction of her patient dictator, with pencil poised at the proper angle, she gave him the cue to commence. Bill shook himself and cleared his throat; the fun began.

In less than two hours, Effie had re-written eight of those letters. She had evidently thought Blitz & Benz manufactured harness, for she had acknowledged receipt of their "leather of the 1st." She had informed Derby & Sons "the following is water stock consists of". Bill facetiously inquired if she had reference to the "Mississippi Bubble," whereupon the girl replied that she didn't care much for Zane Grey's works! In another communication, alluding to an enterprising salesman with Kelly Brothers, she had somehow contrived to substitute "Harold" for "Henry." When that mistake was pointed out, Effie easily explained:

"I could tell from my notes that his name began with 'H', but 'Harold' was absolutely the closest I could come to it."

That simple confession was overheard by the Big Boss, who promptly let out another word beginning with "H". The other letters contained similar unimportant errors which were obligingly corrected as Effie's thoughts turned lunch-ward.

At exactly eleven forty-five our heroine presumed to ask for one-half hour extra lunch time; and the Boss, recalling her brilliant performance of the morning, told her to go just as far as she liked.

An hour and a half rolled by, but no Effie Shensy. Finally, as

the small hand of our Western Union chronometer decided to settle squarely upon the inoffensive numeral "2", the door opened. "So long, kid—same time tomorrow," chirped the babyish voice of Stella, who works for Wendt & Dunn across the hall; then a trail of heliotrope proclaimed the presence of our sturdy "stenog". Our office becomes stuffy at times, so the Boss, feeling the need of fresher air at that moment, plunked a new Fall derby on his expansive cranium and hurled himself into outer space.

The afternoon progressed slowly for Effie, though not exactly because she had so little to do. The fact is, she was kept fairly busy throughout. For a whole half-hour she entertained a prosperous-looking individual who had called to see Mr. O. K. Felt (that is our Boss) on important personal business. But as the latter did not return by that time, said individual departed, while Miss Shensy's heavily ringed hand clutched a precious receipt for Five Dollars (\$5.00)—first payment on a year's subscription to "Writers' Cramp", together with one FREE copy of the handsomely illustrated, 300-page, cloth-bound book, reminiscent of the late World Series, entitled "The Fall of the Mighty", by one J. McGraw. After that, Effie and your humble servant passed a pleasant hour by picking up and re-arranging the complete contents of our card-index that had unfortunately collided with a huge vanity-box. While thus engaged I had ample opportunity to reply to a rapid-fire questionnaire that supplemented Edison's amateurish efforts by touching upon such vital topics as the age of Papyrus, my execution of the latest fox-trot, Firpo's next opponent, and the probable outcome of this week's local gridiron scrimmage. Then our talented typist found time to answer the telephone, and promptly reported to the boss:

"The same man which called you up when you was out, said for you to call him up tomorrow noon."

"Didn't you ask his name?" queried our superior officer.

"I didn't have time to get personal with him," retorted Effie.

As a newspaper critic might comment, "The last act brought down the house!" But by that time Fate mercifully intervened—the clock indicated the hour of five, and the end of a busy working day.

Some folks ask me why our firm keeps such a girl on its pay-roll. I am sure I don't know \* \* \* unless it is because Effie is engaged to marry the Big Boss next June.

E. J. KOHNFELDER,



## A Tribute to Woodrow Wilson\*

**T**RUE greatness rarely obtains general recognition in its own age. The truly great man, no matter how popular he may be, has numerous opponents who take issue with him; lesser lights and envious would-be peers hurl their tirades of strictures, no one stops to consider him dispassionately; and so, amid weeping and rejoicing, the truly great man usually enters the precincts of Death's dark night without enjoying the fame and honors which an unbiased consideration of his merits would have heaped upon him.

Thus it has always been. Shorn of honors, aye, even of respect, true greatness lies down to die. But Lethe's waves never seal his tomb—the nine-fold coils of the Styx can not hold his spirit down. His mighty deeds, done in the days of life, ultimately sound the trumpet of his worth; the whole world resounds with the blatant flare. And lo, how responsive the world then grows! Voluminous encomiums, eulogies, and panegyrics attest his worth. His native country builds him a costly monument. His native country which, in his days of life, deemed a word of praise too dear!

Now America may boast of a truly great man who may be classed among those who, during their lifetime, were not considered by the majority of the people as worthy of anything save the envenomed tongue of ridicule, even the slurs of supercilious contempt. Yes! this distinction, or honor it may be called, belongs to the late Ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

Many Americans there are who deserve the honors of the great; but, if we consider Mr. Wilson's sincere attempt to make the world a better place for man to live in,—if we consider his heroic fight for world-peace, when he was confronted by learned opponents in Europe, and deserted by the American Senate,—and if we consider how much of his original plan he saved from the coils of European statescraft and diplomacy,—if we consider his gallant defense of the League before the American Senate and the bar of public criticism,—and if finally we consider how, like ancient Cato, even though broken in health, physical and mental, he strove resolutely to establish his principles, and never flinched before the tongue of vituperation and slander,—if we consider this, I say, we must waive the considerations of others, and place our late Ex-President Wilson upon the highest pedestal in our Hall of Fame, where, like the star that led the Magi to the crib at Bethlehem, he shall be the Cynosure that shall, in the Future, hold the eyes of the American youths.

\*Oration delivered at the Annual Contest.

Mr. Wilson, the man, the historian, the rhetorician, the logician, the orator, the statesman, the idealist, is dead;—dead, but his spirit still hovers over us, urging us to better things;—dead, but his voice still cries out for the world's welfare;—dead, but alive, and so always he shall be in the American consciousness. Silent is that silver-tongue; but his mighty deeds remain, and now, amid the din and roar of partisanism, they clamor with stentorian voice for full merit for their author.

And otherwise it can not be. Mr. Wilson was great; and greatness demands recognition, if not in life, at least in the dispassionate judgment of History's bar. That History will take special cognizance of Mr. Wilson, there can be no doubt.

In the whole glorious galaxy of American talent and genius, in the whole illustrious host of American statesmen and heroes, whose praise and honor have resounded down through the pages of history, like the march of the Roman legion, there is none on whom the Future's eye will dwell so eagerly or of whom the poets will sing so exaltingly, as he who has lately left us. When, after the present gloomy nebulosity of the political horizon is cleared away by the return of normal times, the American historian sees the commanding form of Mr. Wilson moving majestically in the great procession of American heroes, in boundless rapture will he exclaim:—

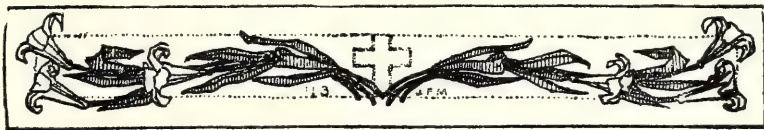
“There is greatness personified! There stands the quintessence of the brave, the valiant, the heroic! There is the man who knew what Americanism is. There is the man who loved not only his country but also the entire world. There is the man who was not willing to live peacefully 'neath the radiant beams of Liberty, while tyranny and despotism throttled half the world. There is the man who trampled autocracy and irresponsible polity beneath his feet and ushered in the golden age of the people, the joyous era of Democracy. There is the man in whom the hopes of ages, and the fond yearnings of idealistic bards of modern times were realized; for he it was who after brushing aside the only surviving divine-right empires, and enthroning Liberty in the down-trodden states of his time, led the pompous march of statesmen to the Holy Mount, and there built a newer and a grander, a firm and an enduring Temple of Concord, while the whole world solemnly chanted the lines sublime—

“For I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and the wonder that would be;  
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags  
were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Yes, my dear friends, thus will the American historian view the late Woodrow Wilson. For above all other heroes of the past will he sit in glory majestic. Let Columbus be honored; let Washington, the Father of his Country, the pride of every American heart, be extolled to the skies; let Jefferson, the spirit of democracy, the apostle of the people, be held in everlasting honor; let Lincoln, the preserver of the Union, the great American martyr, be placed before all these;—yes, let these and the whole multitudinous host of America's illustrious sons be rightly honored; and let Wilson, who not for America only, but for the entire world, "paid the last full measure of devotion," be placed on the loftiest pinnacle of fame, whence, as in the old Roman legend, he may gaze back upon the world and behold the full fruition of his glorious work.

JOHN R. BOLAND, JR.



### To the Holy Spirit

O HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of light and love,  
 We exiles from our Father's home above,  
 Do voice our plaint with loving trust in Thee  
 To guide us safely to eternity!

Renew in us Thy sevenfold gift divine,  
 And make us, soul and body, ever thine.  
 Confuse Satanic foes with Heav'nly light,  
 And lead us by the hand to do the right.

The way is long and weary we who strive;  
 Unaided we could scarce the strife survive.  
 Dispel our darkness, rule the mind and will,  
 Grant fortitude that we may struggle still.

O make our souls thy fitting dwelling place,  
 And garnish them with thy supernal grace.  
 Come with the Father and Th'eternal Son,  
 Abide with us, O Trinity in One.

# From Pittsburgh to Funkin Center

*(In Words of One Syllable)*

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Day After Hallerween.

**D**EAR MA:

Well, here I am in the big city, just about ready for bed. That one card was all I had time to write you since I got here on Tuesday. I have been so busy taking in the sights, you know. Maybe I will reach you as soon as this does, because they want me back at the General Store—so Hen Weathersby said—on Saturday. Well, here goes:

You know, Ma, at Punkin Center the railroad told me I would get a train straight through to Pgh. I found that wasn't so; it stopped in a dirty old shed, bigger than our barn, and we all had to get out and walk the rest of the way. At last I came to an iron gate where lots of people were waiting with satchels and baskets. Guess they had been to a picnic somewhere. Well, being as it was my first trip to this town, I walked with the crowd until I was on a big paved road all lit up, which a man told me was Liberty. That made me think of what I studied about Patrick Henry the Great in my Combined Correspondence Course. I walked about the length of our two fields, then turned to the right for good luck. There I saw a sign—General Forbes Hotel.

Of course I knew there would be lots of army officers in this big city, but I didn't know they would go into the hotel business. Well, I walked in and asked if I could talk to General Forbes. You see, Ma, I thought he might know about Joe Hoskins of Birdville, who went across in 1918 and never came back. But I couldn't see a single soldier in the whole place. A nigger kid tried to jerk my satchel away from me, but I told him none of that, and that the next time I would call a constable. Then a nice young man at the desk with glasses, asked me if I wanted a room for the night. I didn't want him to know that I had never been in a big hotel before, so I opened the safety pin you fixed on my pocket, and commenced to count my money while I said, just like this: Well, let me see what you've got, being as I don't know of any better place to stay right now. He said he could fix me up for \$3.00, and I said I felt all right, only I was some tired. He laughed at that and winked his eye at another nice-looking man in a light blue suit, across the hall. Then I laughed back at him and kicked a big brass bowl that someone had laid on the floor. He said that was all right, and handed



me a pen and a big book. I said I could always read better sitting down, but he said for me just to write my name and address in it. Gee, I was glad I had Penmanship in my Combined Correspondence Course. Then the nigger started to the door with me, and I said I wasn't going to leave just yet, since I had paid the man \$3.00, and besides I was now (meaning at that time) ready for bed. My friend at the desk said the boy would show me to my room, so I walked through the door. But Ma, I had just stepped into another little room when we started to move up to the roof, and made me think of Uncle Ned who said everything in town was going up these days. I felt kind of sick in the stomach when I got off that blamed thing, but thought I could stand it as well as the nigger, so I didn't say anything. My black guide opened a door and said there was my room, with running water and everything. I told him it wasn't any use for me to try to sleep in that room with that darn water dripping all night. You know, Ma, I never could sleep when its raining. But the black boy showed me his teeth and said that water would be turned off tight all night. Then he asked me if I wanted to be called in the morning. I told him he had better come in and shake me if he wanted to get me out of that room, and besides, I wanted my money's worth. Remember, Ma, how you always have to call me several times, and then twist my ear and tickle my feet before I get up? Well, he looked kind of funny when I said that, but didn't say anything back to me. He just stood there looking dumb for a minute; then when I started to pull off my shirt and said goodnight, he ran out of the room, slamming the door behind him. I hollered at him that I wouldn't pay for anything he broke, but I guess he didn't hear me that time. I was too tired to write to you that night, honest, Ma. I guess that riding on trains kind of got the best of me. But I didn't forget to say my prayers like you showed me at home.

I woke up the next morning—that was yesterday—and found my way downstairs without asking anyone how to go. There were lots of steps in that place, but I guess all the good rooms were kind of high. Then I saw another man at the desk I didn't know. I told him I had met the man who was there the night before with glasses and my \$3.00, and he said that was all right. Then I told him I would like to have the same room again that night, meaning last night, and that I had left the door open with the key sticking in it, so they could clean it up again and make the bed. He said that was not necessary, and sent a black boy who looked like the one I

met the night before, but wasn't, to bring that darn key down again. I took it and said I might not get in till late that night, maybe eleven o'clock, seeing it was Hallerween.

What do you think, Ma, the sun was shining that morning? You know we heard there is no such thing here in Pgh. Well, I took a slow walk up the main street which they call Fifth Avenue, and stopped at a corner where some men were whitewashing a big tall building. A man told me that was the farmers' bank. Say, they must think a lot of us here. It sure is a fine building. Guess that's where Uncle Ned keeps all his money. I was watching the whitewashers change its color when a man with a long nose said to me—Hey Rube, do you want to get your tonsils sunburnt? But he didn't fool me a bit: I knew he was no doctor, so I said back to him—Say, Stranger, I ain't as open faced as I may look. Besides, the sun was not very hot anyways. I was ready to eat then, so I went into a restaurant near there which was called Steels. That is a good name for them, Ma. I had to leave Ninety-five Cents (95c) in there. (I almost forgot that the Combined Correspondence Course told me to use words and figures both.) And 95c—just figures this time, Ma—is just as much as we paid for our 3 Road Island Reds last Fall.

Well, I thought I would see a moving picture, so I went in where it said The Lone Star Ranger, and had a picture of cowboys fighting outside. Gee, I wish you'd have been with me, Ma. It sure was a good one. There was another picture, that made me laugh till I stepped on the man's foot next to me. I asked him if he would please beg my pardon and he said that was all right if I didn't let it happen again. We got talking and he said, Bud where are you from? You don't live around here, do you? When I saw he knew my name I told him he must know I came from Punkin Center. But he said,—No, but I guess its the Bees Neeze. I said to him that I did not take any Forren Language in my Combined Correspondence Course, then he laughed out loud. When we saw the picture and went out I saw he was some kind of a forrener because his hair was growing way down the sides of his face and his hat was smashed in front as if somebody had put his foot on it. I didn't like his looks, but he talked nice to me, and when I said I was here to see the town, he said he could show me some of it, anyways. He told me he always goes to the dances in town by bumming his way in, whatever that means; and he asked me if I would like to go to a

dance that night. Ma, you know I had a right smart time at our last barn dance,—the one where I took Sadie Tucker and that darn Jake Shuman walked home with her; so I said sure, where is it? He said it was at the William Penn Hotel and was being put on by the Dukane University. I said maybe I could get in all right if I told the man at the gate that I had studied the Combined Correspondence Course. He said that was all right, and we were in for a good time; besides they would not put me out because most of them would be dressed up comic. Then he told me to meet him at the same place where we were then at 9 o'clock.

I stayed around that same place so I wouldn't get lost, and ate in another place called Childs. I have thought that place would just suit me as I did not have a big appetite after seeing the show. But Ma, they gave me as much to eat as the other restaurant (thats the way its spelled) and it cost me more, too. Then I walked around the main street—I mean Fifth Avenue—again, and it sure looked bright with everybody lit up. I wanted to know where I was going, so I said to a fat man—Where is this William Penn? And he said it was across the river on the north side, and that they had a good picture showing. I said I was told there would be a dance there, and he said,—O I see you are in custom, and he looked at me close and said the Wm. Penn Hotel is up the street to your left. Ma, I wish you could have been along. Everybody was making noise because it was Hallerween, you know, and some looked like animals. But I thought I wouldn't monkey around, so I went to see the man with the funny hat where he told me.

Right away he said come on, and we walked up the street just like the other man said. We went into the hotel, and Ma, it was way bigger than mine—I mean the one which General Forbes has, that I said I am sleeping in. My friend who said his name was Sheek, told me we had to go to the 17th floor, and I said take it slow, as my legs are pretty tired out. But he laughed and said Elyvater, which was something I did not learn about in my Combined Correspondence Course, and we got into one of those moving rooms like in my own hotel. When we got off that, we walked down a hall to a big room that was dark with all colored lights shining, and I thought the man was right who said the Wm. Penn was showing a picture instead of a dance. But then they put the lights on, and Ma, here everybody had been dancing all the time without seeing where they were going. I was wishing then that I had of brought

our lantern along to help them out. When I looked around I saw a man at a table talking to Sheek real loud and asking him what he was doing here without an invite. Then the same man asked me where was my card, and I said I did not carry cards as my Ma did not want me to play and lose money. He laughed and said he was sorry but those was the rules. So I saw Sheek point his finger at the man, and two other men walked up and took hold of my friend and pushed him down the hall. But I got there first as I knew you would not want me to stay there then. Besides I told you I did not like this Sheek's looks, and was sorry I had listened to a man like him. But Ma, I just want to tell you of one or two things I saw when when those lights went back on. There were some boys and girls with funny faces on, because it was still Hallerween, you know. I saw black faces and red lips and one real tall man with a suit like the villain wore in East Lynne which we saw played at the Birdville Operly House that Winter. And do you know Ma, I couldn't see anybody doing a square dance, so I couldn't have had much fun anyways, I dont think.

This morning I was glad to be back in my own hotel, from which I am writing now. And I was thinking, Ma, that small places are most often the best for us after all. I haven't time to tell you all I did today, because I am awful sleepy and can tell you the rest when I see you.

Take good care of yourself Ma, and don't sell all that cider, as I am coming home tomorrow with \$4.59 (I'm too tired to write figures this time) left. Give Brother Willis a hug and kiss and keep the same for yourself with love.

From your loving son,

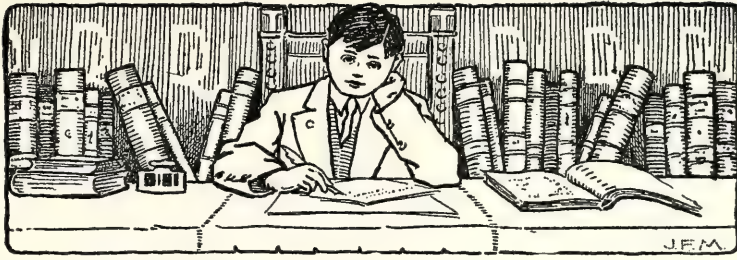
"BUD"

E. J. KOHNFELDER,

B. S. and E., '21







# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *“The Lady in Purple”*

EACH spring, as regularly as the crocus breaks bud and ruddy tulips tempt wayward urchins in Schenley Park, the Red Masquers, Duquesne's own dramatic organization, have stepped into the local limelight with this, that, or the other play. Due primarily to the discriminating taste and painstaking direction of Dr. Lloyd, dean of the public speaking school, the offerings of past years have been recorded in the annals of the University as an unbroken chain of truly remarkable successes. The 1924 production, Fred Jackson's "The Purple Lady," staged at the Nixon Theatre Thursday evening, May 22, has forged another link, by no means the weakest, in that sterling chain. Mr. Jackson is a farceur of no inconsiderate repute, and into the lines and situations of "The Purple Lady" he has poured perhaps the very cream of his talent. The narrative is a *pot-pourri* of stolen jewels, indiscreet letters, Hibernian policemen, servants of phenomenal intellectual passivity, a rising young attorney, his bride, her suspicious aunt, an engaged couple, a bold bad burglar, and an indignant sub-lettor. The whole is not only amusing; it is sustainedly funny. The combination of a skilled director, an enthusiastic and capable cast, and a manuscript of merit proved quite sufficient to move a well nigh capacity audience to pronouncement of approbation. The superiority of the straight farce over melodrama as a vehicle for college thespians was demonstrated for the "nth time." The student body unites in tribute to Dr. Lloyd and his earnest, talented proteges.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. '25.

### ***The Bonus Bill.***

**T**HE Soldiers Bonus Bill, which for the past few years has been tossed about the high seas of political strife, has at last been safely moored in the statutes of the land. The bill is now a law, despite the President's veto and his strenuous opposition to its passage. Now—the consequences! As scribes and writers throughout the land question the motive of President Coolidge, and level words of disapproval and condemnation at his drastic action, the taxpayer meets the inevitable. He alone must pay the piper, and accumulate a few million dollars in addition to the ever increasing and excessive demands made on him.

The purpose of the Bonus Bill, to recompense, in some degree, the soldier for his service to the country, is indeed a worthy object. Its accomplishment, however, demands some consideration. Much as we believe that the soldier is deserving of a bonus, business conditions at the present time do not warrant such a stupendous undertaking.

During the past four years, the soldier has sought in vain for compensation. How strange it is, therefore, that the Senate finds, in the approaching election, an opportunity to banish all objections and lend an attentive ear to a forgotten debt.

Doubtless after having given the proposition serious consideration, the public will form, to its own satisfaction, a contrary conviction, namely, that President Coolidge acted with precision and, having weighed the question in the balance, found it wanting in practicability.

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, A. B. '25.



### ***The Railway Strike.***

**C**ONSIDERING the magnitude of industrial, financial and commercial activities that are daily transacted within the great metropolis of Pittsburgh, a railway strike gives rise to the question of inadequate resources upon which these activities are greatly dependent for their existence. It further demonstrates that corporations, controlling public facilities, are susceptible to drastic actions, especially when they experience no competition in their respective services.

Strikes have ever been resorted to by labor as the ultimate means of enforcing its demands on capitalists. Needless to say such measures have proven to be disastrous and futile, but as no principles have ever been adopted for the proper regulation of disputes, such conditions have continued, with the result that at the present day, a disruption of forces may be effected in any set branch of public service, causing all dependent activities to be greatly impaired. Street car service in any city constitutes a facility that is indispensable. The populace relies on the cars for transportation and their failure to operate results in much inconvenience that tends to paralyze the city's industries. Irrespective of which side is justified in its demands, public service and public industry must receive first attention.

We must not fiddle while Rome burns.

Corporations, claiming to serve the public, should ever be steadfast and reliable, and at such times, when all means of arbitration fail to bring about a reconciliation, it is the duty of an executive government to assume complete control, until a satisfactory settlement is realized.

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, '25.



### ***Electorial Prospects.***

**G**AZING far out upon the restless surf of political strife, we see in the distance two mighty fleets, struggling desperately against the much disturbed waters that threaten them with disaster, and tend to make thir progress most uncertain.

The eyes of all voters, interested in the welfare of the country, are now focused upon these fleets. They represent the great political parties of the United States, the Republicans and the Democrats. The waves that violently lash their sides are waves of oppression, scandal, opposition and calumny, whose mighty blows tend to weaken the plans of politicians and destroy the very platform upon which their candidates must stand.

The recent Tea Pot Dome affair, together with other scandals with which it is associated, stand out as the most prominent and potent forces that can be utilized for destructive purposes in the present campaign. Many great men, who up to the present time, were looked upon as genuine leaders, whose characters were unquestioned, and whose actions were beyond reproach, are now deep in the abyss of public scorn and distrust.

Thus the fleets we observe in the distance are without flagships. The parties are unable to find men within their ranks qualified for presidential nomination, men who can be selected with the assurance that their character, executive ability and past actions will stand the acid test of public scrutiny.

Mr. McAdoo was recently the strongest Democrat in the field, and would probably have received the nomination had he not disqualified himself by participating in transactions of doubtful ethics. Consequently the "Dems" now turn to Governor Smith of New York to uphold the party. Smith's nomination would revolutionize the history of party caucuses. For the opposition served by bigots and fanatics to Catholics made the nomination of one to the highest office in the land quite impossible. The Republicans will probably select President Coolidge, with Senator Hiram Johnson of California second choice. The indifference manifested by the latter candidate regarding his nomination indicates that he at least concedes a victory to the Democrats, and that opposition by his party in the present campaign will be more or less futile.

It is a little early to make any direct predictions as to the outcome of the elections, but if public sentiment is to be taken as a criterion, the position of Governor Smith is most assured. The people have lost confidence in the entire combination of politicians at Washington, and now look for a man who will uplift the conditions of the country and guard its interests against fraudulent attacks.

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, '25.



### **Catholic Students Mission Crusade.**

**D**URING the first three weeks of May the members of the Units labored earnestly in the contest which was held to determine who would represent the Units at the Ordinal of Admission to be staged at St. Vincent's on June 1st. More than one hundred members attended this Magnificent Pageant.

The members of the Graduating Classes of the High School Department will be initiated into the Father Simon Unit before the close of the School Year. The Father Simon Unit is composed of members of the College of Arts. A large number from the High School have given their intentions to join.



One hundred and sixty priests, sisters and students attended the meeting of the Pittsburgh Local Conference held in the Gymnasium on Sunday, May 18. There were many items of interest brought before the assembly but one that will interest all Crusaders was the announcement that there were 20,000,000 good works offered up by the Crusaders in the United States for the Rt. Rev. Bishop Beckman. This beautiful Spiritual Boquet was presented to him on the day of his Consecration as Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., in his address to the Conference, urged the Crusaders to uphold the real object of the Founders of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. It was not founded to raise money, but it is an organization of prayer, sacrifice and the promotion of education for Home and Foreign Missions. Materialism must be cast aside and the Crusaders must remain loyal to the real motive of the originators. They must discard all selfishness by working in union one with one other for this Great Cause. He reminded the Crusaders that all money raised for the Missions should be sent to them through channels of the Dioceses. Moreover, it is the wish of the officers of the Crusade that the money question be disregarded entirely and that the real means for helping the mission be one of prayer and sacrifice.

BRENNAN-BURNS



## DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

APRIL 26—The Dukes, still jubilant at their double victory over West Virginia University's baseball team, journeyed to Wellsburg, W. Va. (merely for athletic purposes), where they encountered Bethany College. Since both teams hold the same number of victories over West Virginia University, the outcome of today's game is eagerly looked forward to.

It seems that no matter how hard the Dukes might try to defeat Bethany, they generally emerge on the short end of the score. The scores at Bethany for the past two years were 2-1 and 3-2 respectively, while today's result was 6-5. The game was played under ideal mid-season weather and was attended by a very large crowd who found it to be exceptionally interesting and abounding with spec-

tacular plays. Rather careless base-running and a costly error were instrumental in casting gloom among the Duquesne ranks. Cheer up! Bethany has yet to visit our battle grounds.

APRIL 27—The first, or High School division of the elocution contests was held this evening. The winners in the closely contested jousts were: J. Gerald Murphy, Edward L. Breinig, Charles B. Gearing, Kieran M. Balfe.

APRIL 28—The annual public speaking contests by the students of the Fourth High class and the college department have been set for May 4.

The Duquesne University Club will hold its semi-yearly smoker on May 6, in the new gymnasium. Considerable first-class talent has already been secured to make this smoker a huge success.

APRIL 29-30—Under the auspices of the C. S. M. C. two plays were given in the University auditorium—"The Gift," under the supervision of Miss Marie Foley, and "Crusaders All," by Mr. Edward Ricards. Both plays were of a religious nature and were well received by the audience.

MAY 1—Confessions were heard for the entire student body in preparation for the first Friday of the month.

The 'varsity, after having remained idle for quite a few days, due to continual rain and chilly weather, enjoyed its first opportunity of the week to resume practice. Juniata College, whose ability on the diamond is always of the highest caliber, will be played on Saturday afternoon, May 3.

MAY 2—The students attended the 8 o'clock mass in the College Chapel and also received Holy Communion. As usual, breakfast was distributed to the hungry, and, from observation, nobody declined this invitation. In the afternoon the new students of the High School and College Departments were received into the various Sodalities of the University in the chapel.

MAY 3—Although the College does not boast of a 'varsity swimming team, it could have selected a few promising members from the baseball team today. Really, I must admit that it was purely love for the national pastime that kept the few fans that were present on the Bluff long enough to see the Dukes accept a muddy and soggy defeat at the hands of Juniata College. The final score was 16-11.

King Pluvius sent his charges at the middle of the first inning and it seemed as though he had instructed them to hang around until they had seen the entire game. It was a common occurrence to be handling the ball and mud at the same time. The game, due to bad weather conditions, was filled with errors and numerous loose plays on the part of both teams. The affair was also, as the score might indicate, a free-for-all hitting encounter. Four balls, via Juniata bats, found new dwelling places outside the ball park.

MAY 4—The elocution and oratorical contests of the Fourth High and the College Department were held in the auditorium this evening. An exceptionally large audience presented itself and enjoyed the interesting topics of the numerous contestants.

In the elocution contest, John M. Lambert, who delivered "Gentlemen, The King," was declared the winner. James F. McCaffrey of the Sophomore class was granted the decision of victory in the oratorical contest. His subject was "Christian Schools."

The judges on this occasion were: The Rev. Francis Retka, C. S. Sp., the Hon. John P. Harris, State Senator, and Francis A. Wolf, Esq.

I might seem to be repeating, but I unintentionally omitted the names of the judges for last Sunday evening; they were: Rev. John F. Enright, Professor P. Cronin, Ph. D., and P. J. Fahey.

MAY 5—After attending their first morning class, ending at 10 A. M., the students of the Senior and Junior classes were granted the remaining part of the day free. They were to have been excused from all class-work on the feast day of St. Thomas in March, but, having devoted that day for the promotion of an important social event, sacrificed the liberty attached, only to receive it today. The majority of the students took the opportunity of paying a visit to St. Vincent Seminary, where the Pirates were engaged to meet the diamond representatives of that institution.

MAY 6—The Duquesne U. Club held its second smoker of the year in the new gymnasium where a large gathering witnessed the elaborately arranged programme. The boxing bouts which were furnished from the amateur talent secured from the Pittsburgh Lyceum afforded the most interesting part of the affair.

MAY 7—Mass was conducted in the College Chapel for the student body in observance of the patronage of St. Joseph.

The 'varsity has been practicing quite earnestly in order to be in the best of shape for the coming games which will take place on May 9-10-11.

MAY 8—A complimentary dance was given by the University in the gymnasium. Quite a large number of the students and their friends attended this social affair which was conducted in a very excellent manner.

MAY 9—The Dukes were scheduled to cross bats with Thiel College on the Bluff, but it seemed as though the previous night's continual and heavy rain had its say in determining whether or not the game would be played. The field was entirely too wet to play the game on, so the authorities at Greenville, Pa., were informed early this morning to postpone their trip until a later date.

MAY 10—Determined to even things after having dropped their

first game of the season to Bethany, the Dukes played a brand of ball which merited for them a well deserved 2-1 victory over their recent conquerors, the Bisons. "Jim" Reilly started off on the wrong road when he forced in a run in the first inning, but as the game grew older, he seemed to gain the upper hand and the weak spots of the opposing stick men. This triumph marks the first over a Bethany baseball team for quite a number of years.

MAY 11—We left Pittsburgh with King Sol shining enroute to Cresson, Pa., where we were scheduled to oppose St. Francis college, but the "wets" won out again. Hardly had we finished a hearty lunch when it began to rain and it did nothing but rain, rain, rain, and thus no game. The boys passed the day quite agreeably, considering that there was no place to roam except in the local tea-room, which appears to be the center of attraction for the entire town. Cresson is all right to live in—if you never saw a real city before. Keefe, who, besides cavorting the infield, is a talented singer, was almost forced (if you consider such boys as Rooney, Lynch, Tracey and Tenny at the requesting end) to sing his way from Cresson to Pittsburgh.

MAY 12—Today we find the Seniors beginning their last examinations. As fellow students we wish to extend our heartiest wishes for their greatest success.

MAY 13—The students' weekly Mass was held in the College Chapel at 8:45 A. M. The 'varsity will unquestionably have its hands full this afternoon when it meets St. Bonaventure on the Bluff. St. Boni's generally support a first class ball team which ranks second to very few collegiate teams.

MAY 14—The date for the annual Duquesne play which will be held at the Nixon Theatre has been set for May 22. As in former years, the individuals presenting "The Purple Lady" will be members of the Red Masquers dramatic club.

MAY 15—The Senior Class '24 of the High School Department will hold a dance on Monday evening, May 19th, 1924, at the K. of C. hall of Duquesne Council.

MAY 19—The Seniors have apparently survived the "finals" ordeal, as all were back, living in hopes, fears and expectations.

MAY 20—The sale of tickets for "The Purple Lady" is most gratifying, according to reports. Many are striving for the prizes offered by the burser.

MAY 22—This is the day for the big night—the day when Doctor Lloyd's thespians will display their many-sided talent to a Pittsburgh audience. Great things are expected, and no one will be disappointed, judging from advance notices.

MAY 23-24—The student body is still giggling, and their friends



are giggling too. Why? "The play's the thing." It was a continuous uproar, and "Susie from Sioux City" was the cause and occasion of the fun. It was the "Red Masquers'" best.

At 3:30 P. M. today, Sister M. Rosalie, principal of St. Rosalie's High School, and member of the Community of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, presented herself for an examination to the faculty, in view of receiving the Degree of Doctor in Philosophy. Through the afternoon, and all morning of May 24, Sister Rosalie was questioned on her written dissertation, "Shakespeare a Witness to Pre-Reformation Catholicity in England," and on fifty-three theses, taken from the various branches of philosophy. At 11:35 A. M. on May 24, the judges adjourned, and rendered the decision a few minutes later with the mark "*Magna cum laude.*" We wish to extend our congratulations to her, and hope she will wear her honors worthily and long.



## ATHLETICS

### THE BALL CLUB.

Some few misplays and various out-croppings of tough luck have tossed the 'varsity nine from the hectic stride in which it stepped off for the season by trimming West Virginia twice. Two wins, as many postponements, and a trio of reversals compose the Bluff squad's record for the month. Bethany, likely candidate for Tri-state diamond honors, dished out disaster at 6-5 in the mountain town some three weeks after the initial series of the '24 campaign. Juniata came next, landing here May 3 for the home inaugural. It was a thoroughly miserable day. Rain poured, wind whistled, and all in all conditions were most unpropitious for the matter at hand. To alleviate a tale that is both lengthy and ghastly, the Dukes were disposed at 16-11 after tallying enough runs at the outset of the battle to have won both ends of a double-header had they staged the defensive exhibition of which they are ordinarily capable.

Vengeance was obtained for the Bethany lacing when the Bisons appeared in our midst on May 10. Jim Reilly twirled beautiful ball to break the Buffalo Creek jinx that has pursued the Red and Blue the past several years. The final count was close, 2 to 1, but altogether sufficient to gratify followers of the McCarthy clan, particularly in view of the fact that the wallop was the first administered the Green this spring. St. Bonaventure's brought a young man over from Allegheny, N. Y., who can pitch. The gentleman in question had plenty. Just three hits did the Pittsburghers glean from

his delivery—and one could hardly have called any of 'em resounding. The verdict read 6-1 with the Saints sitting pretty on the ponderous end. St. Francis ran the Kilday crew to 7-6 in 10 frames the ensuing afternoon, making up in a measure for the indignities suffered in the clash with the accomplished Bonaventure boys.

Lack of a timely punch has been mainly responsible for the evil ways into which the varsity fell during the latter April and early May. Much in the fashion of the revered Pirates over the same stretch, the Dukes encountered no great difficulty in populating the sacks, but struck a snag or two in attempting to shove across the markers. 'Tis true the fielding and mound departments have wobbled now and again, but the principal source of trouble lies in an inconsistent attack. Indubitably the remarkably bad weather of the past few weeks is to be held accountable for at least a portion of the outfit's backwardness with the stick.

But there is no cause whatever for pessimism. With sunshine, a dry field, and excellent material, Coach Father McCarthy hopes for a return to form right pronto. His proteges are on the proper side of the average column at present, and it must be remembered that the Thiel tilt and the first-billed St. Francis seance, both called off because of rain, would quite probably have terminated in triumphs for the Hill contingent.

They are still talking in Morgantown about the slugging of Dan Rooney in the West Virginia debates, and the hurling of Reilly and Titz likewise come in for frequent commendation by marveling Mountaineers. Chuck Cherdini is putting up a stellar game at the warm corner and continues to sock the pellet rather often. Kilday and Charley McDonald boast sizable percentages at the plate. Lynch has proven a genuine find at first base, and Joe Doberty, needless to proclaim, is permitting little foliage to flourish beneath him at the keystone. Neet Tenney got off to a slow start, but is rounding into shape nicely, and one might say something similar in regard to the supplementary section of the slab corps, Tracey and Kenna. Murphy, understudying Rooney behind the willow, shows promise and will be accorded every chance to make good.



#### IN WHICH IS SET FORTH A BIT OF TENNIS DOPE.

Coach Siverd's racquet aces are on the rise. Gradual though it be, substantial improvement of form, augmentation of strength, and increase of confidence are to be noted week by week as the instruction of the mentor and the valuable experience of match play begin to make themselves apparent. To date the netmen have engaged in exactly a quintet of intercollegiate contests, three on the Bluff Roof Garden, and one apiece at State College and Morgantown. Strive as they might, the Dukes have yet to bag a team decision. But at

this stage of the going, mere victory is by no means the sole point at issue. The predominating consideration is discovered in the knowledge that another major pastime has been introduced here, that Duquesne is at last a four-sport school. Though a tie with Bethany has been the best court aspirants have done thus far, there is every reason to believe that vastly better times loom ahead for them.

The students of the University have shown that they are with the team to a man. They have taken whole-heartedly to the game itself. They have remained late to cheer the squad even in the face of defeat. Steps have been taken to organize a Prep aggregation. The faculty, priests and laymen alike, are to be seen daily on the rectangles, neglecting even their beloved hand-ball to attain proficiency with the racquet. Best of all, a tennis club, sponsored by Father Dodwell and the Athletic Committee, has sprung into existence with the avowed purpose of regulating play on the roof courts and encouraging tournaments in the autumn. One paints not prospects in too roseate a hue to declare that the future of tennis at Duquesne is assured by the certainty that comes only from deep popular attachment.

But to return to the Siverd band: Westminster, Penn State, and West Virginia have scored successes over the Hillman since the Wash-Jeff joust. The Bethany deadlock would have turned out a victory for the locals had not Chuck O'Connor run afoul of misfortune to drop his mix-up with Hibler of the Bisons in the concluding singles imbroglio. To the steadiness of Jim Creighton goes much credit for what honors the Dukes have achieved in combats completed as we waltz to press. Aside from rushing Olmstead of W. & J. to the ropes, Jim has carved one-man wins at the expense of Kirby of Bethany and Driver of West Virginia, and with Hank O'Brien he snatched a heated doubles skirmish from the paws of Barlow and Kirby, Bison pair.

The wickedest section of the schedule has been passed now, however, and impending tussles promise more favorable happenings for the net hopefuls. With six men, each seasoning rapidly, ready for action, indications point to choppy seas ahead for Thiel, Grove City, and Westminster, remaining opponents of the Bluff drivers. Let's trust so, anyway!

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# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXXI.

JULY, 1924.

Number 10.

## Apology.

[Peace-offering for an essay left undone to Professor on the eve of his departure  
on extended vacation trip]

FORGIVE me, Prof., I really haven't done  
A thing I'd dare to term a "final theme";  
You know, this writing stuff is hardly fun  
In June when all outdoors is fair agleam  
And Nature's charm their sweetest gamuts run.

I slouch before my desk; I prod my brain  
For thoughts that pass but never enter port;  
I chew my pencil, sharpen it again,  
But still the call of diamond, links, and court  
Rekurs to taunt me as I toil in vain.

'Tis easy for you, Prof., to stand and say,  
"Dash off a paper of a thousand words."  
It's tough for me, though, on a summer's day  
To work while zephyrs kiss and chatty birds  
Are urging me, 'twould seem, to stop and play.

A fig for Hamlet of the sombre mien!  
Away with civic problems and the like!  
I pigeon-hole such subjects, sight unseen;  
The weather whispers, "It is time to strike,  
With all the world thus warm and golden-green!"

So take these hasty lines for what they're worth,  
Or, if it please you, toss them to the wind—  
If I were going half way 'round the earth,  
I'd care not who by mere omission sinn'd  
Until another school-year had its birth.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, B.A. '25

# Formation of Character--Ideal Education.

(VALEDICTORY)

HAVE you ever watched an artist as he paints a picture on the canvas? You who have had the opportunity to observe his movements can never forget his deftness of motion. Note how he applies his brush here and there; how he pauses between-times to catch a glimpse of what he has already done; how pleased he appears to be at some beautiful touch that he has given to the portrait; how he frowns at some seemingly false and uncalled-for tint. He pauses again to see how he could possibly remedy any accidental error. His seriousness to obtain an ideal result shows that his heart and soul are in his work. His frequent pauses are manifestations of the fact that his picture is well-conceived; for he is dissatisfied until the completed painting conforms to the ideal he has in mind. The closer the portrait on the canvas approaches his mental image the more he is satisfied that his work, once purely ideal or mental, is now truly real. He now feels that his labor will receive the sanction of the world and its critics.

All men cannot be painters of portraits. But, when the sun of man's life sinks down and disappears over the hills of death, he must present a painting to his Creator, a painting more noble than any that the human hand can produce, a painting that proceeds from within a man's heart and soul. It is the painting of life. The youth of nations today is being sent to college to learn how it can best produce a masterpiece of life—a picture that will be pleasing to men on earth and to Him who reigns on High. Thus, as a young man steps forth from the portals of school, college, or university, he is expected to have prepared himself as a creditable artist in the eyes of man and in the sight of the Prime Mover—more so in the sight of his Creator, than before the view of the world. The reason is evident.

Suppose that a young man had imbibed all the knowledge possible in this world, and his practical skill extended to all things, yet if he were incapable of the right judgment at the right time, all his educational equipment would be for naught; if his character were such that his actions never followed the dictates of his reason and conscience, he would soon find himself helpless and adrift upon the waters of an exacting world; if control over the petulance of his nature were lacking, if accidental circumstances were allowed to sway the substance of his nature; if he viewed things only in the

presence of mere physical light and not in the light of intellect and soul; if he had learned to strive after his temporal end to the exclusion of his final and ultimate end, then it is with the most touching pity that we must consider how woefully his education had been neglected. A young man with such an education as his ideal would have done a much nobler deed by staying away from a college or university entirely.

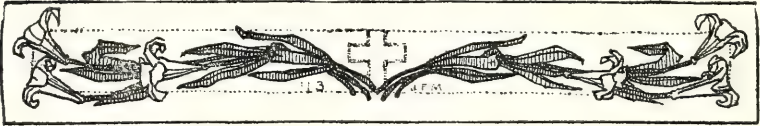
But, on the other hand, the man who entered the sacred portals of learning with the intention of bettering his moral self as well as his intellectual and physical self; the young man who, upon leaving his Alma Mater, had learned to measure educational value not in terms of dollars and cents, but in terms of altruistic tendencies for the edification of himself and of the world in general—such a one, I say, can never fail to steer his bark safely away from the rocky and treacherous promontories of failure into the welcome harbor of success. When the man has learned to rise above material existence, when he begins to realize that the affairs of the world are more than the mere outward show of physical phenomena, when he has found out that the best compass and chart for his ship of success are constituted in his character, then only will he become conscious of the fact that his education has been ideal. And, thus, as the painting of such a man's life is finished, his soul may rest—for it is a painting that is acceptable to the world of men, and especially to Him Who wished it so.

We, the graduates of Duquesne University, pride ourselves on this, that our education has been more for the moral world than for the mere physical world—and, to you, Reverend Fathers and benevolent professors, to you who have tendered us your God-given care while we roamed about like lambs in the fields of learning—to you we most humbly offer up our gratitude. As we shaped our lives you have watched over us to see that we might place no false touches upon the canvas of life, to see that our production was one sweet harmonious blending of good deeds. When our eyes were dimmed by errors you lighted them with the torch of truth. When our energies were low, you nurtured us with true Christian food which revived our spirits and enabled us to continue in the path of truth. For these and countless other reasons it is a hard parting, a sad parting, like the parting between mother and son. This solicitude of yours will be our comfort and help in the days that are to follow our separation tonight. Loving teachers, with a promise that we

shall fulfill your ideals of true Christian education, we wish you a most heartfelt and devoted farewell.

Fellow-graduates, we have all labored together under the same sheltering hands for four years. We have seen each other's faults, and were ever ready to help one another in times of distress in the classroom. Now, before we are scattered into various parts of the world, let us adopt for our motto the wisdom of one of our country's greatest men the wisdom of the man who uttered the well-known expression: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Therefore, fellow-graduates, in the days that are to come, let unity of spirit be our guide. Let us always be mindful of the precepts of our Christian education. And with this as our beacon light let us proceed onward and upward till we have arrived at the destination where the light of the Savior shineth forever. Till then, perhaps—yes, till then—a sincere and warm farewell.

JOSEPH MICHAEL ROZENAS, B. A., '24.



## The Immigration Question.

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THE sum and substance of the articles from the following periodicals are my qualifications for writing this thesis on "Immigration": *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1923, 132:354-64; *Monthly Labor*, August 1923, 17:536-58; *Colliers*, December 23, 1923, 70:14; *Outlook*, July 25, 1923, 134:455-57; *Saturday Evening Post*, March 15, 1924, 196:12-13; *Current Opinion*, April 1924, 76:400-401; *World's Work*, April 1924, 47:57-65, 256-70; *Colliers*, April 5, 1924; *Independent*, April 26, 1924; *The Jewish Independent*; *New Republic*, Feb. 27, 1924; *Saturday Evening Post*, Feb. 2, 1924; *Literary Digest*, Feb. 2, 1924; *Outlook*, Jan. 23, 1924.

### BRIEF

- I. *I Am the Immigrant* presents our object of discussion.
- II. The make-up of a legislative body that would put down the bars on immigration.



III. Who shall make the best immigrant for America cannot be arbitrarily stated.

IV. Former aliens have done great things for America.

V. The Japanese question need not have been precipitated.

VI. Prejudice is the basis of the Immigration Bill.

VII. The Nordic in the position of the immigrant would think differently.

VIII. The American policy is changing from negative to positive.

IX. There are solutions to the problems.

X. America has a great issue at stake.

### IMMIGRATION

#### *I am the Immigrant!*

Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.

My uneasy back has tossed on all seas.

My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and better wages for the sweat of my face.

I look toward the United States with eager eyes kindled by the fire of ambition, and a heart quickened with new born hope.

I approached its gates with great expectations.

I entered it with fine hopes.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all-work.

I contribute eighty-five per cent. of all the labor in the slaughtering and meat packing industries.

I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.

I do seven-eighths of all the work in the woolen mills.

I contribute ninety-ninths of all labor in the cotton mills.

I make nineteen-twentieths of all the clothing.

I manufacture more than half the shoes.

I build four-fifths of all the furniture.

I make half of all the collars, cuffs and shirts.

I turn out four-fifths of all the leather.

I make half the gloves.

I refine nineteen-twentieths of the sugar.

I make half the tobacco and cigars.

#### *And yet I am the Great American Problem.*

When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your God of Toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.

My children shall be your children and your land shall be my land, because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundation of the America of Tomorrow.

If I can be fused into the body politic, the melting pot will have stood the supreme test.



Immigration, then, is a great American problem, not *the* great American problem, but one of several problems pressing for solution at the present time. Its influence is felt in our social, economic, political and religious life.

There are five million poor devils in Europe, desperate, who want to come to the United States. And yet, the Johnson Immigration Bill, fixing the quota of two per cent, based upon the census of 1890, has passed. This was to be expected, because the major part of the personnel of the House is the lowest mentally that has been known in a great many years. This is the same body that hysterically wants to give Henry Ford a Christmas present of several hundred millions of dollars. This is the same group of near statesmen that defied the Secretary of State and assisted in developing a crisis with Japan, because instead of permitting a couple of hundred Japanese to come in under the present gentlemen's agreement, they wanted the door closed entirely. This, of course, is strictly Gopher Prairie legislation. I have not the least doubt but that this same Congress could be induced to pass a bill giving the Ku Klux Klan the right to run the country. I am serious. I believe that there isn't enough brain matter in the House to pass a single piece of constructive legislation. When I say that, I do not mean that there are not a number of very able Congressmen, but the body as a whole is simply impossible from a statesmanship viewpoint. There isn't anything in the line of freak laws that would be considered by these intellectuals.

This accounts for the passage of our new Immigration Bill, a net result of the Ku Klux Klan in this country. Prejudice and hate are behind this measure. It is unfair, unjust and un-American. Restriction of immigration is desirable but to say that immigrants from the North and West make better material for American citizenship than those from the South and East, is an insult to our intelligence, and a reflection upon that portion of our citizenship that has shown itself intellectually keener than the Nordics that this infamous measure seeks to subsidize. The New York World says that the Nordics are getting too fat and too lazy and too thick in the head and

they shouldn't envy the Levys and Cohens, the Pattullos, the Caprinis, the Ruskiewcs, and other non-Nordics who are studying and working day and night to fit themselves for the highest obligations of American citizenship.

This action means that those millions who, since their arrival in the last thirty-four years have, added immensely to American prestige, American civilization, American wealth, the millions who have given their full proportion to the armies of the Great War, who have built up institutions which might be a model to the whole country—these millions are an inferior type. It means that the country is divided into two parts, inferior and superior desirable and undesirable. Whatever may be the surface reason for the change, it must be insisted that the true reason is racial discrimination.

Over a matter of an annual quota of not more than two hundred and forty Japanese, the senators have deliberately thrown down the gauntlet to the Japanese Government. This, too, in the face of obvious opposition on the part of both the President and the Secretary of State. If the course which the Japanese ambassador had stated, would be fraught with "grave consequences", is to be pursued by Congress, and on so small an issue, the Government committed to an arrogant policy intolerable to any nation, and peculiarly so to the sensitive Japanese,—then Congress must accept the full consequences. The record of this Congress, already conspicuous for lack of achievement, is now made notable by a positive action, hasty, ill-considered, unworthy of America.

This Immigration question, unfortunately, is clouded and confused by clever propaganda, disseminated by narrow minded persons as fanatical and as prejudiced as were those who met in the city of Philadelphia and demanded that the Nordics be kept out in 1845 because they were a menace to the nation's welfare. Prejudice is never open to argument or free discussion. I would refer the maker of the new Immigration Bill an analysis of those sons and daughters of non-Nordics who are establishing easily for themselves a commanding leadership in the field of intellectual endeavor and who are indicating in unmistakable fashion their deep sympathetic understanding of the meaning of the word America. As suggested by Representative Sabbath, in his Minority Report, what earthly purpose would these immigrants or their children have for doing anything to injure their place in this country, their home, the only happy home they have ever known. Just because there are scoundrels and undesirables among these non-Nordic groups, exactly as there are among Nordic

groups, should a blanket indictment be placed against the tens of millions who are peace-loving, God-fearing, high-minded American citizens and patriots? Is it not time that a halt should be called to this mob psychology that plays havoc with our sense of righteousness and justice. Isn't it time that the great sober thought of the American people should rebel against the artificially created prejudice and hysteria of hate that has been so insidiously spread?

Have you thought what it means to men and women living in fear of their lives in central European countries who live in constant dread of physical indignities, who are subject to social, business, and official ostracism, whose sons and daughters are denied the opportunity of education, who are denied the privileges of taking part in the affairs of the government under which they live? How would you feel, Mr. Johnson, if you were placed in a similar position and received the news that the land of Liberty was closed forever to you and that by reason of extreme selfishness of a group of prejudiced minds, that you would until the end of your days, be forced to live out your life under unspeakable conditions? Have you thought of them and dismissed them from your mind because of a bigoted and hysterical demand that this should be a "tight little country" for you and me and thine and mine? It reminds me very much of the selfishness of the prayers that are all too frequently offered to the God of all of us, that only a limited number shall be permitted to receive God's mercy and to enter into the realms of everlasting peace and happiness.

The immigration policy of the United States is in a transitional stag. It is passing from a negative to a positive attitude. Where we had a negative policy, admitting everyone who knocked at the gate, who was considered by the inspector to be morally, mentally and physically fit, we now have a positive policy of restriction, mechanically controlled. The former aided industry. The latter is opposed to the rapid development of industry but favors our Nationalistic, Nordic attitude. It works a hardship on the potential immigrant. While we have a positive policy it is administered in a negative way. It is possible to have a Nationalistic policy and at the same time satisfy our industrial needs. As a nation we must grope for a solution to which there needs be two steps—first, the adoption of a policy of selection, based on our actual National industrial and agricultural needs, which have not at the present time nearly begun to have been met. In undertaking this we must look toward harmonizing our various points of view; second is a study of methods which will make



for a spirit of good will among our world neighbors while at the same time attaining the end sought.

If we were to talk more about selecting immigrants and less about rejecting them, if we would have a policy, not merely a rule, if we should think less of numbers and more of the quality of the immigrant, we should then be getting at the problem in the only truly sensible way.

Nothing is gained by putting on the statute books a measure which is certain to evoke an increasing volume of bitter discontent. It would be far better to extend the present quota law, with its inadequacies, until our legislators would have had time to work out a measure which would have operated to make us a more homogeneous nation, instead of splitting us into a collection of mutually hostile racial stocks.

There is a great issue at stake. Not the issue that is so cleverly advertised by press agents, of making the United States safe for Nordics, but the real issue of whether America shall stand for Liberty, Justice and Righteousness, or whether it shall be dedicated to selfish class interests. Shall America turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of the suffering, or shall she continue to play her part as the Haven of Refuge for those seeking the opportunity to live their lives unhampered by tyranny of any kind whatsoever. America has a mission. She should continue to open her door to those worthy to enter and the worthy should not be determined by politicians who are influenced by prejudice or partisan reasons, but the basis of immigration should be determined by a non-political commission who shall be influenced only by the grave responsibilities entailed in the problem.

HERBERT A. KROW, L. L. B. '26.



### Song of the Senior.

THE grass looks pretty green to me,  
The zephyrs kiss my cheek,  
The sun and moon and stars and things  
Shine sweeter, so to speak,  
For I've ben told I've passed and that  
I'll graduate next week.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, B.A. '25

## Billy's Conversion.

THE ebon shades of night had set in and the glorious sun, which gave the day its significance, was gone; gone behind the purple western hills where it would give forth its abundant light to another part of the world.

Billy Egbert, Jr., son of a wealthy oil man, sat in his apartment across the street from St. Matthew's Church. He wore a melancholy look as he sat there; a look of disappointment. Something had gone wrong and Billy knew it well. He was a young fellow and good looking, but young people have their troubles too. Billy had his now, and it was real trouble. True, money was his plaything, but one does grow tired of too much pecuniary entertainment and Billy was tired; very tired and restless.

He picked up a book with the intention of reading it, but the walls of his apartment only echoed the sound of its covers as they clapped together again. The infamous volume was thrown upon the table with disgust and Billy got up from his big arm chair and began to pace the floor.

"Hang it all anyway," he murmured over and over again. "Where in the deuce does she get her fancy notions? Yes, she's a wonderful girl alright. But the things she believes. My good gracious."

Billy forced a short laugh and put his hands into his coat pockets, leaving the thumbs stick out over the edges.

"But for all that, I love her," he whispered. "I'm sure she cares for me, and yet, every time I mention marriage, it's out of the question. Just think of it; and for only one reason too—religion."

He stood in the center of the room and put on his favorite frown. He had seen it done in the movies by Tommy Meighan and he resolved to adopt it for his own purposes.

Billy was a full blooded Presbyterian as was his father before him. In fact, his family tree had always shown a rare collection of bigotted blossoms, so no one can be surprised if the poor boy felt inclined to take a slam at Catholicism.

"But I must see her tomorrow night," he said slowly. "Perhaps I can persuade her to listen to my side of things. Anyway, I won't give her up on any account."

With these words, he donned his coat and hat and left the apartment.

Sunday morning came, and with it the refreshing atmosphere of springtime. The bells in the old tower of St. Matthews Church

told the hour for Mass while the front door squeaked as it closed behind Kitty O'Brien. Kitty was a model girl and loved one thing greater than anything else in the world. That one thing was the faith that her Irish ancestors defended while under bitter persecution by certain English gentlemen. And for that reason, she could never marry Billy Egbert.

She tip-toed down the aisle and took her place in one of the front pews. Father Shea had just come into the sanctuary to begin his Mass and Kitty's little brother Jack was the server.

All through the Mass, the girl thought of Billy. Poor unfortunate boy that he was. She wondered why he had not been born to know his Creator and serve Him as she did. But God's ways are not ours, so all that Kitty could do was to pray earnestly for him to see the light.

The Mass was over, and Kitty walked home with Jack, who began to criticize her for waking him up too early.

"Gosh," he moaned, in tone of disgust, "I could have slept for at least twenty minutes more."

"Now Jackie, you mustn't," she answered and added to his fury with her pretty smile. But Jack would not have it that way and refused to talk for the rest of the journey.

The day proved to be a long one for Kitty and she could hardly wait for evening to come so she could talk to Billy. But she did wait, and evening came accompanied by a loud ring of the door bell. The girl jumped up and ran to open it, but Mrs. O'Brien was there first and greeted Billy pleasantly. She took his coat and hat from him and the poor rich boy walked into the living room, making himself at home by playing a ragtime tune on Kitty's new piano. He finished the piece and turned around on the bench.

"How sweet your music is," the girl said as she stepped over and placed her right hand on the white keys.

"I'm glad you like it," Billy answered with a laugh. "Do you know, Kitty, I enjoy playing here more than any place else?"

"You don't say, Billy. Well, if that's the case, play some more, please."

Billy did play, with his heart in every note. His nimble fingers traveled up and down the keys with the charm and delicacy of an artist. The little room was filled with the ringing of sweet music as he played one piece after another. He had a beautiful voice, and his remarkable playing was accompanied by tenor strains of vocal music.

Kitty sat on the bench beside him and turned the pages while she thought of his future possibilities as a singer. What a wonderful voice he had, and to think that he might, at this time, be singing in St. Matthew's choir and answering the chants of good Father Shea.

The hours passed by too soon for Kitty and Billy and good training suggested that the boy get ready to leave. It was hard for him to break away, and he had said goodbye nearly a half dozen times with much idle phrase between, before he actually left the house.

He did not go straight home, but decided to walk towards town simply to pass away the time. It was torture for him to retire early, and the same might be added with regard to getting up in the morning. But as he walked along, he thought of Kitty and her firm resolution not to marry him unless he came into the Church. What a strange condition for a simple marriage. Surely, he knew of some of his Catholic friends who married people of other beliefs, and he could not understand why Kitty was so determined. She had told him much about the Church; in fact, Billy knew more about it than many Catholics, but he didn't believe and consequently Kitty could never consent to become Mrs. Egbert. As he walked along, his heart beat faster with his firm love for Kitty, and he half resolved to accept her faith, that he might have her for his own. Indeed, he was inspired by her character and personal goodness.

He crossed the street at the next corner, his mind about made up, when suddenly his ears heard the sharp blast of a taxi's horn. The driver failed to see Billy until he was too close to him, and Billy saw nothing but visions of Kitty. The result was inevitable and Billy was the driver's victim. The cab stopped a few yards ahead and the driver came to the boy's aid. He picked up the unconscious form and rushed it to the hospital.

Everything was intense with excitement as the doctors found a place for Billy in a private room. They worked over him for a half an hour before there was any sign of life, and in the meantime the nurses went about, bent upon their important missions.

Billy moaned pitifully in his agony. His leg was broken but the doctors declared that it was not serious.

The boy's clothing was searched for something that might reveal his identity, and one of the nurses came upon a slip of paper with Kitty's name and telephone number. Nothing else could be found.

The loud ring of the phone beckoned Kitty to answer and she placed the receiver to her ear.



"Hello," came the deep voice of the doctor over the wire. "Is this Main 2164?"

"This is the DeRoy hospital. A person by the name of Catherine O'Brien is requested at once. Is there a Catherine O'Brien there?"

"This is Catherine speaking," Kitty answered. "I'll be there in a few moments."

She hung up the receiver, and her fingers twitched with excitement. Who could be wanting her at this hour? Hastily, she put on her coat and hailed a taxi cab. In a few moments she stood in front of the hospital, half afraid to enter. She soon found courage enough to ascend the steps to the door. On entering, she was met by a nurse who asked her her name. There was no trouble in arriving at an understanding so Kitty found herself walking along the narrow corridor of the fourth floor to Billy's room. She went in, and her face turned pale at the sight that met her eyes.

"Billy," she cried, "Billy dear, what has happened?"

The boy's head turned over on the pillow and he smiled faintly as he saw her anxious look.

"I—I'm alright, Kitty," he said in a low whisper. "Just a little accident—I guess—not serious."

"You poor boy," she said, leaning over and kissing his hot cheek. "You must be suffering something terrible."

"No—not now, since you are here. I—I was before you came. But—Kitty, I feel strange. I think I'm going to die and I want—"

He stopped to get his breath and his white fingers clutched at the bed coverings.

"I want you to bring your priest—please, Kitty, please bring him here before I go."

It was too much for Kitty to bear any longer, and the hot tears rolled down her cheeks as she promised to get Father Shea. She asked the nurse to find the priest's number so she could tell him.

Twenty minutes had passed and Father Shea came hurrying into the room. He spoke a few words to Kitty and then went over to the bed where Billy lay with a pleading gaze.

The boy could not talk much but he signified his intention of becoming a Catholic and as he thought, dying a Catholic. Father Shea gave him the last rites of the Church and Billy closed his eyes in peace. The good priest left the hospital with Kitty, with the intention of coming back in the morning to see how things turned out.

Kitty cried softly to herself the long night through, and the gray dawn found her up bright and early. She thought that Billy was gone by this time, but fortunately, her impressions were false. The good Lord had shown His mercy, and the sacrament had bestowed its two-fold benefit of healing the soul, and in this case, the body also. Billy Egbert was going to live.

Four months had passed in quick succession and Mr. and Mrs. Egbert stood upon the deck of a large steamer bound for Europe. It was night, and the moon cast its silvery light upon the rippling waters. Billy was holding Kitty's hands in his as they looked out into the ocean.

"Kitty," he said, with a broad smile upon his handsome face, "you were right. I'm ashamed of my ignorance when I think of how foolish I've been regarding your attitude. When I think of it, I am reminded of the story where St. Paul was struck down while he journeyed on horseback. He asked the good Lord what He would have him to do. You remember it, don't you?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I asked Him too, just before that taxi bumped me and He told me."

T. MURRAY O'DONNELL.

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### The Two Seas.

**M**URMURING, restless, surged the throbbing ocean,  
 Straining with strong insistence on the strand;  
 And the mellow music of its measured motion  
 Rose and fell as heart-beats on the land,  
 Throbbled as though it laid its bosom on the sand.

And then sank down to rest the sun in glory  
 Lulled by sea-sung ditties on the ocean bed;  
 He tinged the wavelets with a splendour gory  
 And drew the red sky's curtains round his head,  
 While the red sea cast its mantle round him as he sped.

And as I gazed upon each palpitation,  
 Of wave that died but red again to start,  
 Whose ruby lustre seemed to flood creation  
 Methought the ocean mirrored a Sacred Heart  
 Whose crimson flood of Precious Blood did dart  
 Its warm caress about each sin-seared heart.

## Autobiography and Class History

I LEFT the old Alma Mater in January 1930. Since that time I have endured many hardships. Seldom have I been in one place more than five years or less than thirty days.

Now, I don't know who paid my tuition, but some kind-hearted elderly gentleman paid my way and furnished a guide to a school in Kansas. All our teams wore the letter "L" on their jerseys. We all wore striped clothes, except the prefects. They were very trusty.

After taking a five-year course and graduating with honors, I went to New York and started in business. For working late one night, I received a scholarship to a law school at Ossining-on-Hudson. The studies were fatiguing so I left during supper one night. They seemed sorry to lose me, for they gave me a great send-off, ringing bells, blowing whistles and even saluting me with guns. I arrived in New York and immediately boarded a steamer for Europe, as my health was endangered by a longer stay in the United States.

On arriving in Brest, I was invited to stay around a month in the town hall. I could do nothing but accept; they were so hospitable. I went from there to Paris where I took an advanced course in road-building at a popular school. After a prolonged stay I left Paris in a great hurry. I had borrowed some money from a gentleman and, in my haste, neglected to ask his name.

My first stop was at Monte Carlo. I sought out a gambling table and proceeded to—lose. In utter despair I absentmindedly soiled parts of the deck, thereat I began to win. One of the gentlemen (?) began remonstrating and said I had purposely dirtied the cards. That night I left Monte Carlo, also one gentleman holding down a bed and several others cashless.

Being in comfortable circumstances I stopped at Venice, the "wet town." There I was married the first time. As best man I used Tom Lowther who was a gondola pusher. My wife suggested that she invest our capital in a bank. I consented. She never came back and I forgot to ask what bank she had in mind. I also met another schoolmate in Venice, Johnny Loeffler, who had invested his "dough" in hand-painted Venetian barber poles.

I went from Venice to Madrid, Spain, where I saw Gavigan waving red rags at bulls to keep them in good humor; but when they came to kiss him he would cut and run. In Spain I married twice, my first wife having written that she died the preceding year.

I was now well up in my forties so I thought that the good old U. S. A. would look good to me. On arriving in New York, the

first person I saw was "Nig" Mishaga, unloading steamers. I hailed a taxi and was surprised to see McDonough, its driver. He charged me outrageously for the right to lift his watch and roll. Alighting at the station, I was tapped on the shoulder and beheld my old friend "Hick" Graham, all dolled up in a Palm Beach duck suit. He had a position on the White Wing D. P. W. team.

I took the first train for the Smoky City and arrived in the morning. I don't know how they got word, but on my arrival, I was met by several dignitaries of the city, delegates from the Chief of Police. I was taken to the City Hotel, but in spite of all the conveniences I took sick and died. They gave me a fine farewell and there was only one thing spoiled my reception—they laid me in a hole and patted the wrinkles out of my face with a spade. But Dick Markey was with me to the end; he was the undertaker.

DELMAR RITCHIE, II HI A.



## The Player-Writer Rule & Tilden

THIS outdoors-loving land of ours has had its sports upheavals before. Baseball wars have set alight the fires of controversy from time to time. Boxing crises too numerous to recollect, let alone to mention, have been passed with more or less effect on the game. And then, to be sure, when periods of dullness threaten, there is always the good old A. A. U., that storm-tossed body of obvious sincerity and doubtful utility, to clamp the lid on a Thorpe, a Ray, or a Paddock and set a quiet pot to boiling.

To date, however, the heat arising from any friction generated at conclaves of the United States Lawn Tennis Association has been fairly local in effect; that is, until the past winter. But the adoption of the player-writer ruling, prohibiting racquet stars from following the journalistic profession insofar as it involves the publication of tennis articles under their names, has stirred such comment that the court pastime has frequently crowded even news of the diamond from sport-page headlines.

Now it happens that, while the recent decision will affect the activities of numerous brilliant players, including Vincent Richards,



the Kinseys, Frank Anderson, and Carl Fischer, the real tempest centers about William T. Tilden II, the present champion and indubitably the greatest exponent of tennis in the long and colorful history of the sport. Tilden has been writing for years. His literary career extends considerably further back than his regime as titleholder, further indeed than his claim to fame as a contender for highest honors. He is an authority not only on tennis, but on music and other subjects as well. It is extremely likely that he could have made an enviable mark as a literateur had he never learned the difference between a forehand drive and an American twist service. But under the strict interpretation of this unique amateur ruling, the famed Big Bill is barred from competition among those whom scriveners ironically refer to as "simon pures."

It is not my intention to pass judgment on the merits or demerits of the law as laid down by Holcombe Ward and his committee. It is the duty of these worthy gentlemen to uphold amateurism and they are doing it according to their lights. Even though the passage of the ruling had all the earmarks of a "railroading job," there exists in my mind not the slightest suspicion of the honesty of purpose of those who rushed it through. It was, they probably imagined, a case of thrusting the idea of a sagacious minority down the throats of a hero-worshipping majority, a dose of political castor-oil, if you will, or perhaps a this-hurts-me-me-more-than-it-does-you sort of thing wherein an estimable end is to be served by slightly-soiled means.

But here is a fact that must be faced: Tilden, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, is the biggest figure of this or any other day in tennis. He has done quite as much for the game as the game has done for him. He has toured the country, popularizing the sport as not even the sensational McLaughlin, red-headed California Comet that he was, was able to do. He has been a sort of bachelor uncle to every kid he has known that has shown promise at the game, devoting his spare moments to teaching them strokes, technique, and tactics. Vin Richards, now a member of the United States Davis Cup team, is a living example of Tilden's devotion to junior tennis. Yet picturesque Long Bill is to be forced from the pastime he has so whole-heartedly graced so splendidly

Let not the solons of the tennis association, in their blind passion for scrupulously perfect amateurism, forget this, however: sentiment

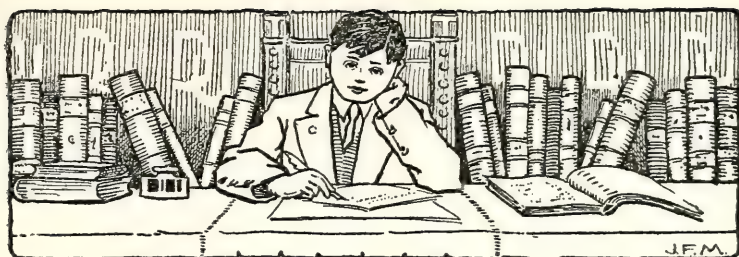
is fast crystallizing in favor of Tilden and those with him. The public wants the lean Philadelphian. Right at this minute he means as much to some millions of people as Jack Dempsey, the New York Giants, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, or any athlete one could name. As the king of his kind he is in demand. Tilden will play tennis; if not as an amateur, as unbiased men believe him now, then as an out-and-out professional. Allow such topnotchers as he, Richards and the rest to enter the moneyed end of the game and a new era will be inaugurated in tennis. With the prospect of heavy remuneration, youngsters will take up the sport, as they do in golf, with the sole intention of becoming professionals. This fine talk of where would professional tennis be when the present crop of luminaries should pass out of the arena is pure applesauce and a sane person uttering such a remark must be aware of it. With the prospect of heavy remuneration for extraordinary proficiency, youngsters will take up the sport, as they do in golf, with the sole intent of becoming "pros." And you may, as the saying goes, paste this in your chapeau, that the lads who aim at tennis as a lifework and livelihood are going farther as a general thing than those who play it merely for the sake of enjoyment. It is better and easier to watch than golf. Forest Hills stadium has drawn close to twenty-thousand spectators for important matches and within a decade crowds twice or thrice that large will be common. Give professional tennis a wideawake, a far-seeing promoter, a corps of efficient press-agents, and once it gains ascendancy over the amateur game, it is going to stick to it just as surely as professional baseball has retained prestige over the amateur variety this last half-century. Then, Mr. Ward and company, to reverse the question, where, as a gate attraction, will amateur tennis be?

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, '25



#### TO MONAGHAN

O H, I've seen saps and "fall guys"  
 By dozens in my day,  
 But to the prince of all of 'em  
 I dedicate this lay—  
 He paid to travel forty miles  
 To see the Pirates play.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *A Study in Idealism.*

SOME decades ago an American made the statement, half in jest, that America is the land of the almighty dollar. The dictum was soon accepted at its face value by foreigners and has passed current amongst them at par ever since. Americans know how to discount the indictment and to allow for idealism as at least a partial if not alternate motive in our national life. But even Americans can at times be agreeably surprised at the unexpected places in which idealism is to be found.

The field of activity referred to as "Wall Street" would perhaps be the last place one would expect to meet it. But will wonders ever cease! The Soldiers' Bonus agitation has disclosed the thrilling spectacle of the supposed devotees of Mammon arrayed in priestly robes and preaching as angels of light the gospel of idealism with an exaltation of thought and emotion that ought to bring the blush of shame to those who are more adept at practising idealism than at preaching it.

The propounders of the gospel at practising are nothing if not efficient. The soldiers wanted a "bonus." The plutocrats dissipated the dream into the air by giving one disconcerting look to those who wanted something for nothing. The soldiers with the low and short-sighted cunning of politicians sought to effect their aim by changing the name of what they wanted from bonus to adjusted compensation. But, alas, the Mammonites cut the ground from under them by declaring they had as little right to pay as they had to a gift. "A man should not be paid for his patriotism" was the oracular blast that laid low in the twinkling of an eye the walls of the soldiers' Jericho and revealed in all its hideous ugliness the mercenary character of the

souls of the country's defenders. The plutocrats were willing, no doubt, to accept the underlying assumption, though not the articulate expression of it, that their own financial aggrandizement from war contracts was not patriotic and that consequently they discharged the duty of patriotism vicariously through those whom they cheered when proceeding to the fighting line or when returning from it after victory had been won.

The sons of Dives soon found the intoxication of preaching going to their heads. Not content with a mere negative they quickly passed to an offensive having for its purpose to awaken whatever remnants of conscience there might be left in the minds of the soldiers. They contrasted their own sad fate during the war with the enviable lot of those whom the government conscripted without more ado than a ukase from Washington. Sitting in swivel chairs where the fighting was three thousand miles away, drinking "the real old stuff" and smoking perfectos while milking the government and the people through fat contracts on a cost-plus basis, painfully seeking to make no mistake in arriving at a choice among those evening diversions that cater to the t. b. m.—all this surely could not be conducive to longevity. On the other hand,—the fighting boys, look what the government did for their health! Regular hours, plain and wholesome food that afforded no enticement to gorge oneself, removal from those temptations which even the t. b. m. finds hard to resist, orders regulating one's existence throughout the whole of one's existence for each twenty-four hours so that one was relieved of the necessity or even possibility of making up one's mind, learning how little one needs in the journey of life by learning how to journey with almost nothing, the great picnic and excursion at government expense to Europe, the healthful exercise of marching day and night in the open air, dodging bullets and jumping barbed-wire fences,—what more could one want in order to be in fine fettle for enjoying America if, as and when one got back to it. Procuring the same amount of health in America would have cost each of them hundreds of dollars and they got it all free, gratis and for nothing. Look what the government did for them!

The implication, of course, is that the soldiers instead of getting more from the government ought, if they have more respect for themselves than the proponents of idealism, severally to pay back to the government hundreds of dollars so that collectively they shall reimburse the government for the billions it spent in order to give them



the fun of being targets for machine guns. Failure on the part of the high priests of super-patriotism to state the implication in explicit terms may be due to too much respect for the intelligence of their addresses or too little regard for their moral character in the matter of acquitting themselves of financial obligations.

Five billion dollars is indeed a big sum to expend in partial requittal of the soldiers' services to their country but it is a small price to pay for the diverting spectacle of money barons turning from their hideous pastime of crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold and making the "peerless leader" work the other side of the street as they preach idealism such as only Fagin himself could have preached on the necessity of honestly earning one's living when Oliver asked for more.



### ***Commencement.***

**T**HIS year's Commencement exercises were agreeable on more counts than one. The High School Commencement was gratifying in the increased number of graduates over previous years. It was held in the new gymnasium. Greater attendance on the part of relatives and friends and the general public evidenced the wisdom of the University authorities in energetically carrying through their building program of the last two years. The gymnasium lends itself admirably to the function of forming an appropriate setting for such an occasion. The walls rising sheer in unbroken masses of light-faced brick to meet the broad expanse of the lofty ceiling resting on girders of steel give an impression of spaciousness and strength suggestive of that enlargement and sturdiness of mind which it is the business of education to impart. The speech of the Very Rev. President insisting on the fact that there is no royal road to learning and no soft detours to the goal of education was but the articulate expression of the architecture of the building itself. The graduates singled out by their classmates for active parts in the evening's program acquitted themselves of their tasks in a manner remarkable for the way in which good judgment regulated their thoughts and expression. The joint awarding of scholastic honors and athletic letters in the same place two days later was a splendid exhibition of confidence on the part of the faculty that the students had taken to heart the previ-

ous admonition of the Very Rev. President to subordinate their interest in athletics to interest in books and the higher life generally.

Commencement exercises for the University proper were held in Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The report of the Very Rev. President on the progress of the University in general and the account by deans of colleges of the conditions in their several departments were replete with happy augury of the future. A gratifying feature this year was the preparedness of the speakers and the brevity of their speeches. The two qualities may be related only extrinsically but the history of the oratory that has endured shows them to be nearly always directly proportional to each other. Emblazoned on the wall behind the speakers in letters easily legible by those in the rearmost seats of the Hall is Lincoln's Gettysburg Address which required less than five minutes for the recital. The present writer took time out from the exercises to count the words and found them to be two hundred and sixty-six in number. If the great Emancipator did justice to the man, the subject, and the occasion within such a small compass of sound, he likewise did justice to oratory by emancipating audiences from the assumption that excellence in speaking is to be measured by the clock. The suggestion is thrown out that an excellent mnemonic for public speakers would be: 266.



## Our Literary Heritage.

Valedictory Address given at High School Commencement.

FROM the very beginning of time, Providence with keen motherly foresight has provided instruments and means whereby the soul and mind of humanity are withdrawn from the sordid materialism of this life to bask in the light of higher, more beautiful, and more ennobling influences. To this end created we find the arts, those powers that have for centuries symbolized all that is embraced in culture and refinement. Among these, there exists a force more majestic, more far-reaching, and universal, and one more worthy of intense appreciation than the others. It has run the gamut of the ages; it has withstood the acid test of time; it has extended incredibly until now it stands second only to religion in its ever-widening scope. Every era of man has felt the sway of its mighty

impulse; every people to a degree have tasted of its inspiration. The force of which I speak is literature.

Backward indeed is the man who places little worth in history. Yet history in its scope falls far short of the breadth and power of literature. History is the record of the human mind through its process of development, through the march of progress. Literature is truly history but it is more comprehensive in that it includes the deeper more personal realms of the heart. A vital work of literature reflects the age in which it is written. It is then the record of man's spirit, of his thoughts, emotions, and aspirations. It is a living stream forever flowing on, taking color and direction from the changing ways of man.

I said that literature is a force. It is a force in that it discloses the thinking of great men and their solutions to the ever-recurrent problems of the world. It is an exposition of the institutions and activities of man's invention and conduct. In the school of social and economic principles it is our text-book with its problems and solutions. All the workings of the human heart, every possible emotion, has been laid bare for us in the words of our poets.

Yet there is another power in literature—the power of self-revelation. It is the expression of man's heart. When the feelings and impulses of the heart are given expression by the poet he is but taking us into the "labyrinthine ways of our own minds" and hearts. The poet but supplies the expression we lack; he but shows us the way to our own fountains of emotion and enables us to see and feel what is really our own. We are all poets to a degree. The power of the poet's imagination is but the representative power of the human soul.

And still there is a greater power in literature. Man at his best is weak. Given to moods, prone to worry and fret, inclined to succumb to the obstacles and adversities that cloud his horizon, he is in need of encouragement and inspiration. The sympathetic tear that dispels loneliness and consoles, the smile of satire that purifies and stimulates—these abound in the poet's religion of love. Man longs for stepping stones on which to rise; he asks for nobler loves and nobler cares.

Disclosing vistas to us hitherto unseen, literature with its ideals creates for us the higher plane for which we strive, and with its colorful shades and shadows it makes the hard experience and commonplace

of life "the glory and the freshness of a dream."

How great is our heritage. Greatest of all is the literature of the English tongue. It is the product of the labor of centuries. Great peoples have contributed to its production. To the Celts we owe much of the beauty, the imagery, and the warmth of spiritual feeling. With their romantic imagination they added to the Anglo Saxon basis the grace, fancy, and the soul-inspiring element that has been a most helpful aid in paving the way for the mysteries and beliefs of religion.

To the Anglo Saxon our debt is greatest. Not only did they form the foundation of our tongue and literature, but they gave those enriching qualities that have made English literature the foremost of the world. Their filial piety, moral tenacity, their love of justice and religion, their zealous behest of the ideal, have characterized the earliest writings in the mother tongue and have continued to impress the lives and writings of successive generations.

Rich are we in our American contribution to our literary boon. The early days of American national life did not provide the leisure and the favorable soil for the blossoming of literary art. A people struggling for its physical well-being, providing its livelihood and distracted by the needs of material life, had not the leisure for the pursuit of art. Yet with the advent of the nineteenth century, with the end of international and political worries, a new book was begun in our written heritage. The romance of colonization; of the birth and expansion of a nation; the adventure of the melting pot; the struggle for existence; the beauty of our landscape; the ambitions of many races; the energy and strength of our industrial life—all these have instilled into our literature the very thing they represent—greatness. So too, our national literature abounds in the elements that constitute the object and function of any literature.

What a blessing is the heritage we can call our own! In the philosophic depths of Shakespeare, or in the soothing, sympathetic springs of Goldsmith's homely thought we can find companionship and encouragement. With Spenser we can aspire for nobler and better things; with Whitman we can rejoice in the great primal forces of life. We can laugh with Twain or be serious with Milton. The wearied laborer will find consolation and complacency with Whittier; Emerson will teach us the lesson of right-thinking and clean living; with Longfellow we can see the beauties of simplicity,



and Ruskin will show us the glory of art. If we are depressed with the burden of life, Shelley can console us, or Thoreau will lift us from the humdrum of the world and teach us the kindness and sympathy of nature.

Who lacks the instinct to worship the past? Who revels not in the glories of his ancestors? What race that does not sing its legends of the trials and struggles of its founders? Humble though it be, each nation cherishes a heritage in its literature of the past and guards it with religious pride and jealousy. We have our heritage, a great daughter and a great mother. We have our palace and garden of inspiration. Let us prize it, continue to adorn it, and let us enter it more often, there to find a new beauty in the world, a new meaning in life, and a new joy in living.

*Fellow Graduates:*

Tonight we are surrounded by those to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. Greater than the efforts we expended have been their struggles to carry and urge us along. They—our parents, our priests, our teachers—have labored for and with us, have sacrificed, have borne with us. And for what? To see us well on our way to manhood. Truly have they ushered us into the higher fields we sought. Let our deeds, as we shoulder the greater responsibility of the future, speak for our gratitude.

Reverend Fathers, dear parents and teachers, you have made us to realize the purpose of our training. You have trained us to forsee this purpose. We are to take our places as men to work for God, for society, and our salvation—to take our places in the world of men. Let my words be the expression of our gratitude. Each and every member of the class of 1924 pledges to do all that is in his power to fulfill the expectations of his friends. He will endeavor with all his power to let function the intellectual and moral principles he has acquired. Again, dear friends, we are grateful. And now, farewell, fellow graduates, farewell. Reverend and dear Fathers, farewell. Parents, teachers and friends—farewell.

J. W. LAULER



# ATHLETICS

## BASEBALL

### THE RESIDENT STUDENTS TEAM

The Resident Students upheld their record of past years by winning all the games they played during the season. The team was only formed after the Easter Vacation, nevertheless they were able to bring several good teams to the Bluff. Among these were St. Canice Lyceum, Colonials, All Stars, Kaufman's, Union Trust and the Jackson Club, who all went down to defeat at the hands of the Boarders. Through the manager, Herbert Hennings, this important schedule was arranged. The members of the team were: William Burns, Daily, J. Keating, Wm. Keating, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, Prendergast, Ryan, Spellacy, Straub.

. H. H.

### Review of Athletics in Duquesne, 1923—1924



### NOT A BAD YEAR, AT THAT.

The last ball game is disposed of, the final tennis match is run off, and the Ed. sits back with a complacent and satisfied smile. Gazing through the mists of the months to last September we find that Duquesne has considerable to feel nicely about athletically speaking. A fighting football squad rose from the slough of defeat and despair into which the gridiron sport had been plunged in the course of several disastrous seasons and dragged out four victories in eight starts. A practically green basketball quintet cavorting under a new coach and a new system of direction, stepped out to annex a comfortable majority of the contests played and filled the gymnasium pretty nearly to capacity for all home games. Father McCarthy took hold of baseball and whipped together a crew that knocked off West Virginia twice and split a two-tussle series with Bethany, the Tri-State champions, nailing eight wins in a dozen tilts for the campaign. Tennis was inaugurated as a varsity pastime, Grant Siverd, a noted local racqueter consenting to guide the destinies of the netmen. Lack of experience in intercollegiate battling impeded the progress of the court debaters, but there was a noticeable improvement in their play toward the close of the spring mixing and there is every reason to believe that a year from now will see the Red and Blue host ranking with the best around the district.

Thus it is, we are thankful for the success of 1923-24. The advance of Duquesne toward the top is steady, irresistible. Excellent material will be on hand for all four outfits. Hal Ballin will, no doubt, mentor the pigskin-chasers again. His efforts are at last bearing fruit. With such backfield luminaries as Dan Rooney, Bennie Cohen, Charley McDonald, and Lionel Conacher to depend upon, the Princetonian should weld together a machine capable of dusting off just about every opponent so far listed on the '24 schedule. Bill Campbell will not be here to boss the floor artists, the popular Morry captain having accepted a position as athletic director of his alma mater, Homestead High School. He will be missed by his men and by the student body in general, but a man will certainly be found to take his place in commendable fashion. Father McCarthy and Mr. Siverd have both signified their willingness to retain charge of their respective contingents once more. So let us unite with our prayer of gratefulness an aspiration of hope that the good that has become better of late will approach, ere 1925, the best of which we have dreamed these many many moons!



#### COACH SIVERD OF THE TENNIS TEAM.

It would be very ill of us indeed if, before writing *finis* to our labors as sports scribe of the MONTHLY, we failed to pay tribute to "Pop" Siverd, instructor and pal of every chap on the racquet aggregation. Late in the winter we 'phoned Mr. Siverd at his office one day and asked him to coach Duquesne's first tennis team. Without hesitation, without hemming or hawing, without pointing out what a really big favor he was doing the university, he accepted in a manner to warm the hearts of all who heard of the incident. Since then he has worked indefatigably at a task that must have seemed discouraging on occasions too numerous to mention. That he has accomplished much is evident to those who have watched the progress of his proteges from March to June. The knowledge of tactics he has imparted to the suppliants at the throne of King Tennis will stand the lads in excellent stead upon their rise to the tournament brand of the sport. Through his suggestions they have learned bits of strategy that only the experience of years could have taught them. Duquesne doffs her cap to "Pop" Siverd, sportsman!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, A. B. 1925



## Catholic Students Mission Crusade.

A WONDERFUL increase of interest in the Foreign Missions is noted in the United States. A few years ago missionaries and Sisters in foreign fields could almost be counted upon one finger, today it is difficult to enumerate exactly the number of those who have left home and country to bring the light of True Faith to foreign lands. Almost every order and congregation of importance in the United States have numbers of zealous workers in mission fields.

Another proof of the increase of Mission zeal is shown by an army of nearly 400,000 young men and women united in the world-known Catholic Students Mission Crusade founded in July 1918, and having grown in these few years to become one of the largest Catholic Students Societies in the World.

The Units of the University have taken an active part in all the affairs given by the Crusade during the past year. A large delegation was present at the Notre Dame Convention last August. Showing their loyalty to the first Crusade Bishop, a number journeyed to Cincinnati attending his Consecration last May. They were 100 percent strong in attending the crowning success of the Pittsburgh Local Conference, the ordinal of Admission at St. Vincent's on June 1.

In the spiritual way each Unit worked well; there were 8,000 good works offered by the members during the past year for the Missions and for those who are laboring to spread the True Faith. The officers of the various Units extend their sincere thanks to those who have helped both by prayer and sacrifice to make Duquesne University stand among the first of the schools aiding this wonderful Crusade.

BRENNAN-BURNS





## Commencement.

WITH Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh and Chancellor of the University, presiding, surrounded by leading educators of the city, Duquesne University on June 17th added 278 graduates to the rolls of its alumni in Soldiers' Memorial Hall. Honorary degrees were conferred on five persons: Doctor of Literature, James F. Dilworth of the department of History of the University of Pittsburgh, and John A. Moran, Secretary of Duquesne University School of Finance; Doctor of Science, Chester F. Drake, Superintendent of the City Filtration Plant at Aspinwall; Doctor of Laws, Very Rev. P. K. Collins, V. F., rector of St. Paul's Church, Butler, Pa., and Very Rev. Damian Segourn, T. O. R., President of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa. There was a notable increase in the number of women honored by diplomas, 25 being awarded degrees in five different courses, and 69 others receiving diplomas in non-degree courses. Significant also was the fact that among the men graduated were seven Varsity athletes, testifying to the fact that at the hill institution scholastic achievement goes hand in hand with athletic prowess. Ligday, of football and basketball fame, already a master of Arts, received his degree in Law; Nee and Rozenas, who also played the indoor game, carried off their sheepskins in the College of Arts; Egan, Harrison and McGrath, who starred both on the gridiron and in the cage, and Kilday, for two successive years captain of the Varsity nine, received their degree of bachelors of science in Economics. Honor men receiving gold medals were John S. Meier, Premedical; James F. McCaffrey, Oratory; Joseph A. Nee, English; Herbert J. Schramm, Philosophy; Joseph M. Rozenas, General Excellence in the College of Arts, and the highest Honors in the University. The last three mentioned gave orations, as did also Lawrence J. Quinn, Arts, Robert J. Schwerha, Economics, and Greer McIlvain, Law. The University Orchestra, directed by Professor C. B. Weis, and two tenor soloists from the Glee Club, James F. McCaffrey and Thomas Sullivan, contributed musical numbers to the programme of exercises.

### DEGREES IN COURSE

Doctor of Philosophy: Sister M. Rosalie McDermott; Master of Arts: John P. O'Carroll, A. B., '20; Ralph F. Smith, A. B., '22, and Francis J. Williams, LL. B., '23; Master of Science: Sister Florentia Sullivan, A. B., '22.

Bachelor of Laws: Guy H. Baskerville, A. B., Walter J.

Blenke, B. S. in M. E., '21; Joseph V. Brophy, A. B., '18; William R. Coley, B. Sc., '11; Eugene J. Donoghue, B. S. in E., '22; Henry Ellenbogen, A. B., '22; William J. Fahey, A. B., '23; Emanuel Goldberg; Alex. Z. Goldstein, '22; Samuel Hottner, Thomas E. Kiggallen, Lyman Levin, Francis J. Ligday, A. M., '22; J. Frank McAllister, James J. McCarthy, Jr., B. S. in M. E., '18; Raymond L. McDonald, Greer McIlvain, Thomas McMahon, Stanley H. Malone, B. Sc., '19; D. L. Mitchell, Samuel Ostrager, John S. Sugden, Jr., Jacob L. Weinstein, B. Sc., '20; Frank Y. Yetso.

Bachelor of Science in Economics: Paul J. Buerkle, Donna Cooperider, Michael F. Dalfonso, Adam A. Gorske, Vincent C. Harrison, Peter J. Kilday, Albert Martin, Lawrence F. McGrath, Lawrence P. McGrath, Gerald Morgan, Kurt B. Nelson, Robert J. Schwerha. Bachelor of Commerce: Helen P. Busse, William C. Cato, John T. Egan, Leo J. Kaylor, Sylvia Lehne, Leroy F. McCarthy, Joseph P. McDonald, Harold J. Neely, Harry Rotstein.

Bachelor of Arts in Drama: Hanora J. Conway.

Bachelor of Arts: Charles F. Beck, Sister Francesca Black, Sister M. Teresa Coakley, Anthony M. Connolly, Sister M. Casimir Considine, Sister M. Agnita Driscoll, Sister Michael Egan, Rev. Edward P. Friedman, John J. Garrity, Sister M. Mercedes Gillespie, Sister Marie Hernon, Sister M. Juliana Jittan, Sister M. Waltrude King, Herbert A. Krow, Vincent B. Kuklewski, Sister M. Veronica McMahon, Sister Felicitas McManus, Sister M. Bonaventure McIsaac, Sister Amata Mahoney, Donald D. Mangone, Vonaventure McIsaac, Sister Amata Mahoney, Donald D. Mangone, Joseph A. Nee, Charles V. O'Connor, Sister M. Mildred O'Donnell, Sister Dominica O'Neil, Lawrence J. Quinn, Joseph M. Rozenas, Norbert J. Schramm, Sister M. Lucina Walsh, Sister M. Louis Wohleber, Sister di Ricci Zink, Rev. Philip N. Buchman.

The Very Rev. President of the University, in his address, made mention of the growth of the University, and how during the past year \$600,000.00 had been spent in the construction of three new buildings, a heating plant, a commodious gymnasium,—where 2,000 witnessed on Sunday night, the closing exercises of the Prep. Department—and Canevin Hall, a beautiful building containing 32 lecture rooms, besides a large cafeteria where 800 students lunch daily. During the past year 3067 students were registered at Duquesne University, in addition to 120 teachers who pursue extension courses

and do college work to secure the B. A. degree, and thus equip themselves to teach in our High Schools. Father Hehir condemned in no ambiguous terms the abuses of school activities known as socials, especially as they make inroads upon school work, weaken strong purpose and concentration of mind, and diminish the energy to resume work and steadily pursue duty. Unrestricted athletics, the elective system as practiced in many schools, the curtailment of the school year to eight or seven months are abuses in our present system of education, and matters to be removed and abolished by the earnest cooperation of parents and educators.

Bishop Boyle said :

"I wish to congratulate the graduates who have received their degrees this evening. To have completed successfully the courses that lead to these degrees argues no small measure of character as well as of ability. It was no easy task to undertake the work, and in the case of many of them it was particularly difficult to have carried it to completion. Few of us are aware of the amount of sacrifice required of many of these young women and young men, who at the same time that they were devoting themselves to the arduous work of the classroom, were engaged in occupations that won them a livelihood. They deserve our hearty congratulations.

"I congratulate also the deans of the various departments, and their associates in the faculties. It is truly an accomplishment to be able to say that in all the years of its existence, the law school has never yet given the bachelor's degree to a student who afterwards failed to pass the state board examinations and to become a practicing lawyer. I must say this is an unparalleled record. The enormous number of pupils that seek instruction from the faculty of the school of accounts is certainly a tribute to the efficiency of that department. I hope the desire expressed by the dean, that in the years to come the school may *serve* the community, will continue to be realized. Too many men in business have no notion of serve anyone but themselves!

"I was particularly rejoiced that Father Hehir, in so hopefully reviewing the situation, did not hesitate to criticise certain defects that mar the work of many American colleges. Some of our foremost men are saying things about our higher schools that are far from flattering. Some of them call our universities failures. And indeed, we must confess that there is a falling off in the scholarly spirit of an earlier generation. When one could gather twenty thousand to listen to a Greek professor or a teacher of mathematics, then there was real enthusiasm for learning; but that was another day than ours. We must teach our students a new attitude toward studies and we must correct the notions current among the general public regarding the real work and the veritable aims of schools. We must take the emphasis off those acquirements that are non-essential, and place it on the essentials. We ought to look for scholarship in the first place



and for athletic ability after that. I should be the last one to decry college athletics; but at the same time I find that in late years they have been overemphasized.

"What is it that makes a school? Invincible football teams? Champion discus throwers? Up-to-date laboratories? Million-dollar lecture halls? No! Two things: a student body of scholarly spirit, and teachers of solid character and capacity to communicate to others their enthusiasm for study."

### HIGH SCHOOL EXERCISES

The graduating exercises for the High School Department were held in the new gymnasium on Sunday evening, June 15. Diplomas in the Academic Department were awarded to William K. Aites, John V. Balint, Walter S. Barrett, Raymond A. Berg, Edward K. Brogan, William E. Burns, Michael A. Carey, Gilbert A. Carney, Francis B. Carroll, John S. Carroll, James A. Cole, John P. Cooney, Vincent DePaul Deer, Michael S. Dudich, Stanislaus A. Dyszkiewicz, Alphonse L. Furer, Nicholas J. Georganas, Sylvester J. Hagan, Carl V. Hauck, Thomas F. Henninger, Edwin R. Heyl, Urban A. Hoffmann, William P. Hogan, John D. Holohan, John P. Hurley, Gilbert D. Huttinger, Bernard J. Johnston, Harry J. Jordan, Joseph A. Kantner, William T. Keane, Michael M. Keefer, James R. Kelly, Joseph P. Kelly, William F. Kelly, William J. Keown, Francis T. Kernan, John A. Kozicki, Joseph G. Lagnese, John M. Lambert, John W. Lauler, Aloysius A. Laurent, Philip G. Leavy, Frank M. Loebig, Henry J. Luba, David A. Malone, James R. Meehan, George C. Miller, Martin J. Mooney, Allan V. Morgan, Charles E. Mullan, John J. Mulligan, Joseph P. Mulvihill, Thomas F. McBride, John E. McCarten, John G. McCartney, Albin D. McDermott, Harry J. McDonald, Joseph S. McDonald, Arthur F. McGervey, Joseph E. McLaughlin, Michael A. McNally, Roy A. Neiderberger, James R. O'Connor, James F. Olko, Charles A. Opferman, Patrick F. O'Shea, Thomas E. Prendergast, George F. Prince, John A. Reusher, Francis H. Rieke, Charles G. Roehrig, George L. Rosemeyer, Edwin B. Ross, Albert J. Shiring, Edward M. Shiring, Stephen J. Sieben, Paul J. Smith, Walter S. Srogi, Joseph J. Stephens, Christian J. Stoecklein, Joseph F. Strini, Edward J. Sulewski, John M. Sullivan, Harold R. Vogel, Edward J. Ward, Robert L. Weber, Edward F. Welsh, Leopold L. Zaczek, Thaddeus J. Zielinski.

In the Science Department a diploma was awarded to George L. Bacik. In the Commercial Department diplomas were awarded to Charles F. Bischof, Eugene P. Callaghan, Charles A. Janda, William E. Kelly, Louis J. Modispacher, Eugene N. Murphy, and James V. Tierney.

In the Commercial Department, Short Course, certificates were awarded to John J. Ambrose, Edward J. Devereaux, Thomas W.



Handron, Joseph P. Hoffman, Charles B. Kasprzyk, Albert G. Latzko, William V. Little, Raymond W. Meis, Philip A. Miller, Thomas J. McVerry, Michael J. O'Keefe, Robert E. Patterson, Bernard M. Pruchniewski, Robert C. Quinn, Wilfred I. Rohr, Joseph F. Ryan, Thomas P. Spring, James A. Thompson.

Gold medals were awarded Raymond A. Berg for Christian Doctrine; to John W. Laufer and Vincent deP. Deer for excellence in the Academic Department; to Charles A. Janda for excellence in the Commercial Department.

Silver medals were awarded for Public Speaking to Gerald Murphy, Edward L. Breinig, Charles B. Gearing, Kieran M. Balfe, John M. Lambert; for excellence in the bookkeeping short course to Joseph F. Ryan.

### UNDERGRADUATE EXERCISES

The undergraduates of the College and Prep school had their closing exercises on the morning of June 17th. 325 of these received certificates of proficiency which entitle them to pass into higher classes. It was announced that in the final examinations, first honors had been carried off by the following: (College) P. G. Sullivan, R. H. Murphy, J. H. Styka, P. W. Rice; (Premedical) J. S. Meier, S. J. Shiring; (Commercial) R. P. Dillon, S. R. Bovard, H. P. Burke; (Science) K. M. McInerney, R. J. Walker, P. C. Swiech; (Academic) J. P. Thornton, I. J. Nelis, H. R. Thieret, R. P. Driscoll, J. A. Mansmann, A. V. Blahut, J. C. Thompson, J. F. Burns, J. R. Callahan, C. F. Shields, R. J. Rooney, L. Domaracki. The director of athletics, Rev. J. F. Dodwell, conferred letters on William Treacy, Chris Titz, Charles Lynch, Joseph Dougherty, and Charles McDonald, 'Varsity baseball men, and on Karabinos, Heyl, O'Shea, Kohl, Callahan, Jakubiak, Loebig, Bacik, McCullough, Ritchie, Guerin and Kelly of the Prep. Team. Both these teams were very successful.

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